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THE

MOTHER'S

MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELSEY.

VOL. I.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Know this ark is charm'd
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employed,
With spells, that impious Egypt never knew:
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a prayer did every ozier weave.

MRS. H. MORE.

Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works.

PAUL.

UTICA:

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, PRINTER, GENESSEE STREET.

1833.

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THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, MDCCCXXXIII.

At a meeting of the committee of ladies appointed by the Maternal Association of Utica, to examine into the expediency of publishing a MONTHLY PERIODICAL, DEVOTED TO MOTHERS, it was resolved as follows:

Resolved, That after such deliberation as we have been able to give to the subject, we deem it highly important that such a periodical should be published and sustained.

Resolved, That from an examination of the probable difficulties which would attend the conducting of this paper, by a number of mothers, we deem it expedient, that it be published by *one person*, to be recommended by this Association, which person shall assume the entire responsibility of the work.

Resolved, That we hereby cordially recommend Mrs. Abigail G. Whittelsey as a suitable editor of the contemplated paper.

PROSPECTUS.

IN a country where the claims of females to the blessings of education have been so fully admitted, it is unnecessary to search for arguments to prove the extent and importance of their duties. If, as one of the greatest philosophers has conceded, "all the world is but the pupil and disciple of female influence;" if to mothers is committed the moulding of the whole mass of human mind, when it "turneth as wax to the seal;" of what infinite consequence must be the *nature* of those impressions which they stamp, not only *indelibly*, but *eternally*. Called as they often are, to sustain this fearful responsibility, while the judgment is immature, compelled to resolve and to act without precedent, and when error may be fatal, the mind should have access to a full store-house of facts and deductions, to prevent the waste of profitless experiment, and the danger of establishing a perverted system.

If to the welfare of every science, it is necessary that the results of past experience and recent discovery be embodied and circulated; if periodical publications have been deemed indispensable to the progress of philosophy, politics, philanthropy, and religion, why should not the same privilege be extended to her who imparts to the philosopher his alphabet; and instructs the politician to *govern*, by first requiring him to *obey*; and plants the earliest germ of sympathy in the bosom of the philanthropist; and teaches him who is to make others wise unto salvation, his first lisping prayer to God? Still, among the multitude of periodicals, which form so distinguishing a feature in the literature of the day, which come to the mechanic on his work bench, to the child at his sports, and to the infant in its nursery, ***not one has been devoted to mothers.***

It has at length been decided, that this chasm in their library, this deficiency in their panoply, should be supplied. A Magazine is about to be issued for their benefit, comprehending a wide range of subject and illustration. Its design is to embrace physical education, intellectual training, the culture of the affections, the nurture of the soul, all the bearings of maternal intercourse, from its earliest watch over the cradle-dream, to the full development of that mysterious being, whose destiny is immortality.

Among the social principles that bear upon a mother's office, and the charities that spring from it, prominence will be assigned to maternal associations, whose salutary influence is already so widely diffused; to the wants of the children of ignorance and penury, to the sorrows of orphanage; to the claims of the offspring of missionaries, who turn for education to the land of their fathers—perchance when their parents are sleeping in the dust.

It is hoped that for all the varieties of responsibility which devolve upon the weaker sex, some instruction or aid may be derived from the "Mother's Magazine;" that in solitude it may prove a companion; in toil, a helper; in doubt a guide; in affliction, a comforter; and, through the divine blessing, be made an instrument of gathering the souls of many little ones, together with the souls of those who have cherished them in their bosoms, and sheltered them under their wings, and borne them on their prayers, through the storms of time, into the safe and blissful haven of eternity. L. H. S.

TOPICS.

It is intended that the Magazine shall embrace a variety of topics, upon each of which there may be expected the best information that can be obtained from our resources; such as our own experience, books, the proffers of assistance from ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability and talents, and from extensive correspondence.

For the sake of those who will be invited to subscribe for this publication, but who may have opportunity to give the prospectus only a cursory reading, we will attempt to illustrate more fully the design of our paper.

1. To lay before mothers the history, designs, and results of maternal associations.

2. To awaken in them deeper feeling on the subject of their responsibility, not only to their children, but to the church and the world. The future defenders of the faith are now in the hands of mothers! Do they not need counsel and encouragement?

3. To pourtray the duties of Christian parents towards orphans of their deceased friends. Can they hereafter meet their sisters who have gone before them to eternity, and say, We did all we could to watch over the little flock you left?

4. To illustrate the proper government of children, and to make public any successful experiments parents may have made in the education and management of their families.

5. To call the attention of parents to the importance of having suitable schools and seminaries for children, such as the Lord will approve at the last day.

6. Believing that physical education has not had that place in the estimation of parents, which its nature and importance demands, we shall endeavor to ascertain the best mode of managing infants and young children, as to proper nursing, food, clothing, toys, and amusements; the proper mode of taking care of the teeth; the proper modulation of the voice in speaking and singing; the necessity of early rising, air, and exercise, in order to give expression to the features, due proportion to the limbs, and vigor and symmetry to the whole body. In short, we would endeavor to stimulate mothers to make their children, for the first ten years, as fine *animals* as possible.

7. To promote the cultivation of the affections. To endeavor to show the best method of regulating the temper and disposition of children; the proper objects of their love and hatred; the reasons of their prejudices and partialities; the predominant love of self—how to be met and overcome. Cecil says, "The foundation of all empires is laid in the same principle that actuates a boy, when in the field; he jumps upon a grassy mound and says, 'this sunny heap is mine.'"

8. To encourage efforts to ameliorate the condition of *poor* children, and bring them under the direct influence of moral and religious cultivation. We mean the wretched poor. The extreme sufferings of this class, we believe, cannot be estimated, or hardly conceived by most sisters in the church.

9. To advocate kind and proper treatment of infants. A vast amount of cruelty, it is believed, is now practised by mothers, which should be exposed, as far as practicable.

10. To exhibit, in true colors, the sorrows, and pangs, and tears, of those mothers who have intemperate husbands; and to awake Christian females to look at the impropriety of uniting themselves with drinkers of ardent spirits.

11. To bind up the broken heart of the widow; to dry the orphan's tears; and let each paper bear to them some consolation.

12. To publish biographical sketches of Christian females, and of pious children.

13. To show that the signs of the times demand increase of faithfulness on the part of mothers.

14. To suggest improvements in domestic economy, especially on the subject of female help.

15. To discuss the importance of making every thing connected with the child, from its earliest infancy, tend to the formation of a high Christian character.

16. To publish the reports and correspondence of maternal associations, miscellaneous essays, communications, &c. &c.

A CONCISE VIEW

Of the History, Designs, and Results of Maternal Associations; respectfully submitted to the Pastors of Churches of different denominations, throughout the United States.

Respected friends—Permit us to call your attention to a subject of vital importance, as we believe, to the welfare of Zion, and of increasing interest in our country. It must be a matter of deep and thrilling interest to every heart

that wishes well to Zion, to learn that a new and simultaneous impulse has been given to the subject of *maternal influence*, in many parts of our country within the last six months. This fact must have been obvious to those who have had opportunity to read the powerful appeals that have been made to Christian mothers within the last year, in the various tracts, hints, and circulars, which have been addressed to members of maternal associations and Christian mothers.

Presuming that, even now, these institutions may be unknown to many clergymen in our country, for the information of such, it may be proper for us to state, more particularly, their history.

HISTORY.—They are of recent origin—probably a sign of the times not to be overlooked.

The first institution ever established in our country, originated with Mrs. Payson, of Portland, Maine. The circumstances which gave rise to it we have drawn from Mrs. Payson; and are here given in her own words—"I know not that there are maternal associations in all our villages; but I know that there are many in our country, and some in India, in a very flourishing condition. Our institution was formed in 1815. You ask the circumstances which led to its formation. A very dear friend of mine, who died about that time, had often lamented that, in our social prayer meetings, children were so much neglected. I was privileged to meet with her occasionally, and spend an hour in prayer for our children; but neither of us thought of a *special* meeting for them. After her death, my husband often in our secret prayers, appeared earnestly to desire that I might be made useful out of my little family, which then occupied almost all my time, and greatly exhausted my spirits. While holding my dear Caroline in my arms, and thinking of my deceased friend's solicitude for her children, the entire plan of our association presented itself to my mind, like an agreeable vision, and I took my pencil and sketched down the items, and showed them to my husband, who was highly gratified, and felt that prayer was answered. *He thought it would be one great instrument in bringing on that glorious period when all shall know the Lord.*"

The Maternal Association of Utica was organized in 1824. It commenced with eight members. It now numbers one hundred. Similar associations were formed about the same time in Boston, and in Hartford. More recently associations have been organized in the Sandwich Islands, at Ceylon and Bombay, at Mackinaw and other Indian stations; and we are informed they have already been the means of extensive good.

Within six months, a maternal association has been established in the Baptist church in Utica, and is very flourishing. If our pages will permit, we shall find pleasure in inserting the address appended to their constitution. It is one of the best we have ever seen.

The Utica Association originally adopted the Portland constitution, which has continued substantially the same till the present time. We have found occasion, however, to new model it from time to time. For the benefit of those who are disposed to form associations without delay, we have deemed it expedient to insert our constitution in the Magazine. We have thought it essential that every member of our association should be furnished with a copy for her-

self. In our next number shall be inserted, if practicable, the Baptist constitution alluded to above.

A circular addressed to Christian mothers was issued by the Boston association in May last. A circular of similar import was published in July, by the Utica association. The object in both is to induce mothers in *every church* in our country, to form similar associations.

At a meeting of the Synod of Utica, in October last, a circular was placed in the hands of the clergymen present, and a petition presented to the body, that they would take these institutions under their fostering care, and recommend the formation of similar associations in their respective congregations.

The subject was examined, and an unanimous vote was passed in approbation of the petition.

The object of this article, addressed to pastors of churches, is to further the views and designs of these associations, as made public in their respective circulars.

DESIGNS AND RESULTS.—The designs and results of maternal associations here presented, are extracted from the Boston circular.

"So inestimable are the advantages afforded by maternal associations—and so pleasing are the results, wherever they have been sustained with interest, that it is earnestly desired that in every *church* in our country, similar societies should be organized. Surely every Christian mother will listen to the voice that speaks kindness to the souls of her children.

1. Whenever these associations are conducted as they were originally designed to be, they are known to keep in vigorous exercise a spirit of active piety—even in seasons of great declension. There is a chord in every mother's heart which will vibrate when every other is still, and a mutual influence is produced by the unrestrained communications of similar anxieties.

2. These associations are highly beneficial to a numerous class of mothers, whose opportunities for mental cultivation are extremely limited—whose occupations are so constant and pressing, as to allow but little leisure for attending to the careful discharge of maternal duties. In these circles they find the best works on education collected and explained, and are greatly assisted in bringing them to bear on daily practice.

3. Such associations fasten the attention of every mother, whether enlightened or ignorant, on the great and responsible work of educating her immortal children for heaven.

4. In these associations opportunity is afforded to present the united prayer of faith, for the beloved children committed to their care.

5. These meetings are peculiarly useful to young mothers. In them they may learn *how* to take their infants to the Saviour—how to teach them the love of prayer—of truth—of obedience, and thus prepare them for the Sabbath school, or for the richer blessings of the Holy Spirit, when he shall come to take up his abode in their hearts.

As to the *results* of these associations, "It may be asked, 'Do the children of maternal associations become pious at an earlier period than others?' We answer, so far as our observation has extended, we believe they do." In

reference to those whose extreme youth forbids an entire confidence, we have the most cheering and ample testimony in favor of such efforts. In most of these children we observe a habit of prayer, a fear of sin, a tenderness of conscience, an acquaintance with eternal things, most of which, we hesitate not to ascribe to the influence of maternal instruction, suggested at these meetings. Here the weak may come and learn of the wise, and here the wisest feel their need of better wisdom than their own. Many a mother can testify, that at the maternal meeting, she resolved to return and be a better parent."

Whether the Mother's Magazine shall hereafter be recorded among the favorable results of maternal associations, is yet to be ascertained.

Perhaps we cannot present the subject of our address to ministers in a more forcible point of light, than by giving the sentiments of Mrs. Payson, on the importance of their influence, in her own language.

"If our clergymen would take this institution under their fostering care, much might be accomplished. And since they have done with catechetical instruction, it is incumbent on them to do something to aid in *our* responsibilities. The present is a day of activity, and fathers and ministers have a large field of labor; but *all* their talents must not be devoted to *national societies*.

"The rising generation are soon to constitute the very spring work of all these societies, and our children must not be neglected; and Christian fathers and ministers, if they cannot devote time and strength to the disciplining and nurturing these precious plants, *can* and *must* lend us a portion of their talents to hold up our hands and encourage our hearts, for it is a great work, and the *mightiest* mind may find ample employment here."

We would affectionately and earnestly inquire, Will not every clergyman in our country immediately recommend to mothers the formation of maternal associations, and urge them to commence such an institution without delay? For the encouragement of mothers, please to say to them in behalf of kindred associations, "that while the friends of maternal associations would earnestly invite their beloved sisters to co-operate with them, in these delightful efforts, they would encourage them by saying that a *single responsible individual*, who will take hold of the object with persevering faith, who will always be at the appointed place of meeting, prepared to conduct the exercises with profit and interest; *one*, careful to select the most appropriate article to be read, who will stimulate every effort, will rise above every obstacle, can accomplish *all* that is proposed; and for the want of *that one mother*, similar associations have been known to wither and die. Is there not, in the bosom of each of our churches, *one such mother*, ready to go forward in this thing, in every town and parish in our country? Let her who has the ability, and shrinks from the undertaking, inquire at the door of her heart, on whom will lie the responsibility of neglecting special means afforded by the Saviour, to bring his ransomed ones into the "kingdom," in the infancy of their being.

LITTLE ANN'S REQUEST.

Will you please to give me some sewing, this morning? said little Ann, one day, to her mother.

No, my dear—you are always *teazing* me for something.

But I do not like to be idle, mother, said Ann.

I tell you, child, I cannot be troubled by you, now; besides, you so soon get tired of your work, when I do prepare any, that there is no use in preparing any for you.

I know, mother, I have had both knitting and sewing, and have got tired of them; but I should not get tired of them *now*.

I say I cannot give you any this morning. I find it more to fit work for you than it is all worth. I had rather do the same work myself, twice over; so don't interrupt me.

But, mother, I fear I shall never learn to sew.

That indeed you will, my dear, if I can have my own way. I shall never do your sewing for you, with all my other cares. On the contrary, I intend you shall do the sewing for all the family, when you get old enough. In what other way do you expect to *pay* me for all my care of you?

Why then, mother, shall I not begin to learn now?

I have told you before that you are very *troublesome*; but if you will know all my reasons, I must tell you, once for all, that it requires so much patience to teach children to sew, that I shall never undertake the job myself. I had rather *hire* some one to teach you. When you are a little older, I intend sending you to a sewing school, and as I shall have to *pay* the *teacher*, she can afford to exercise patience with you.

We believe that there are but few mothers who have not, at times, been thus importuned. Let us endeavor to analyze the above conversation, and ascertain the probable effects, upon the happiness, and disposition, not only of both mother and child, but also of a whole household, of treating the reasonable requests of little children with such apparent, not to say, contemptuous, indifference. What paramount object could have so engrossed this mother, that she could not have attended to the reasonable, yea, delightful request of her little one. Was she absolutely, or even necessarily engaged? or was it not rather an excuse for her indolence. The mother probably succeeded in deceiving herself; the child was not so easily deceived. Childrenare, not unfrequently, profound reasoners.

This conversation had scarcely ended, before a friend came in, and proposed to the mother to accompany her in a walk. My dear Mrs. R. said the mother, I had fancied myself exceedingly occupied in the care of my little George, who is not quite well this morning. But, really, your kindness deserves attention.

Come, my dear Ann, I think for once you can so manage as to make your little brother comfortable, till mother's return; I cannot find it in my heart to refuse Mrs. R.'s politeness. One cannot always be compelled to stay at home, taking care of children. I will venture to leave the child for an hour or

so. Come, sit down, Mrs. R., and I will soon be in readiness to accompany you.

Children soon learn to imitate the example of their mother. It was now Ann's turn to demur. This was done in looks and gestures, rather than in words or positive resistance. Come, dear, said the mother, be a good little girl, and take good care of little brother, and mother will bring you home some cake, or candy, or sugar plums.

The two friends had scarcely commenced their walk, before little George catches the infection of discontent from his disappointed sister, and sets up such a scream as drives poor Ann to desperation. The father, happening to return at this moment, finds all in an uproar. Where is your mother, my dear Ann? She has gone out for a walk, father, with Mrs. R.

I thought your mother said at the breakfast table, that George was ill. Go and call Ellen, to come and comfort the poor thing.

The father has no sooner left the house, than a little girl calls to see if Ann will go with her, and do an errand for her mother. Ann now recollects that such *politeness* is not to be refused, and is willing, under any pretext, to save herself the trouble of taking care of a screaming child. Indeed, it requires more *patience* than she can now command; Ellen can do it better, as she is *paid* for it. Poor Ellen's work is all thrown into disorder. My dinner, she exclaims, cannot be in readiness at the appointed hour; my poor master's business will be interrupted, and my mistress will be very angry.

The mistress of the house, on her return, charges all the blame upon Ann and Ellen, indiscriminately. The blame, being mutually divided, is neither felt nor acknowledged on the part of either.

Now, had Ann's mother replied to her request—Yes, my dear, it is right that you should be industrious: I am gratified when you try to be useful. Come, you divert little George, and I will soon have some work ready for you. This cheerful compliance, on the part of the mother, charms the heart of little Ann. She is pleased, in her turn, with an opportunity of testifying her grateful obedience to such a kind hearted mother. Come, brother, and sister Ann will tell you a pretty story. The work is soon ready: Ann is so happy in the affections of her mother, and pleased with her smiling brother, for even little George has participated in the happiness of both mother and sister, that but for the real desire of being useful and industrious, she would have found difficulty in abstracting her mind from a scene so sweet—so delightful, and in bringing it down to the sober business of learning to sew by taking very little stitches.

What contributes more to a father's happiness, than the pleasure of returning to his own cheerful dwelling, where he is sure to meet her, who is rearing up his dear ones in the paths of virtuous industry; going before them in all the endearments of domestic love; training them up in habits of frugality and economy; and showing them the precious fruits of patient and self-denying efforts, by her own worthy example.

A MORNING CALL.

A few mornings since I had occasion to call on a friend. My business was of such a nature, and of such importance, that it had given an impetus to family affairs, so that I had unconsciously gained an hour. I rose from the family altar, threw on my bonnet and cloak, and set out in haste, in pursuit of my object. I felt that it was early, but I knew that I should not be met with the cold and repulsive indifference of *not at home*; or, the mistress of the house *engaged*. I knew the spirit of my friend was more in unison with that of an American gentleman, while a resident at Paris, who was heard to say, that he always considered a rap at his door as a call from Providence.

As I approached the threshold of my friend's mansion, I thought I heard music. I knew that the master of the house kept a house-organ; but these strains were more like the strains of hearts and voices, commingling under the sanctifying and elevating influences of a present Deity. I almost fancied that it was the music of the upper spheres. I gave a gentle tap at the door. It was opened by a young woman, whose solemn countenance so impressed my own feelings, that I walked silently into an apartment, the door of which she cautiously opened for my entrance, without either of us having spoken. The master of the house, as I entered, politely welcomed me by a silent bow, at the same time motioning with his hand that I should take an unoccupied seat. On observing a numerous family seated around, I suspected at once that they had just entered upon their family devotions, and that the music I had heard, was the commencement of a morning song of praise.

I cannot do justice to the scene, or convey my own impressions, without transcribing the song itself.

"Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms,
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

"Time is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy,
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond this world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

The sentiments expressed in this sacred song, reminded me that this was, probably, my farewell call to my friends, as they were on the very eve of a removal. My heart was sad in view of our anticipated parting. The silent tear stood trembling on my cheek; but it was not till all were prostrated, in the act of solemn worship, that my feelings were relieved by a flood of tears. As we rose, I unconsciously exclaimed, If the communion of saints on earth is so sweet, "what will it be above!"

The course which my friends pursued in regard to myself, was in strict accordance with the injunction, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father in heaven."

One such example as the above, has, in some cases, produced a greater effect than a hundred sermons. I well remember an instance of this kind. Some years since, an old revolutionary officer, tottering under the accumulated

hardships of eighty years, had settled down in a state of confirmed infidelity. His wife, the partner of his early days, had made him the subject of her *special* prayers for forty years. He had regularly attended church, till at length he heard something in a sermon, from his minister, which he thought personal; and from that time, he deserted the house of God. This drove his poor wife almost to desperation. One morning she was taken suddenly ill. The old man went, in haste, to see if the Parson's wife would make her a visit—for he was truly an affectionate husband. The good divine was just commencing family prayer. The scene so impressed this old veteran, that a few days after, he became hopefully a humble believer in Jesus.

O ye! who are loaded with the bounties of God's providence—who fare sumptuously every day! how do you know, when you refuse admittance at your door, but that a Lazarus has come to ask for the crumbs which fall from your table? Professed disciples of Christ! How do *you* know when He, who for your sakes became poor, comes to your dwelling in the garb of a humble *solicitor*, to ask for a pittance to send his Gospel to perishing millions? Do you measure your responsibility when you refuse a *messenger* without at least inquiring the *message*.

Such formal intercourse, as is often practised at the present day, seems but ill adapted to the responsibilities of beings who are living and acting for eternity. In the retributions of eternity, how will you bear to hear the Saviour say, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in, naked and ye clothed me not." The customs of a fashionable life are often of dangerous tendency. Splendid establishments—costly furniture—expensive dress, too often engross the affections, and consume that time which, in a humble sphere, is devoted to friendship, to charity, and to God.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF MOTHERS IN REGARD TO THE SABBATH.

It is recorded, Gen. ii. 2. "That God rested from all his labor." Here is introduced to our notice, the first institution ever established for the use of man. From this fact we may infer its importance. When we consider the author, the antiquity, and the sanctification of the holy Sabbath, together with the penalty which was originally annexed to its violation, it is matter of surprise, that it should not be joyfully recognized, and faithfully observed, by every one acquainted with divine revelation.

What glorious and wonderful events does the return of every Sabbath serve to revive in our recollection! The finished work of Creation, the resurrection of the blessed Redeemer from the mansions of the dead; the only assurance that death will not prove to us an eternal sleep; the perpetual emblem of that glorious and heavenly rest, so full of comfort to the weary, heavy laden pilgrim.

Thou holy Sabbath! how often art thou profaned, insulted, and despised! If the violation of a law or statute is to be measured by the dignity and authority of the lawgiver, who can measure the guilt of that individual, that treats with contempt the Sabbath of the Lord. There goes a murderer! Every countenance turns pale with horror, and every heart is chilled, as this monster

of cruelty approaches; when, perhaps, the victim of this murderer's vengeance was the veriest nuisance in society.

What mighty impulse has moved upon thy soul, O man! and caused thy vital blood, flowing so rapidly in thy veins, to congeal about thy heart? Think you, that this murderer is more guilty in the sight of heaven's King, than he who wilfully neglects and despises the Sabbath of the Lord? Can this sin be more heinous than that which aims a blow at the very throne of the eternal God? Extinguish the light of the Sabbath, and you blot out every hope of heaven. The Sabbath breaker, as well as the fool, says in his heart—"no God."

The sin of murder is usually preceded by that of Sabbath breaking. A clergyman once related to us the following circumstance. "I was sent for, to visit a convict, in the prison of D———. He was under sentence of condemnation for murder. My last visit to him in his cell, was three days previous to his execution. I cannot describe the horrors of an awakened conscience, as exhibited by this unhappy man. He urged me, by all the considerations of a dread eternity, to be present at this execution, and I finally consented. A few minutes before the rope was placed around his neck, he requested the privilege of addressing the spectators of this melancholy scene. With a tremulous voice, he earnestly besought *parents* to listen to what he had to say to *them*. 'When I was quite young, I had many stings of conscience, till one Sabbath I went into a neighbor's corn field, and plucked three ears of corn, *and my mother boiled them for me*. From that fatal hour my career of sin and impiety has been unbroken, till it has at length brought me to the gallows.'"

It would seem that a *Christian Mother* would cherish the Sabbath, as she would her very life's blood. Who can measure HER indebtedness to this sacred institution? Mothers in this American Israel! let us resolve, with elevated affections and united hearts, to rally round the standard of our Immanuel—resolved to give up *any thing—every thing*, rather than renounce the duties, and services, and pleasures, of this holy day.

How admirably adapted to the purposes of a Christian mother, is the influence and power of example and association, upon the infant mind. Only let a little child be impressed with the idea, that its mother loves and reverences the Sabbath, and longs for its return; let the duties of the week be performed with alacrity, and in a way of preparation for the coming Sabbath; whatever may be the outward conduct or expression, in regard to this consecrated season, even the conscience of this *little child* will inevitably bear testimony against itself for every wilful violation of its sacred hours; and perhaps, after a long life of sin and impiety, this reverence of a mother's example may embitter the last hours of infidels and apostates.

How often has the recollection of maternal influence and example, brought the wandering prodigal to consideration, and been the means of softening his heart to penitence and love, many years after that mother has been sleeping in the dust! How often has the practice and example of a Christian mother, in regard to the Sabbath, been blessed to the good of all her children, even when she has had to contend against the influence and example of an intemperate husband and father!

We are acquainted with many families, where the mother has met with a host of opposition, who, after all, has been able, with the blessing of God, to fashion the habits and manners of her children after her own worthy example. Only let us give to the infinite God that place in our affections which he so justly claims; let our petty selves and interests hold that subordinate place which justly belongs to them; then will the service of God be our most delightful service; his holy day, our best day; his will, the rule of our life. We should ever bear in mind, that the nature of our exercises, employments, and services, on the Sabbath, is not to be essentially different in the heavenly world, from what it now is. The same object of worship, the same song of triumph, the same theme of contemplation, the same chord of love, will bind all hearts to the eternal throne, during that Sabbath whose sun shall ne'er go down.

If our children are induced to love the service of Christ on earth; if they love his Sabbaths here below; then may we hope with confident expectation, that they will, through divine grace, be prepared to shine, in robes of unclouded lustre, throughout interminable ages.

Sisters in Christ! it is for us to say, under God, whether the Sabbath shall be restored to its primitive sanctity and importance. We have a power which will ultimately pervade the halls of legislation. This power let us employ in humble dependence upon His profound aid, who virtually says to every mother, "Take this child and train it up for me, and I will pay thee thy wages."

Are we willing to pledge ourselves afresh to our Redeemer, that we will endeavor to interest and instruct our children every Sabbath? That every Saturday evening shall be improved by us as a season of preparation for the coming Sabbath, so that we and our children shall feel and enjoy the Sabbath, as a season of holy rest—of refreshment to the body, and of quickening to the soul?

With what propriety has the Sabbath been styled, "the soul's market day." Our children *will* be influenced by our example, whether we realize it or not. As parents are faithful, or negligent, in the observance of this holy day, so will their children, in all probability, be happy or miserable for ever[illegible]appy, happy mother, who can say, I have done all I could, to sanctify the Sabbath in the hearts of my beloved children.

Before we leave this subject, dear mother, only give your mind for a moment to the contemplation of a subject which cannot fail to interest you. Stretch your imagination down the narrow vale of time; pass over, in quick succession, the scenes of the judgment day—onward—onward—through the lapse of one eternal age after another. Fancy yourself borne on the wings of thought, to that dark cavern where lost spirits dwell; look with a steady and unbroken gaze on those objects of despair, chained in regions of blackness and darkness, *for ever* and *for ever*. One object more particularly arrests your attention. Your whole soul is riveted to that spot, and while in agony of spirit you gaze, you behold an object of indescribable anguish. You put your ear to catch the murmurings of despair, "Wretch that I am! I might have been happy—I was born in a Christian land; the Sabbath shed its mild and heavenly light on my bewildered path for many years. But I closed my heart against the truths inculcated from the sacred desk, and in the Sabbath School. While others, scarcely less beloved and respected than myself, bewailed their sins,

and sought and found the pardon of a God—I did not." *Unhappy Mother! that miserable being was once your darling child.* Again you hear him exclaim, "Fool that I was—and why did I not attend to the concerns of my soul—Oh! that heart-rending TRUTH always comes to fill up the cup of my misery. *My Mother did not warn me to flee from the wrath to come.* She did every thing else for my seeming good. Before laying my little head upon the downy pillow, she always imprinted upon my lips the maternal kiss. She loved me tenderly—yes, she loved me inordinately. She toiled night and day to make me happy; but it was in a way to foster my pride and selfishness; and yet, the remembrance of her looks of love, of her tender care and sympathy for me, comes over me like the recollections of an hungry man, who in his morning dreams, fancies all delicacies within his reach; he stretches forth his hand to seize the fancied good—the illusion is gone—and nothing remains but hopeless misery and despair."

To the Editor of the Mother's Magazine.

It is, with me, a matter of unspeakable surprise, that the field of usefulness which you are beginning to cultivate, has so long remained untouched. For every thing else we have our magazines. Even the raising of cattle and corn is deemed of sufficient moment to call for periodicals devoted to those interests. Is the training of immortal beings a minor object? Yet the mother with a train of responsibilities upon her, which stretch over the vastness of eternity, has been supposed, it would seem, to need no such assistance.

In my opinion, your first and last difficulty will be to awaken a sense of maternal responsibility. Without this, nothing can be done. To every mother is given, in solemn charge, the disposal of *intelligence* and *immortality*. She, beyond any and every other acting cause, stamps its enduring characteristics upon the mind and heart of her child. Is this a trivial responsibility? In my apprehension, it needs a prudence and wisdom such as few mothers have. It is an art not inherited, not innate, attainable only by diligent research. To govern her child, a mother should know well the principles of the infant mind. Especially should she understand the science of its affections and passions. It is an instrument of inconceivable delicacy; easily unstrung, broken, and ruined. And yet to this task, deserving the utmost preparation, many a mother comes utterly untutored. Were she going to set up for a milliner, for *that* she must have served a due apprenticeship. But the mere training of her offspring, on which hangs the issues of two worlds, *that* any body can do, and do without the trouble of preparation. In my apprehension, months and years of study and attention should precede the entrance upon a station so full of responsibility. But can mothers be made to feel this responsibility? It will be a new era in the history of our race, when they are thus aroused. But really it is painful to contemplate the inconsistency of so many, who are practising this consummate ignorance upon so many hundred thousands of the rising generation. Go abroad in this city; see what multitudes of embryo immortals are germinating, like noxious weeds, amid the ignorance, and folly, and vice under whose polluting guardianship they are thrown. Go over the length and

breadth of our land, and every where the evidence will stare you in the face, that mother's magazine is greatly needed.

We have generally considered, that the efforts of infant and Sabbath schools promised the greatest good to the rising generation, because they commenced so early. I would go back still further. I would begin with the mothers; for every one knows that the best directed labors of the Sabbath school avail but little, unless sustained by a mother's care at home. You will then be casting salt into the fountain, instead of the streams.

I know of no better service that you can render your generation, than to arouse the attention of mothers. First get them to feel their responsibility, then they will try to qualify themselves for their station. I believe it to be a fact of nearly universal application, that a hundred fold more pains are taken to study economy, house-keeping, making puddings, and mending stockings, than is bestowed on what, after all, is the most material attribute of a mother—the talent to train up her children. I do not wonder that so many children are ruined. A quack may be expected to kill half his patients, and spoil the constitution of the rest.

I hope your magazine will succeed. I think it must. Its importance is so manifest, that it must command patronage and attention. If it does not, I shall feel that the evil is even greater than I had feared, and is in fact incurable.

Yours, sincerely, H. P. O.

LETTER TO MRS. C.

My dear Mrs. C.

I know of no office so delicate as that of administering comfort to a bereaved widow; and yet I know of no stores so rich and abundant as those laid up for her consolation. The voice which speaks to you from heaven now, is, Daughter! I claim that place in your affections which has too long been bestowed upon a creature. Look upon my suffering and bleeding cause. You were thinking to have my kingdom extended by the exclusive efforts of your companion; but "my ways are not as your ways, nor your thoughts as my thoughts." Do not complain that I have given to your beloved husband a more extended sphere of usefulness and activity, without fatigue of body and anxiety of mind; say, did he not need rest from the toils and cares of earth? It will be your privilege now to take his place in the more active duties of life. A voice too speaks from the grave. Do with thy might, do quickly, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do; and what is the language of your sainted husband—I leave our precious babes to your care, and Heaven's. Do not be anxious as to what they shall eat or drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed; like the young ravens, *they shall be fed.* If you knew more of the joys of heaven, you would be chiefly concerned that they should prepare to join us in singing anthems of praise above. I know dear wife, there is an aching void in your widowed heart; but rise and claim the promise of a heavenly Father, and then your gain, as well as mine, will be of infinite value. Hear the compassionate language of this heavenly Father, "For thy Maker is thy husband"—"leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive"—"Let thy widows trust in

me." Serve me with an undivided heart, and your peace shall be like a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea.

The example of Mrs. Isabella Graham, (that distinguished and eminent saint,) under similar afflictions, is of more value than all the experience of your wedded love, sweet and endearing as it was. I once had occasion to speak the language of sympathy to a widowed sister. I knew I could not speak from experience, and therefore feared I should only afflict, where I wished so much to comfort. I had recourse to the writings of Mrs. Graham. I said, I shall there find such touching strains of sympathy and grief, as shall assuage the sorrows of my afflicted sister. But I was delighted to find her language was only that of *praise*. She even blessed God that her earthly schemes of happiness were interrupted. Allow me to cite a passage from her history, with which you are doubtless familiar, but which I trust will comfort you, though often repeated. It is contained in a letter to a young friend.

"My dear Miss M——,

"I am now old, and hope I have done with the world, but have been young, and drank deeply of youth's choicest pleasures. I was blest with the best and most indulgent of parents. I was the wife of a man of sense, sentiment, and sensibility, who was my first love and lover; and that love ripened and improved with years. My children were good and healthy; love, health, peace, and competency blessed our dwelling. I had also, in early life, taken hold of God's covenant. Had I kept close to my covenant God, I should have continued to inherit the earth, and should not have been diminished. The goodness of God, which ought to have been a motive to love, gratitude, and diligence, was misimproved. I enjoyed the gifts, and forgot the Giver—'hugged my comforts to death;' but he did not cast me off; my God kept me to my choice, and manifested his own faithfulness and the stablity of his covenant. When light afflictions proved ineffectual, He at last, at one blow, took from me all that made life dear, the very kernel of all my earthly joys, my idol, my beloved husband. Then I no longer halted between two opinions; my God became my all. I leave it as my testimony, that He has been a Father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow, the stranger's shield, and the orphan's stay. Even to hoarhairs, and to old age, he has carried me, *and not one good word has failed* of all that he has promised. 'He has done all things well,' and at this day I am richer and happier than I ever was in my life."

For the Mother's Magazine.

ANECDOTE.

A clergyman of this city, at a recent religious meeting, related the following anecdote, illustrative of the power of practical maternal faith.

He was at the time, the seaman's chaplain, at a southern port. In the course of duty, he was called to the sick bed of a sailor, apparently at the gates of death, from the effects of his licentiousness. He addressed him affectionately upon the state of his soul. With a curse, the sick man bid him begone, and not harass his dying bed. The chaplain, however, told him plainly he would speak, and he must hear, for his soul was in jeopardy of eternal

death. The man, however, remained sullen and silent, and even pretended to sleep during his faithful address and prayer. Again and again the visit was repeated with similar ill success. One day, however, the sick man made use of an expression, by which the chaplain suspected that he was a Scotchman. To make sure of the fact, the chaplain repeated a verse of that version of the Psalms, still in use among the churches in Scotland :

Like pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear;
Such pity hath the Lord for those
Who worship him with fear.

The chords of his heart vibrated to the well-known language. His eyes glistened with unusual moisture. The chaplain preferred his advantage. Knowing the universality of religious instruction among the Scotch, he ventured an allusion to his mother. The poor prodigal burst into tears. He admitted himself to be the child of a praying mother, who had often commended him to God. He had left her long before, to become a wanderer on the face of the great deep. No longer did he repel the kind attentions of the chaplain; and his monitor had the satisfaction of seeing him arise from his bed, he verily believes, a child of God. It may be the glorified spirit of his mother, was one of the angels before the throne of God, who rejoiced over his repentance; or, if living, subsequently rejoiced over him that was dead, and is alive again—as lost, but found.

ANOTHER.

A clergyman, some time since, concluding a sermon to youth, took occasion to press upon parents the duty of parental faith, and illustrated its power in the following manner :

"About two-and-twenty years ago, a little circle were met around the apparently dying couch of a male infant; the man of God, who led their devotions, seemed to forget the sickness of the child, in his prayer for his future usefulness. He prayed for the child who had been consecrated to God at his birth, as a man, a Christian, and a minister of the Word. The parents laid hold of the horns of the altar, and prayed with him. The child recovered, grew towards manhood, ran far in the ways of folly and sin. One after another of that little circle ascended to heaven ; but two at least, and one of them the mother, lived to hear him proclaim the everlasting gospel. It is," said the preacher, "no fiction; that child, that prodigal youth, that preacher, *is he who now addresses you.*"

MATERNAL.

1 O God of Abra'm, hear
The parents' humble cry:
In cov'nant mercy now appear,
While low in dust we lie.

2 These children of our love,
In mercy hast thou giv'n;
That we, through Christ may faithful prove,
In training them for heav'n.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word,
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee:
O, lead them by thy grace divine,
Along the heav'nly way.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY, MDCCCXXXIII.

THE INTERROGATION.

"And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" Gen. iii. 9.

This interrogation was made in the cool of the day. It is thought by some that this was the time of Adam and Eve's accustomed evening worship. It must have broken in upon this sacred inclosure like the voice of many waters. Some perso[illegible]may be deterred from entering their closets at the soft and silent hour of twilight, lest conscious guilt should fasten upon them the commission of crimes.

The interrogation, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" excites no surprize among mankind. The sin of Cain was of a crimson dye. Ah! might not inquiries be instituted in regard to each of us, by that same Omniscient Being, that would accelerate the motion of our heart's blood? This is a world of sin; temptations cluster around us in every path of life.

Though our crimes may be concealed from mortals, until the trump of God shall sound, "Come to judgment," yet possibly their consequences may be less fatal, by our instituting inquiries like the following. May that blessed Spirit which convinces of sin, faithfully apply them to the hearts of all to whom they may be particularly applicable.

O wife, where is thy husband? Is he housed in the ark? Is he devoted to the service of Christ? And does any one reply, Am I my husband's keeper? "How knowest thou but that thou mayest *save* thy husband." With such encouragement, have you done all you could to win this dear companion to the blessed Saviour? Have you wept in secret places for him? Have you denied yourself every thing that came in competition with his soul's salvation? Have you been as importunate in prayer for him, as the nature of the case may have demanded? Has he been won by your chaste conversation, coupled with fear? Have you tasted a Saviour's love, and can you be happy while he is not a partaker of your joys and sorrows? Can you be satisfied to worship at the feet of the adorable Saviour, while he is worshipping at the shrine of Mammon? See to it, that the blood of thy beloved husband be not found in thy skirts.

Mothers! where are your children? In your eager desire to present your infants to the Saviour, to hear him say "suffer the little children to come unto me," to have this best of Friends lay his hands on them and bless them, have you made your way through obstacles, and by frowning disciples?

Your first-born son, who will exert an influence vast as eternity upon your rising family! is he all your fond hopes and wishes can desire for him? Are you not responsible for the influence he will exert, in all the various walks of life? Do you know who his chosen companions are? Do you know how and where he spends his evenings? If at home, has he useful occupation? Are you quite sure he was not among that giddy and riotous throng on the evening of ———, where so many of our youth were collected, scattering about fire brands, arrows, and death, and saying, "'tis all but in sport?" Do you know how and where he spends his Sabbaths? If in the sanctuary, is he in thine own seat, hanging, with enrapturing delight, upon the lips of him who is Christ's ambassador? In that silent midnight hour, when the proclamation shall be made, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," the solemn inquiry, Where, O where is thy son! may fall upon thine ear with more appalling accents, than even that which fell upon the ear of the unhappy Cain.

And where is thy daughter? Like Mary, shall we often find her, sitting at the feet of Jesus, listening to the gracious words which fell from his lips? Under thy culturing hand is she preparing to labor successfully in that cause, for the sake of which Jesus laid down his precious life? Is she the affectionate and dutiful daughter? The beloved sister? Shall it hereafter be said, "Happy the man that hath such a wife, happy the child that shall call her mother?" And when death comes, shall it be said of her, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

And where is thy neighbor? Under a sense of your obligations to Him who hath said, "feed the hungry, clothe the naked; freely ye have received, freely give," have you sought out the sons and daughters of penury? Have you done what you could for the supply of their wants? Have you plead their cause with your families and friends? Have you assisted your neighbor in his business? Have you been honest in your dealings and intercourse with him? When the cold storms of adversity have played about his dwelling, and pressed upon his heart, have you soothed his sorrows? Have you pointed him to the richest source of consolation? When his reputation has been assailed, have you searched out the matter, that you might defeat it? or, as the libel has passed, have you given it additional momentum?

And where are the teachers of your children? Have you seen to it that they are worthy of their high vocation, so that you can hold them up as proper examples for imitation? Do you know them to be persons of piety and prayer? Have you weighed the consequences of putting them into unfaithful or unskillful hands? Do you suffer your children to look upon them as hirelings, or as important auxiliaries in executing heaven's commission, "Train up a child in the way he should go?"

And where is your minister? Have you stayed up his hands by your prayers? Have thy tithes been given to him for his support? Has his influence been extended by thine own? Have you defended his reputation as the representative of the immaculate Saviour? Has he been esteemed and loved for his work's sake? Have his faithful messages come to you from the court of heaven, clothed with divine authority? Have your family and your children witnessed their influence on your heart and life?

And where are the precious souls for whom Christ died? Do you individually ask, Am I their keeper? Can I be responsible for a world? Yes, dear friend, for a world, just so far as thy influence might have extended, to save them from the wrath to come. Has thy Saviour, the captain of thy salvation, been followed in his self-denying labors, in his untiring zeal to be about his heavenly Father's business? or has thy prayer been, O Lord, revive thy work; I long to see the green pastures; I long to smell the sweet blossoms; I long to taste the rich fruits of thy blessed Spirit; while you have idly folded your hands; while, in carnal ease you have neglected to warn your families, your friends and neighbors, to flee from the wrath to come; while, with indifference, you have neglected to send his gospel to perishing heathen. Be not deceived, for God will not be mocked. When he shall make inquisition for blood, do you fear any unlawful conspiracy against you? Do not fear it. All your motives and conduct will then be weighed in the impartial balance of the sanctuary. While your own consciences, the law of God, and the blood of his Son, will be the only witnesses that will be cited to appear and to testify at that great decisive day.

See to it, that the avenger of blood shall not receive a commission to pursue thee as the murderer of immortal souls, and thou receive a more aggravated doom than even that awarded to him who, from envy, first imbrued his guilty hands in a brother's blood.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL CONSISTENCY.

The common axiom, "the world loves consistency," is none the less true, or forcible, from its triteness; and among the multitude who are employed in scanning the inconsistencies of others, children are the most eagle-eyed, and severe. Not that we would charge them with uncharitableness, for we believe that none are misanthropes by birth; nor do they study to be scrutinizing and captious; it is the natural impulse of the mind. God has implanted in their bosom a conscience, a sense of right and wrong, which has not been deadened by incessant clashing with the principles and practices of the world; and they are like a blade, just from the hand of the artificer, that has not lost its lustre, or its edge.

We, who have been long in the world, have become inured to the perpetual collision between our consciences and existing evils and sins. When, therefore, we see inconsistency in others, see the conduct and example even of those whom we respect and love, palpably making their instructions and principles a lie, we are not surprized; we have seen it a thousand times before, and say, with a sort of resignation, or rather a feeling of despair, "O, it is human nature;" or, if we should attempt to raise the harsh voice of censure, there is the misgiving of a guilty heart, effectually to confound and silence us.

But not so with children; untaught and unsuspecting, they believe men are what they appear to be. Accustomed to look up to their parents as superla-

tively excellent, and wise, and good, they are startled, and confounded, at the first discovery of an inconsistency.

The humility of a little child is proverbial. They feel that they have been in the world but a little while—that they have done little—that they know but little. But, O, their anticipations! O, the glory of being men and women! The child supposes that there is something—a very vast somewhere, or something, that he shall then know all about; and he exults in the prospect, with something of the feeling of our first parents when they ate the forbidden fruit, upon the promise of being as gods, knowing good and evil. Well, now the child looks upon his parents as having entered the mighty field, and as having, in consequence, knowledge, motives, principles, designs, and pleasures, which he knows nothing about, and with all the curiosity of his first mother, he employs all his ingenuity to get a glimpse into the mysterious inclosure.

In this enterprize nothing is lost or overlooked. The words, the looks, the conduct of the parents, in all the circumstances of life; in the time of ease or pleasure as well as in the hour of sickness, of danger, of trying emergency, all are watched and remembered, every scrap is treasured up, and, at a convenient season, all are called forth, made to pass in careful review—compared, reasoned upon, and, when the rusults are made out, are dismissed, only to be recalled at another time, to pass, perhaps, a sterner ordeal. Now imagine the child, while engaged in this research, to have discovered in his mother's conduct, or instructions, some inconsistency, or contradiction. He is confounded. He had heretofore supposed that she could not do wrong. He does not now believe it. The recent occurrence is compared with all his former observations, and the result of every former analysis is recollected. He is in a state of painful incertitude. In this dilemma another discrepancy is discovered. The fact, which he dared not before suspect, is now forced upon his mind, and the novel idea of his mother's carelessness, or deception, or fraud, is entertained without a feeling of guilt. Subsequent discoveries only confirm the truth of his suspicions, until he knows and feels that his mother, whom he had supposed righteous in all her judgments, and perfect in all her ways, is capricious, or hypocritical, or passionate, like himself. Thus falls a mother's influence, and great is the fall of it; and most ruinous, for it destroys her children.

The mother is most careful to provide books for her child, and to secure him from corrupting scenes, and company; but let her remember, that her countenance is his first book, and her example his first lesson. O mother! an expression of impatience in thine eye, or an angry word from thy lip, will make an impression on the heart of thy child, which no tears of thine can ever efface. Go, mother, if thou wilt, deceive, mislead, corrupt thy neighbor, thy friend, the husband of thy youth; but O, spare, spare thy little one. Thou has given him an immortal existence. Wouldst thou make that existence for ever miserable? Better plunge thy dagger in his infant bosom, than, by thine own carelessness, caprice, or wicked indulgence, to prepare his heart for the sword of his heavenly Father's vengeance.

I would now mention some of the points where parents are in most danger of inconsistency. I speak to Christian parents, for it is they who feel most interested in this subject, and, (with humiliation be it expressed,) it is

their inconsistencies which are so palpable, and so ruinous to their children. It is the immense disparity between the professed principles, instructions, and prayers of the parent, and her daily conduct, her habits of feeling and expression, that perplexes the child, and is an obstacle over which he is perpetually stumbling. This incongruity is at once mysterious and painful. He watches, compares, and endeavors, but vainly, to reconcile the principles and practice of his parent, until, weary, disgusted, and distressed, he banishes the subject from his mind, pronounces his mother a hypocrite, despises her instructions, loathes her prayers, contemns her Bible, and renounces her God. Give me the child of an Arab, or a Hindoo; but O, save me from the fearful responsibility of that mother who has deafened her children with exhortations and prayers, and yet, has, as it were, forced them into the path of death, by shutting up, with her own example, the gate of life.

Children notice *little things*. Their feeling of right and wrong is sensitive in the extreme, and a Christian mother may murder the soul of her child, and then exclaim, with consternation and horror, "an enemy hath done this!"

I knew a mother once—a Christian mother too, and one deeply anxious for the salvation of her children. In the morning she would call them all unto her, pray for each of them successively, and with great particularity; the Bible was read, explained, and enforced; the Amen was said, the door opened, and the children escaped as from a prison. Mention the subject of religion, and it would not excite in them, as in other children, feelings of solemnity and awe, but only loathing and contempt. And in the church, what children trifled and despised the worship of God? And in the school, what children disturbed their teacher, wronged and oppressed their fellows? It was these. And why were these means of salvation, and the Bible, a fountain of life, made, to these hapless children, a well-spring of poison and death? It was the *inconsistency* of the mother. Her example, instead of enforcing, with irresistible power, her instructions, and proving the sincerity of her prayers, made them all a fable, or a pretence. True, she committed no disciplinable offence. She was a good wife, and mother, and mistress, in the estimation of the world. But where was the savor of her religion? Where the unsullied exhibition of those things which are lovely and of good report? Where the feeling of her Saviour's presence, her love to his name, her zeal to do his will, which might be exhibited, and ought as plainly to be seen by her children, in each trifling event of the day, as in her morning devotions. And O, where was that deep anxiety, which she seemed to feel in the morning, for the salvation of her children? Had she left it all at the maternal altar? or, had she never felt it? O, it is because children *hear* so much and *see* so little, that they are sceptical.

1. Mother, first *feel* for your child; feel deeply, uniformly anxious for his salvation; for whatever your feelings are, he will know them; you cannot elude his eagle eye.

2. Beware of disclosing your feelings, or, at least, let there not be an apparent *attempt* to exhibit them, either to himself or to others. This would be most ruinous. Rather let him feel that there exists in your bosom a well-spring of feeling and anxiety, which others know nothing of, and which even he cannot fathom.

3. Be consistent in your reproofs. Let your child see in your deep grief and sadness, that he has sinned against God, and that it is this which distresses you, for this is what you profess. And let him not see, in your angry countenance, that he has only *vexed* his mother.

4. Be consistent in your approvals. Let your child, when he has done well, as the Bible directs, see, in the calm, thankful satisfaction of your countenance, that you are pleased and thankful, because God is obeyed, for this is what you profess.

5. Beware, when your child has done well, of appearing surprized, or elated, as though he were wonderfully good, or he will soon get the idea that he is a perfect little saint, when, in fact, he will be only a perfect little Pharisee.

6. Always, before others, let your professions and prayers fall short of your real and habitual feelings, or your child will set you down, ere you are aware, for a hypocrite. Let him believe, however much you say, that the half is not told—that it cannot be uttered.

7. Let your secret devotions, for the sake of your child, if not for your own welfare, be frequent, and always at stated periods. I recollect noticing, when a very little child, that my father always retired into a certain room, at certain hours of the day. The fact was, at first, very mysterious, but his object could not long remain a matter of doubt; and that single circumstance threw a fear and solemnity over my mind which nothing could efface.

My attention was then directed to my mother. I rose up early, and sat up late, and ate the bread of watchfulness. I could not discover that she prayed. The uncertainty was very painful. I began to look upon her with suspicion and fear, doubted every thing she said, or did. At last, I one day suspected, *hoped*, knew, that she had been praying; and I subsequently learned that her morning hour of prayer was before day-break. I shall never forget, when she came from her room, the gratitude, and confidence, and love, with which I went and laid my head in her lap. Remember that your child is a sagacious and untiring "spy upon your proceedings;" and when you come from your retirement, let him see, in the heavenly calmness of your look, and the sweet kindness of all your expressions, that you have been with Jesus.

8. You profess to love the Bible above all other books. Let your conduct say this. When weary and exhausted, let your child see, that you invariably have recourse to the Bible for relaxation. Let this once be written on his watchful mind, and ten thousand thrilling incidents, and years of guilt and thoughtlessness, will not efface or obscure it.

But it is impossible to enumerate all the ways in which parents are in danger of manifesting inconsistency. Mother, watch yourself. Your child watches you; his eye watches every motion; his ear is bent to catch every sound from your lips. In his little bosom is treasured up every careless word and motion, and no efforts of yours, can ever avail to unlock or plunder his storehouse. Mother, watch yourself; how can you expect your Saviour's blessing if you slight his most solemn and repeated injunction to watchfulness? Mother! watch yourself! Should the inquiry be made about your children—Who slew all these? How could your bear to have all eyes turned on you, as their murderer!

P.

LITTLE FRANK—OR THE AFFECTIONATE CHILD.

Mother, I have picked the sweetest flower I could find in all the field for you. You are always pleased with flowers, are you not, mother?

Yes, when they are plucked by my little Frank.

Mother, I want to tell you something, but I fear it will make you feel bad.

What is that, my boy?

Why, mother, the boys say that father was poor, Does that make you blush, mother?

No, Frank, I am not ashamed to be called poor.

But, mother, the boys laugh at poor people. They call them mean. I do not like to have them say that my father was poor. Is it wicked to be poor, mother?

No, my son, not if we are honest and industrious.

Mother, the boys laugh at me, at the Sabbath school. They point at my shoes and they say they are coarse and mean. Shall I go any more to the Sabbath school?

The boys do not hurt you, do they?

No, mother, they do not hurt me, but they make me feel bad when they do not like me. I want every body to love me. I love every body, mother. It makes me happy to see you smile, and to hear my teacher say, "You are right, Frank, you are right." It almost makes me cry when I think you love me, and that my teacher loves me; but I am not sorry, mother.

Frank, if your mother loves you, and your teacher loves you, you must not mind what the boys say.

But, mother, I think I should be happier if I had fine clothes, and some cents in my pocket, and some bright buttons on my jacket.

Frank, could you recite your lesson any better, or should I like you better, or would your teacher like you any better?

No, mother; you like me because I am your little boy, and my teacher likes me because I study to get my lessons, and I try to be quiet and attentive to what he says to us.

You see, then, my dear Frank, that it is not riches that makes you either good, or happy; and that it is not fine clothes that makes your friends love you. Sensible people think but little about fine clothes for children, if they are kept neat and clean.

Every boy's mamma does not think as you do, mother. Jack Woodhull's mamma gave him, the other day, a shilling, to buy him six rolls of gingerbread and some sugar candy, for being good; and she promised him a fine suit of clothes on his birth day, if he would not strike the baby, and if he would not pick the buds from off the lilacs, and did not tread upon the beds in the flower garden. Will you give me a new suit of clothes when I am eight years old, if I am good?

No, my son, I shall never hire you to be good, or reward my children in that way. If you should be a disobedient boy and should spoil my plants, I should not give you sweet kisses, I should not smile upon you, I should not

receive your flowers, but I should have to separate you from my company.

Mother, I should rather have your sweet kisses, and your pleasant smiles, than ten rolls of gingerbread. I should soon forget what I had been eating, but I should not forget it if you were angry with me. I could not be happy if you did not love me. But, mother, you are not angry with me now?

No, Frank, I shall never be displeased with you when you try to do right.

Mother, you was not angry with me when I broke your large pitcher. when Pompey ran against me, and knocked me down. You said it was an accident.

You are right, my love—I am only dipleased with my children when they are disobedient and idle; when they are careless and inattentive; when they are unkind to each other, or impolite to strangers.

Mother, I remember that Dr. S. called me a polite little boy, the other day; but I did not know what he meant; I do not understand that word.

What were you doing Frank, when Dr. S. called you a polite little boy?

I found his whip for him when he could not find it. I thanked him for coming to see you, when you were sick. It was the same night, mother, that I walked on tiptoe, in your room, because you said a noise made your head ache.

Well, Frank, I understand politeness to mean, doing the same for others that I would have others do for us.

Mother, I did not understand Dr. S. because William Lacy said that I should never be polite unless I went to the dancing school, where I should be taught to hold up my head, and to make a genteel bow, and to walk gracefully.

Well, my dear Frank, we will talk more about this another time. I see from the window that our neighbor, Mrs. J——, is coming in. You must not interrupt our conversation, for that would not be polite. You may now take your book, and get your lesson.

Good morning, Mrs. Jones.

How are you, Mrs. Smith? I hope you will excuse this early call; feeling unhappy at home, I have come in for a few minutes; but I see you are engaged, as usual, in conversation with your children; for my part, I never find much to say to my children. I am always glad to get them off to school or out of the house; for they are such noisy, racketing children, that I cannot collect my scattered brain where they are: they are so wild that my house is in confusion when they are at home. But I never was fond of children. My husband and I try to do the best we can for them. We are busy night and day, trying to scrape together a pretty little property, so that we may *educate* our children when they get old enough to send them away from home.

But, my dear Mrs. Jones, I fear there is often a sad mistake as to the import of the word *education*. Many persons do not seem to be aware of the fact that some men and women are well educated, who have seldom, if ever, been sent abroad, and who have had but limited advantages, even in a common school. Is it right, Mrs. Jones, to send our children to school, expecting the teacher to give them habits of industry and application? How can this be done in the course of a few months, in opposition to all their former habits? How can parents expect teachers to form useful and agreeable habits in their children,

while there is little or no pains taken with them at home? How can parents expect a teacher to correct a selfish, and covetous, and ill natured disposition in their children, while they are indulged in every idle whim at home by themselves? My dear Mrs. Jones, before I had a family of my own, I taught school for a number of years. I found, from my own experience, that those parents who felt the least responsibility for the improvement of their children at home, and took the least pains to form their habits and manners, to make them respectful, affectionate, and condescending, were always the most difficult to satisfy and please. The experience I then acquired has led me to take pains with my own little flock, and I find I need not wait till they are grown, before I see and taste the fruits of my labors. Every day I am more than compensated for the care and labor I have bestowed upon their education, and I never find myself so happy as when in their society; and what is most grateful to a mother's heart, all my feelings of affection are fully reciprocated by them.

My dear Mrs. Smith, this conversation will put you in possession of a secret I no longer wish to conceal from one on whose candor I can so fully rely. I have, for some time, been sensible of the amazing difference there is between your children and mine. It was this conviction that brought me to your house this morning. I fear my children are already beyond a mother's influence. I fear I shall never know the sweet comforts of domestic life, while I have no one to censure or blame but myself. My poor, poor children! I need your advice, but I have already trespassed upon your time. Permit me to request the favor of resuming the painful subject of my present grief and anxiety at a future time.

PERSONAL VANITY.

Vanity is a sin peculiar to no class. It is common both to the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich, the clown and the gentleman, the Christian and the infidel. It is confined to no sex, no rank, no condition. It displays itself in the cottage, in the palace, in the kitchen, in the parlour, in the house, in the streets, in the ball-room, in the sanctuary, in the hall of legislation, and in the pulpit.

There is scarcely a sin, upon the black catalogue of human guilt, so subtle and specious, so endless in its arts and variations. But whatever be its form or color, the motive determines its character. "A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

A desire to attract the gaze or applause of mortals, must always be sinful; and especially when it arises from those providential distinctions which exist among mankind. One of these is *elegance of person*. By this I mean, a beautiful countenance, a graceful form, polished manners, or any of those personal accomplishments with which the hand of God adorns some more than others. Strange as it may seem, these are often the occasion of great self complacency and pride. These are the dainty offal on which vanity loves to feed and fatten. These are the idol at whose shrine millions worship. But how foolish and wicked.

Let me not be thought to undervalue or despise that beauty of person which the Almighty has imparted to any mortal. It is his work, and wherever I see

it, I can contemplate it with the same admiration with which I contemplate the exquisite texture and colored variety of the lily, or gaze upon the splendor and magnitude of the heavenly orbs. But the world is full of beautiful and splendid objects; and wherein has an elegant man or woman more occasion to be vain than thousands of the animal or feathered tribes? It is not because they have intelligence to discern their personal attractions. It is not because these are superior to the decorations bestowed upon other beings. Solomon, in all his glory, did not outshine the flower of the field.

The proper employment of reason, on the subject of personal beauty, so far from creating vanity, would lead to self abasement. It would teach us that in that splendid form, lies a heart, perhaps, at enmity with God. What a reflection! and yet it is sober truth. Yes, that accomplished lady, whose personal charms are so attractive, is—what? It may be a sepulchre, beautiful without, but, within, full of every vile and hateful passion! Let the shell be broken, and how would appear the immortal spirit? How does it appear to the eye of God who sees through flesh and blood as we see through mirrors? The truth is, an angel form is often the temple of devils. O, it ought rather to humble, that so much exquisite workmanship has been expended upon a habitation from which the artist himself, the Lord of glory, is expelled, and every filthy reptile on earth and in hell, allowed free admission and egress.

Another cause of vanity is splendid attire. I pronounce no phillipic against dress. On this subject I have only to say, let every one dress in such a manner as not to excite the attention, the gaze, and remarks of others. A poor woman in rich attire is an object of curiosity. A rich woman in rags is no less so. There is a medium, and when we step upon it we incommode no one, excite no attention, create no envy, no disgust.

But this happy medium will not answer for those whose object is, by dress, to command attention and applause. Nothing short of an extreme in fashion, or something near it, will serve their end. Now, this is vanity. If not, what is it? Is it comfort? No. Is it to keep up distinctions in society? I am not prepared to level all distinctions, and to say the poor and the rich shall live in the same style. But this distinction can be maintained, so far as it is proper and necessary, without excess and extravagance. If it cannot, let it be annihilated Of the two evils, I choose the least.

But why should an attire, however rich and splendid, cherish and flatter pride? Man, in his best estate, is altogether vanity; a poor, frail, dying mortal, whose glory is all borrowed and evanescent. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not. And what is more, he is a miserable sinner, and, unless clothed with the righteousness of Christ, will be naked and wretched for ever. A.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Madam—I have had the pleasure of perusing the prospectus and first number of the Mother's Magazine. I consider the appeal it makes to the class for whom it is intended, *irresistible*. Of all social relations and responsibilities, those of a mother are surely *pre-eminent*. Feeling deeply sensible of this, I

look upon one who steps forward in so noble an enterprize as yours, deserving the gratitude and patronage of every mother, according to her ability.

Although the mother of a family almost reared to maturity, I can still look for aid from a work like yours. It may admonish me of many failures and errors; but their consequences are not entirely irrevocable. If I have not been to my daughters all I might have been, I may yet urge upon them the sacred obligations which the relation of parents will devolve upon them, and thus another generation may retrieve what their predecessors have forfeited.

Your work excites in me so warm an interest, that I shall esteem it a privilege to be instrumental in circulating it, or in aiding it in any other way. Education has always been, to me, a subject of peculiar interest. If the thoughts and reflections which have been gathered from books or observation, may yield any hints worthy your notice, I should be happy to throw some mites into your treasury; and it will be a pleasant service, to enlist others better qualified for the task.

I would not presume to offer any thing as a critic or adviser, as I judge you need neither; but I observe that the stand you take, appears to me most judicious. Although your Magazine exhibits a decidedly religious character, yet it proposes not to be *exclusively* so. Whatever is wise and good, will fall in with what is religious, and many such things may be drawn from writers not professedly religious. Mrs. Hamilton, the Edgeworths, and some others, belong to that class; and I think, among our own countrywomen, Miss Sedgwick may be considered as ranking with them.

If you should esteem it worth your time and attention to notice this communication, it may possibly lead to an occasional interchange of ideas. But I would wish, madam, that you should distinctly understand, that ambition for any degree of literary distinction or notoriety, forms not the slightest motive to this overture. I have all my life pursued a private walk, and now would be as unwilling, as I am unqualified, for taking a more conspicuous station. If I can do any good in this little sphere, without being made known to any other than yourself, I shall be amply rewarded for all the labor I may be able to bestow on the object.

If you should think of giving this, as a testimonial of a mother, a place in one of your numbers, I hope that any part of it, which might excite inquiry respecting the writer, may be omitted.

With sentiments of high respect and best wishes,

I subscribe myself yours, &c.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF TEACHERS.

The burning of the Richmond Theatre occurred, as is well known, in the year 1811. An interesting account of this truly tragic scene is contained in Dunlap's History of the American Stage; and among other incidents which are there related of this sorrowful event, the following is deeply affecting:

"As my father was leading me home," said Mr. H—— P——, "we saw Mr. G——, exhausted by previous exertion, leaning on a fence, and looking r

the scene of ruin—for all was now one black mass of smoking desolation—'Thank God!' ejaculated Mr. G——, 'Thank God! I prohibited Nancy from coming to the house to-night! she is safe!'

"Nancy was his only daughter, just springing into womanhood, still at the boarding school of Mrs. G——n, and as beautiful and lovely a girl as imagination can picture.

"Mrs. G——n, and the boarders, had made up a party for the Theatre that evening, and Nancy G—— asked her father's permission to accompany them. He refused; but unfortunately added his reason—'The house will be crowded, and you will occupy a seat that would otherwise be paid for.' On these words hung the fate of youth, innocence, and beauty. 'I will pay for your ticket,' said the kind instructress, 'we will not leave you behind.' The teacher and the pupil were buried in the ruins on which the father gazed, and over which he returned thanks for the safety of his child. He went home and learned the truth."

I have made the foregoing extract from the history alluded to, not for the purpose of discussing the question, whether a parent can, with propriety, in any case, permit his child to attend a theatre, but for the sake of a few observations on another topic, viz. the responsibility of female teachers to whom may be entrusted the care and education of young ladies.

For the time being, they sustain the important relation of parents. Nay, they are, if possible, more responsibly and delicately situated, being bound not to follow precisely their own judgment in relation to the proper course of those entrusted to their care, but, as nearly as may be, the probable wishes of their parents. I say *probable*, for I consider it beyond debate, that when a parent has marked out a line of conduct for his daughter, the governess who takes charge of her is solemnly bound, especially if she be beforehand apprized of it, to use her influence and authority to see it followed, provided it does not infringe upon the rights of conscience, or the well established laws of civility; but if this be conceded, the position which I have taken must be correct, that so far as the parent's probable wishes are understood, so far the duty of the governess is plain and decisive.

In respect to the particular conduct of Mrs. G——n, to which Mr. Dunlap alludes, I would speak with caution and delicacy. She is no more; and kindness would demand that no needless reflections should be cast upon the unfortunate dead. Yet I perceive no injustice in taking occasion, from what I conceive to have been an error of her judgment, to convey a seasonable admonition for the benefit of the living. It is apparent that kindness, and that alone, prompted the governess to the determination not to leave her "lovely pupil" behind. But in this, did she not obviously transcend her just authority? The *father*, had prohibited his daughter from the house that night. He had assigned a reason for this. True, it *seemed* as if the crowded house, &c. aside, and he would have been willing to have had her gone. But was not this enough? He had assigned a reason. It might, or it might not, have been thought a good one by the governess. But the fact that a prohibition had been given, was quite sufficient, and it was incompetent for any earthly tribunal to set in judgment upon the justice of the reason, by which that prohibition was fortified.

What would have been the reflection of Miss G——, in regard to her father's prohibition, contrasted with the consent of her governess? Possibly, that her father could find it in his heart to refuse what her kind teacher could not, and as young persons are prone to look upon those who administer to their present enjoyment, as their best friends, the father might have suffered a diminution in the affectionate confidence of his daughter.

If there is any one evil peculiar to boarding schools, perhaps that of seldom, if ever, enjoying the privilege of being left alone, is the greatest. What a hindrance to moral and mental culture must be the opinion, that, in order to be happy, young persons must always be in the company of others. Where this opinion is entertained, and acted upon, farewell to all well directed efforts to acquire knowledge, the possession of which would soon teach, that the highest resources of enjoyment are to be found within ourselves, or are to be derived from the perusal of useful books. G.

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

No part of a mother's care, is probably of greater importance than the physical education of her offspring.

While it is allowed by all, that moral culture is of infinitely greater importance (if either must be neglected) than physical education; as much, not only of the foundation, but superstructure of the latter, must be the work of mothers; that its importance, as far as they are concerned, is outweighed by no other duty. The elements of moral culture lie, undoubtedly, within their province, and a most powerful influence may be exerted by them; but the physical frame must be almost entirely developed under their eye, or be suffered to dwindle into feebleness or disease from their inattention. How many youth, before they can be considered as independent of a mother's care, have acquired a robust constitution, or have deposited within them the seeds of decrepitude, and premature old age, disappointing the expectations of fond parents, and robbing their country of its ornaments and defenders. It is admitted among men of science, that a good physical education, so far fortifies the body, as to cure diseases considered, in some degree, hereditary; gives to the organs a much greater aptitude to execute the movements required by our wants or vicissitudes: causes superior strength and extension upon the faculties of the mind, and produces a more perfect equilibrium in the sensations, with juster ideas, and more elevated moral feelings. Whether the youth of this country are so educated, or not, is a matter of vital importance, affecting their liberties, and the best interests of moral, mental, and physical improvement. It is believed that in this respect the American people, as a whole, are inferior to many of the nations of the old world. The American traveller may congratulate himself upon finding that the mass of people in no country of Europe, are superior, or even equal to his own countrymen in general information; but he will see the effects of physical education, of a more severe and masculine character than that adopted by his country, in the glow of health more generally diffused, and in that patience of the minor inconveniences of life, of which the habits of Europeans teach them the practice, which, cheerfully endured, are the principal sources of health. The frequent poverty and straightened circum-

stances of the mass of Europeans, compel them, in many instances, to adopt modes of living conducive to health, which are unknown where prosperity and plenty are more equally diffused.

Where comforts exist, comforts are soon added to necessaries, and then luxuries to comforts, until a sickly effeminacy takes the place of habits salutary in proportion to their simplicity. This, although especially applicable to the inhabitants of cities, may be extended, with modifications, even to the comparatively robust and hardy farmer. Wherever poverty creates no barrier, the minions of debility will insinuate themselves, crushed, although they often are by labor, the best ally, of civilized man. To enable mothers to remove their children from habits and influences that may tend to sap the foundations of that edifice, which, having for its inhabitant a continually developing and immortal spirit, should grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength, might be an object worthy the learned physiologist, and the accurate observer of the progress, strength, and decay, of the material being, and the developement of the immaterial essence. It would, however, appear that mothers might acquire all the information that is desirable, by examining and comparing the different modes of life, prevalent among different nations, and the different habits thereby formed, investigating the effects of various kinds of diet, exercise, artificial warmth, with the results of mental efforts, made at an early, or more advanced age. D. C,

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EXERCISES FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS,

To the inquiry of several maternal associations, "In what manner can we so blend instruction with amusement, as to secure the attention of our children, and render our quarterly meetings most useful?" we are happy to reply, that the Maternal Association of Utica, after repeated experiments, have, for the last year, most successfully adopted the plan of selecting some prominent Scripture character, upon which questions are made. These are previously given out, and studied by the children. At the time of meeting, the children are classed by the presiding members, each class assigned to one mother, for the purpose of examining them upon the lesson. After which, such remarks and explanations are made, as are adapted to set home divine truth upon the hearts and consciences of the children, and to bring them to immediate repentance.

We now commence publishing the questions prepared for our Association, and intend to pursue a regular series, and publish them once in three months.

LESSON I.—HISTORY OF ADAM AND EVE. Gen. 1, 2, 3.

1. How many days was God in creating the world?
2. On which day was man created?
3. Of what did God make man?
4. In what respects did he differ from other animals?
5. In what respect did he resemble God?
6. What was his name, and what did it signify?
7. Where was he placed, and what was his employment?

8. What was he allowed to eat, and what forbidden?
9. What punishment was threatened in case of disobedience?
10. Who gave names to all the animals?
11. Who brought them to Adam to be named?
12. Did Adam find a helpmeet from among all these animals?
13. In what way was a companion provided? [parents?
14. What instruction may we receive from this intimate relation of our first
15. By what names did Adam call his wife, and what did they signify?
16. What institution was first established?
17. What other institution originated in Eden?

HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN.

We have met in peace together,
In this house of God again,
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;
Here to breathe our adoration,
While the balmy breeze of spring,
Like the Spirit of salvation,
Comes with gladness on its wings.

We have met, and time is flying;
We shall part; and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring;
Let us while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

He will aid us, should existence
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest;
Where mid-day beams 'round him playing,
We our Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

Mrs. W.—In presenting for your Magazine the following beautiful lines, justice to myself and their author, requires, perhaps, an apology. They are the production, if my authority be correct, of a countryman of ours, who has for many years resided abroad, and by a friend of his, were presented to a little daughter of mine, at a time when she was just capable of committing them to memory, and of catching something of the inspiration which they contain. I regret that I have not the author's permission to publish them, which doubtless I should have, were he present to give it. For I am sure that a heart, which could conceive so nobly, would not deny a request intimately connected, as I think it must be, with the pleasure and improvement of every little girl, who may chance to become acquainted, through your pages, with the truly poetical "Adel."

I will only add, that all the responsibility which may attach to the unauthorized publication of the lines, I will cheerfully assume; for, should the author chance to turn belligerant, at the liberty taken, he would no doubt find, rallying to my defence, a host of little Adels. Yours, &c. K.....N.

ADEL.

I am a harmless little child,
My name is called Adel;
My mother loves me very much,
Who else, I cannot tell.

She sometimes points towards the sky,
When it is soft and blue,
And tells me that there lives in heaven
A Friend, who loves me too.

O! then I look, and strain my eyes,
And strive to see his face;
She says he smiles, and is so good,
It is a happy place.

My cheek is sometimes wet with tears,
My heart is sad and dim;
But in his smiles my tears shall dry,
When I ascend to him.

My heart, its sorrows turned to joy,
And wrapt in love, shall be
A morning sunbeam, dancing o'er
The misty, sparkling sea.

Who made those golden clouds that tower;
The sun that shines from far;
The moon that walks in silver day,
The bright and silver star?

'Twas he whose hand did not disdain
To frame this little form;
'Twas he who wafts those mighty orbs
That shine and make it warm.

And when my heart, now full of light,
Grows dark, and life is done;
To bear me to those blissful seats
Will come a shining one.

He'll lay me sleeping on his breast,
And spread his pinions wide,
And far, by still and trackless ways,
His steady flight will guide.

To meet us then, our Friend in heaven
Will come from off his throne,
He'll speak so sweet, and wake Adel,
And take her for his own.

ANECDOTES.

It is said that in the hand of one of the mummies found in a pyramid, was discovered a bulbous root, which being placed in the earth, grew and bloomed a beautiful, but unknown flower, after two hundred years. So may the good seed of the word of God spring up after many years. We have a case in point. Some years since, a venerable man, upwards of one hundred years old, was the subject of converting grace, in an eastern state. The mediate cause of his conversion was, hearing a text of Scripture which his pious mother had taught him in England one hundred years before!

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'nt deceive our hope;
The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop."

A pious mother, about sixty years since, had a prodigal son. He was about to leave her and go to sea. As a last resource, she placed a Bible in his chest, with a prayer to God for his blessing upon it. Year after year passed away, and nothing was heard of the wanderer. But the eye of his mother's God was upon him. A long time after, a clergyman was called to visit a dying sailor. He found him penitent and prepared to die. He had in his possession a Bible, which, he said, was given him by a dying shipmate, who, expiring in the hope of the glory of God, gave it to him, with his parting blessing. On the blank leaf was found written the name of John Marshall, the pious mother's *prodigal* son. He was the brother of Isabella Graham.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

A BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come:
When she who had the earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The noblest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one.
She chose, for her beloved boy
The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.

She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
That he from youth had borne:
She bid him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had lov'd him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing:
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy!

[Sailor's Magazine.]

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, MDCCCXXXIII.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

"By what means can the population of this great country, increasing, as it is, with fearful rapidity, be so enlightened and reformed, that our boasted liberty shall not degenerate into gross licentiousness? How shall the *conscience of the people* acquire such authority, that through its dictates, the good and wholesome laws of the land shall be as the voice of God? These inquiries, involve the well being, not only of the generation that now is, but of millions yet unborn?"—*Home Missionary.*

What mother can predict, under any circumstances, and in any given case, the blessings which may result to herself, her country, and to the church of Christ, by instilling into the minds of her little child, principles of obedience from love to God.

While we have been looking with an eye of sympathy and revolting apprehension, upon the tottering empires and subjugated kingdoms in the old world, —events which are to prepare the way for the spread in the Gospel—have we not forgotten the injunction, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall?"

Mothers in Israel have, perhaps, exulted in the thought, that their children, or their children's children, were probably to become the immediate instruments of ushering in that long predicted day of millenial glory; as if they expected, that the powers of darkness would submit to the reign of the Prince of Peace without a struggle. They have even triumphed, as if the battle were already fought and the victory won; while they have forgotten, that "every battle of the warrior, is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood."

Our Saviour says, "Ye can discern the face of the sky; but how is it that ye cannot discern this time." Every succeeding period of the church previous to the millenium, will, doubtless, in some form, furnish enemies to face, dangers to shun, and victories to achieve. When we feel the most secure, we are often on the verge of impending ruin. It was, when the antedeluvian world were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, that the flood came and swept them all away.

To a reflecting mind it must be apparent, that every successive year presents more fearful signs of approaching conflict to the Christian church. It is supposed by many, that the last encounter with the prince of the power of the

air, will not, as in former times, be for regal authority, or for territory, but for the *truth* as it is in Jesus.

It is said in the epistle of Peter, that in the last days shall come in scoffers, walking after their own deceitful lusts. Mention is also made of "cursed children, which have forsaken the right way." It is likewise said, "For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn away from the holy commandment delivered unto them." It is again said, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished, but chiefly them that walk after the flesh, in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government, presumptuous are they, *self-willed*, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities."

Who can read the first and second chapters of this same epistle, without perceiving alarming indications, that the evils there predicted are soon to become the evils of our own times. In this enlightened and Christian community, there already exists an insidious evil, that is sapping the foundation of every thing lovely, every thing sacred, every thing dear to the heart of a Christian parent.

Parents may be unwilling to acknowledge the existence of such an evil in their own family; yet they are not wholly ignorant of its subtle and malignant influence in community at large. It must be obvious to the most superficial observer, that *family government*, in our country generally, has become alarmingly defective, and thus the order of nature and of providence is lamentably subverted, at the present day.

A Being who could create all worlds, and all intelligences, must be possessed of adequate wisdom, to determine, in what manner his claims to universal obedience, could be most successfully asserted and perpetuated.

How apparent is the wisdom and economy of the great Legislator of the world, in laying the foundation of universal homage and obedience to himself, upon so broad a basis, as to link together his vast empire, and yet so minute and definite, as to bring his claims imperiously to bear, through the parent, upon every little child.

How simple, how unadulterated, this ancient form of delegated authority.

As faith is one of the simplest acts of the mind, a mother should not doubt, whether her little child can be successfully taught its relation and duty to God, any more than, that it can be taught its obligation to obey her. Indeed, when her little child in arms, raises its puny hand against her, she receives the blow, but the shock is chiefly felt at the throne of the great Eternal. When we therefore, assert our claims as parents, we assert the claims of God.

The commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," was constituted the first commandment with promise, obviously, because, that a compliance with the requisitions of the other nine, is based upon an implicit obedience to the requisitions of this.

We are acquainted with a Christian mother, upon whose mind this truth was early and successfully impressed. While parlying with her little child, which was disposed to disobey her, a beloved brother, who soon after died in the triumphs of faith, in an imperative manner, said to her, Sister! be more dis-

pleased and severe with your child for an act of disobedience to you, than for any other offence; for, if you secure the *obedience* of your child, you have the best security against the assaults of sin in every other form. That child grew to manhood, and was never known, in a single instance, from that hour, to disobey either his father or his mother.

A child whose will has been early subjugated to the will of the parent, becomes a far more hopeful subject for renewing grace in after life. Let no mother flatter herself for a moment, whatever other indications she may observe, that she has any ground to expect her child will be converted, while it is in a state of revolt from parental authority; on the contrary, many instances have occurred, where a parent has found her child to submit itself to Christ, while smarting beneath the rod, inflicted in the fear of God, by the hand of an earthly parent. "Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." Thus says Solomon, Proverbs xxiii. 13, 14. What encouragement is here presented for parental faithfulness.

When an evil is found to exist in community, its origin must be satisfactorily ascertained before a remedy can be applied. It cannot be denied, that there is a tendency in human nature to licentiousness, but the first defection of our race from God, originated with our own sex in the garden of Eden. As woman was the first occasion of alienating her beloved offspring from covenanted blessings, by subjugating her moral and mental powers to the dominion of a sensual appetite, may not her repentance, and faith, and love, and activity, be as life from the dead to her offspring.

Family government, it is believed, generally begins to falter on the part of the mother. From the necessity of the case, the mother more usually lays the foundation for loyalty, or the want of it, in the child, than the father. It is the province of the mother to cultivate the affections, to form and guard the moral habits of the child, for the first ten years of its life, and to all intents and purposes the character of the *man* or *woman* is substantially laid as early as that period. While, therefore, the father is engaged in the bustling affairs of active life, the mother, with almost irresistible sway, is forming the characters of the future defenders of our faith, the administrators of our laws, and the guardians of our civil liberties and lives.

"It is in the family that the foundation is laid for the welfare and happiness of community; there too are sown the seeds of those evils, which break out upon society in every form of iniquity."

It is predicted by many wise and good men, that something dreadful is to happen, ere long, to the United States. Should error and irreligion gain the ascendency in our beloved country, what can save us from the ravages of the most dreadful of all scourges, civil war. Mothers do you not already seem to hear the distant clangor of war? In our moral horizon, can you see no signs for fear and dismay? While you behold the march of the Prince of Peace, do you not discover some fearful indications, that our own beloved country is marked out by the man of sin, as the theatre, perhaps, of his last and most desperate conflict? Clad in the panoply of God, are our sons all marshalled to stand on the plains of Zion, with their hearts and minds fortified, by principles

of *obedience*, and *diligence*, and *truth*, and trained to acts of self-denial for such an encounter?

We should not shut our eyes against the light of truth. The faithful word of prophecy declares, that Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled. It is added, "Then shall be distress of nations and perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear, and looking after those things which are coming upon the earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken, and then shall the Son of Man come with power and great glory." The injunction then follows, "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares."

The more we study the history of nations, and examine the events now transpiring in our world, the more we shall see, that God is doing just what he said he would do, he is turning and overturning. There are certainly very weighty and elevated thoughts connected with this subject, and yet, dear mother, it is not to be concealed, that our beloved children are to bear some agency, under God, (though it may be a humble one,) of forwarding his designs of mercy, either by their willing obedience, or by their sinful opposition, and who can tell, but that maternal associations may have been formed, and that the Mother's Magazine may have been designed in mercy, purposely for such a time as this?

If our position be true, that there is great neglect of family government in our country at the present day, it is unquestionably a fearful sign of approaching national calamities; for all the curses denounced against the Israelites, when disobedient, as recorded in Deut. xxviii, have uniformly overtaken those, who were alike disobedient in every country and nation, from that time to the present. To neglect properly educating and governing children, is a sin which God severely chastises in his professing people. All the civil wars mentioned in the word of God, may, it is believed, be traced to the unfaithfulness of parents.

As the light of science, in connection with the light of revelation, is more fully enjoyed, and the fulfilment of prophecies is more clearly perceived, our obligations as parents are doubly enhanced. As our children are earlier taught divine truth, and are consequently made the subjects of divine impressions, ought we not to claim from them corresponding obedience, and faith, and activity? Will not God hold us and our children accountable for our talents and privileges, and reward or punish us and them, according to our improvement of them?

We have said that there is a constant tendency, in human nature, to licentiousness. Only let pride and luxurious living, and a desire for self-government take possession of the hearts of our children, and be connived at on the part of parents, it will not require a spirit of prophecy to perceive that the solemn truths inculcated from the sacred desk, and in the Sabbath school, will but the more successfully prepare the way for awful apostacies in the church of the living God.

We have a woful example of this kind, in the case of Eli's children. Eli was a prophet of the Lord, and undoubtedly a good man. Probably he was

satisfied with setting a good example in his family, and giving his children good advice. They were also brought up in the courts of the Lord, and were instructed in the law. Eli's sin consisted in his being a *negligent* and *indulgent* father. This good man, this professor of religion, this minister of the sanctuary, even connived at the wickedness of his children. By not restraining and correcting them while they were young, he lost the power and resolution to reform them in his old age. How true is it, that what a parent sows, that shall he also reap. Can we conceive of a more awful calamity than for a Christian parent to see his children so hardened in sin, as not to be able to entreat the Lord for them.

Permit us to urge parents to read often and attentively the history of Eli, and contrast it with that of Hannah. The taking of the ark of God, the death of Eli, the doom of Hophni and Phinehas, the slaying of four thousand men in one seige of civil war, and the triumphing of a wicked nation over the people of God, was all in consequence of the unfaithfulness of a father; while, the docility and early piety of Samuel, together with all the blessings of his priestly and prophetic office, in a licentious age, was the reward of the faith and piety of a mother.

Were not the histories of these two families, intentionally interwoven with each other, that they might serve, by way of contrast, to encourage parents to seek for their children, in early childhood, the favor of God, in the only way, in which this can ever be expected, by requiring *positive obedience* to all their reasonable commands?

THE INFANT.

ESSAY NO. I.

There is no object in nature, so beautiful as a healthy and smiling infant. Under what a vast variety of circumstances, are these little helpless beings ushered upon the theatre of human existence.

While some are pillowed upon the lap of luxury, and are received as Heaven's richest legacy, others excite feelings of repining in the maternal breast, are cradled upon the naked earth, and left to be sustained by the cold hand of charity. Thus mothers make still more diversified, those adventitious circumstances, which meet their infant offspring at the threshold of life.

Infants are of all animals the most helpless; they, therefore, in a peculiar sense, need kind and proper treatment, during the early period of their infancy.

What exquisite mechanism is the human body. How admirably adapted to the use of the soul, is this clayey tenement. Who can suffioiently admire the wisdom and skill of that Being, who hath formed the eye, and planted the ear—both equally necessary for all the purposes of the soul.

By those who are most skilled in the science of natural history and philosophy, the human frame is considered unrivalled among all the works of creation, as an object of curious speculation. If the undevout astronomer is mad, not less so that individual, who can contemplate without admiration, an edifice, designed as a living temple for God himself. To mar this edifice, is to pour contempt upon the great Architect.

The benevolence of the Creator, in furnishing our children with all the organs of sense, is so uniformly exerted, that the fact is too often overlooked on the part of parents.

In a clergyman's family, some years since, two of the sons were born deaf and dumb. They were esteemed as men of intelligence. While the elder brother was the solace of an aged and widowed mother, the younger of the two, by the brilliancy of his wit, and the actings of his generous soul, became the favorite of his youthful companions. He was married in early life, and was blessed with a family of children. It was affecting to witness the solicitude of this fond father, to learn the fact, whether his new-born infants could hear, and when this was satisfactorily ascertained, his expressions of joy were such, as to convey a feeling sense of his own deprivation.

If the want of one of the organs of sense, occasions so much inconvenience and anxiety, to the unfortunate blind, and deaf, and dumb, and to their friends, as in ordinary cases—if all the functions of the body are so necessary, for the full development and use of the soul—how important that mothers especially, should understand the structure and properties of the human frame, not only to preserve it from distortion, but to bring to maturity and perfection all the bodily functions, so essential to individual happiness, as well as for the more active duties of relative, social, and public life. Nor is the mother less concerned in watching over the early and powerful associations, which are formed by the tender mind of her infant, at a very early period.

"Is the delightful task of observing the opening faculties of the infant mind, less interesting to a mother's heart, than listening to the nonsense of the day, or suffering alternation of hope and fear at the card table?"

"Almost every man," says Stewart, "is conscious, when he comes to maturity, of many defects in his mental powers, and of many inconvenient habits, which might have been prevented or remedied in his infancy or youth."

But our object in this first essay, will be particularly directed to show, that the longevity of our species would be prolonged, and a vast amount of human suffering prevented, if mothers were more interested in the subject of physical education, and consequently, were more faithful and skilful in the early management and nursing of their infant children.

While some mothers show an overweeping fondness and anxiety in the care of their infant offspring, and render them sickly and puny from overacting their part; others display an unfeeling hardhood and neglect, which is revolting to every feeling of humanity.

There are some, doubtless, who would smile, nay, ridicule the idea of laying the foundation, for a good constitution, and a happy and pleasant disposition, during the few first months of a child's existence; for the information however, of young and inexperienced mothers, who would inqnire on a subject involving the dearest interests of her rising family, we will endeavor to point out some of the most flagrant, and yet perhaps not uncommon errors of the nursery.

The gift of a promising and healthy infant to young parents, is too often the occasion of pride, rather than of humble gratitude, and devout meditation. What sober reflection should be excited in the mind of every parent, on beholding an *infant*, by the thought, "Another lamp, lighted to burn to all eternity."

The youthful visitor excites, not only the attention of grand parents, uncles, and aunts, but every child in the neighborhood, rallies out to caress and welcome the little stranger. This is just as it should be—for it is truly an occasion of rejoicing—if the mother had sufficient experience and firmness to refuse, on many such occasions, to awaken the heavy slumbers of her tender babe.

How absurd, how ridiculous the practice of some young mothers, and even fathers too, to snatch from the warm couch, a sleeping infant—rudely shaking it, that it may again display its fine eyes and dimpled cheeks—pronounced by flattering friends to be the finest ever beheld. This cruel practice is often maintained for successive weeks and even months; and what is the consequence? Why the poor thing is rendered *miserable.* It cannot, in a moment, resume its wonted composure and inclination to sleep; the consequence therefore is, that the infant expresses its want of rest and sleep, by crying. Too often an effort is made to quiet it, by trotting, and tossing, and turning it from side to side, or throwing it rudely from lap to lap; but instead of so much exercise, it only needed gentle treatment and quiet sleep. Nothing can be more false than that very young infants need much exercise, the reverse of this is true, and the evils of such an infringement upon the laws of nature, will not be short-lived.

The child thus early acquires a habit of crying and restlessness, but the violence of this motion, instead of being checked, by such indications, is often increased, until wearied by this expedient, the next resort is to administer food. Whether the child be hungry or not, food is forced upon it, in spite of its struggling and resistance. It now becomes uneasy from a sense of fulness, and exhibits symptoms of pain and distress. By this time the infant is considered quite ill, recourse is next had to an anodyne; but this is only the beginning of evil, for this well-meant, but ill-advised kindness, is followed by new and strange symptoms, such as rolling of the eyes, contortions of the mouth and whole body, and a continual starting. The affectionate mother and anxious nurse, are thrown into a state of painful solicitude. Some kind-hearted neighbor is invited in, for consultation, perhaps to prescribe a second anodyne or some other medicine.

A habit of restlessness and crying is thus early entailed upon the child, much to the annoyance of the whole family. Who could have apprehended such a train of evils, from so trivial a cause? Nor is this all; the frequent crying of the child during the night, has created a necessity for a light constantly burning. The time however arrives, when it is thought best to dispense with the midnight lamp, but by this time the bright blaze of a candle has become an object of admiration to the unfolding intellect of this little paragon, and its demands for its continual shining, are made in accents not to be misunderstood by those accustomed to observe and reflect. The infant would like to survey this beautiful object nearer, but in the present case, its cries to this effect, are misapprehended. Recourse as usual is had to food or medicine, until irregularity in eating, and sleeping, and frequent dozing, brings on a disordered stomach, perhaps an incipient dyspepsia. The poor babe now in fact becomes ill, to which is superadded a sore mouth, the common effect of an overloaded and

acid stomach. It refuses to take its customary food, occasioning to the poor mother no ordinary suffering. Many a sleepless night and anxious hour she contemplates a sad catastrophe, which casts a gloom over this hitherto happy nursery. But the apprehended evil of is often magnified, repellants are therefore applied with zeal and energy, until loss of appetite, the pallid cheek, and perhaps hectic flush, indicate symptoms of a speedy consumption. Many a mother can testify to the experience of all these and many other evils, produced by pride, negligence or inexperience. The evil which had its origin in pride, is usually maintained by a display in dress, a heavy, stiff, worked cap, and tight laced frock, must be uncomfortable to the yielding frame of a tender infant.

How much more good sense, and economy, and real affection is shown by that mother, who so manages as to keep her young infant sleeping, at least two thirds of the day, and the live long night; feeding it at intervals of from three to four hours, perhaps only once during each night; dressed in a plain muslin frock and cap; with health and strength renewed, she again engages with alacrity, in the domestic duties of her family, and the more delighttul and important business of training an intellectual and immortal being.

BABY TEA PARTIES.

Before giving to the public, the subsequent article, we wish to call the attention of our readers to some remarks of Miss H. More, on the subject of BABY BALLS, which will be found in her Strictures on Education, chap. iii. As some of our readers may not have access to this excellent treatise, for the benefit of such, we will make a few extracts.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven," said the wise man, but he said it before the invention of BABY BALLS, (and we may add, before the invention of BABY TEA PARTIES, which may perhaps be considered as taking the place of the former,) an invention which has formed a kind of æra, and a most inauspicious one, in the annals of polished education. This modern devise, is a sort of triple conspiracy against the innocence, the health, and happiness of our children. Thus by factitious amusements, to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights, which naturally belong to their blooming season, is like blotting out spring from the year." "Only furnish them with a few simple and harmless materials, and a little, but not too much leisure, and they will manufacture their own pleasures, with more skill and success, than they will receive from all your money can purchase." "While childhood preserves its native simplicity, every little change is interesting, every gratification a luxury. A ride, or a walk, a garland of flowers of her own forming, a plant of her own cultivating, will be a delightful amusement, to a child in its natural state."

To say nothing of the evils which would result to our children, from the introduction of "baby balls," we feel constrained to advert for a moment to the innumerable evils, which do actually result from the existence of "baby tea parties," not merely in a moral point of view, but as essentially affecting the *intellectual* interests of our children.

Some mothers, who appear sensible and judicious in other respects, not only yield to the solicitations of their little daughters for an evening tea party, but even write, with their own hand, notes of invitation for the company of little boys to join their daughters on these occasions. The evils of such a practice, no subsequent tears of regret or repentance of theirs, can obliterate from our domestic circles, our seminaries of learning, our sanctuaries, our towns and villages, and from our beloved country.

Instead of nerving and fortifying the youthful mind to habits of reflection and thought, and laborious study, and patient investigation—what effeminacy, what imbecility, what decrepitude, must result from such early associations and intercourse between the sexes. If parents themselves do not perceive such effects, for the truth of our assertions, we must appeal to the teachers of their children. It is to be feared that children, at the present day, more frequently mould the minds of each other, than either their parents or their preceptors. While children are so constantly herded together, what opportunities are afforded to a parent, either to spy out the peculiar defects, incident to childhood, or the predominant faults of her own children, individually, which if not early perceived cannot be nipped in the bud?

Knowledge is not only the best source of human happiness, but it is usually the best preservative of virtue. Instead of following the simple laws of nature and of reason, at the present day, how often are these sacrificed to the capricious tastes of children.

How affecting to think of parents, by their own indulgencies, drying up the fountain of mental culture, blighting the growth of intellectual greatness, by closing up the only avenues to the hill of science.

Miss H. More says, "Providence has plainly indicated childhood to be the season of instruction, by communicating to them, at that period, such flexibility to the organs, such retention to the memory, such quickness to the apprehension, such inquisitiveness to the temper, such alacrity to the animal spirits, and such impressibility to the affections, as are not possessed at any subsequent period. We are therefore bound, by every tie of duty, to follow these obvious designations of Providence, by moulding that flexibility to the most durable ends, by storing that memory with the richest knowledge, by pointing that apprehension to the highest objects, by giving that alacrity its best direction, by turning that inquisitiveness to the noblest intellectual purposes, and above all, by converting that impressibility of heart to the most exalted use."

Tea parties, for little children, have doubtless laid the foundation for many of the evils in society, which have so long been felt and deplored, some of which are referred to in the subsequent article.

Temptations do not indeed put corruption *into* the hearts of our children, but they do serve to call into exercise these latent evils. A judicious mother would wish, therefore, to guard her imperfect children from temptation, especially until their minds are fortified by a cultivated intellect, an enlightened conscience, the restraints of religion, and the grace of God. Many mothers may be grieved, but none surely can be surprised to learn the fact, that most of the children who attend these infant parties, are already divided into pairs; that the future wife of many a lad scarcely ten years old is already selected.

How totaly different are the views of parents who permit such early intercourse from those expressed by Rev. J. A. James, in his "Christian Father's Present." When giving his daughters advice on "the choice of a companion for life;" he says, "The first piece of advice I offer is, not to think of this all-important affair too soon, nor to suppose it necessary that a young person of eighteen or nineteen, should begin to pay or receive particular attentions. Do not court the subject, nor permit your imagination to be forever dwelling upon it. Rather put it from you, than bring it near. Repress that visionary and romantic turn of mind, which considers the whole space between you and the altar, as a dreary waste, all beyond, as a paradise. In innumerable instances the very reverse of this is the case, and the exchange from a father's house, to that of a husband's, has been like the departure of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. Young persons should be cautious of converting this subject into a matter of merriment."

We apprehend, that this grave advice will hardly be relished, by such of our youth, as have made this the hackneyed theme of laughter and jest, from their early days, we had almost said, to the exclusion of every other topic. Where will mothers hide their blushing faces, when these evils are brought into the light of sober investigation, but under the covert of ignorance of the existence of such glaring facts.

But from whence should such ignorance arise, but from the modern fashion of excluding the "*old folks*" from the drawing-room when their daughters receive their youthful visitants.

We should hardly venture to hazard our popularity, by broaching a subject of such exquisite delicacy, were we not fortified, by the sage remarks of such distinguished and unimpeachable authorities as those above quoted. If parents did but reflect, that the fate of unborn millions is suspended on the education, the early lessons, and habits, which they are at this moment giving to their children, we presume to say, that their zealous endeavors as philanthropists, as patriots, and as Christians, would be immediately and successfully awakened and exerted, to do away from their families, and from community, the evils of every perverted system of education.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL DECISION.

There is no trait of character in a Christian mother, more to be lamented than *want of decision*, and as your useful magazine will prove a friendly monitor to mothers, I hope from time to time such errors, either in *character* or education, as *deepen* instead of wiping away the impressions of earthly stain upon our offspring, will be pointed out, that we may behold their sad consequences, and avoid their dangers.

I have no doubt, many a mother weeps, in secret places, over a wayward child, unconscious that her own *want* of *decision* is daily increasing this waywardness, and producing the bitter fruits of self-will and self-gratification in her child.

No Christian mother would wilfully foster such evils and encourage such dispositions, yet by not *opposing* them, they are most successfully encouraged. Who has not witnessed the importunity of a child to gain permission from an indulgent mother to attend a little *tea party*, (fruitful source of pride and vanity,) and the mother's faint "*No*," converted by successful teazing into the approving "*Yes*." In every such contest the victorious child gains over the vanquished mother, a vantage it knows full well how to use.

At these *little parties* for *little children*, the taste for fashionable company commences. Here the intimacies are formed, which give coloring to future character, and here habits are contracted, which "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength;" thus the "education of circumstances" progresses and the undeceived mother is all this time ignorant of the extent of its progress. The germ of evil, her plastic hand should have resolutely crushed in childhood, has now taken strong root. The buds, she should have nipped, have swelled, and burst, and now bear fruit, not to the "honor and praise of God," but *for* the world, and *in* the world, and *to* the world.

That gay, laughing, sporting child, is rising up to woman's height, and woman's strength, and having proved the success of her powers, when younger, she tries again and succeeds. A contest so painful to sustain in infancy, is now insupportable in riper years, and that young being, so often dedicated to God in prayer, that devoted child, whose infant face has been watered by the tears of a pious mother, that immortal creature, destined for an existence commensurate with eternity, is now pursuing a course, which needs no prophetic vision to declare its termination. What has produced this? What course of perverted education led to such results? *Want of decision* in the mother, in preventing her child from attending that little party. *Want of decision*, in breaking up an improper intimacy. *Want of decision*, in yielding to the purchasing of that ornamental dress, for her young beauty. *Want of decision*, in commanding obedience, when self-will was arraigning itself against a mother's reasonable requisitions.

Life is progressive, from infancy to riper years, our course is either from bad to worse, or from good to better; every step we take, forms our habits, fashions our minds, and stamps our character. Can any mother, believing this, cease to watch, with unceasing vigilance, the young mind, her plastic hand may mould, her irresolution may ruin? A Christian mother who has the glory of God in constant view, the sole object of her own and her child's existence, will watch with an eye that seldom slumbers, every little *minutia* connected with the formation of its character, her "yea will be yea, and her nay, nay," and most *emphatically* will she pronounce sentence of *disapprobation* upon known sin, and ever unequivocally maintain her authority on all disputed points.

It is a mournful fact, and as glaring as mournful, that very many mothers *do nothing* but lament over their untoward children. They are seldom if ever, denied any worldly gratification, seldom restrained, either in inclinations or actions, and feebly opposed in known sin. Mothers who are members of maternal associations, and live under the holy influence of prayer, can thus act from year to year and *appear* totally ignorant that they themselves are the destroyers of their children.

How can a remedy be found for this sorrowful evil? What can be done to

bring duty to bear directly upon the minds of such mothers? What will alarm them? What can be done to set before them, in vivid colors, their own criminal weakness, and the dangers of their children, so that they shall be awakened? They have the faithful admonitions of christian friends; pastors often warn them, pious books advise, awful examples terrify, and the sacred oracles of God, in which there can be no mistake, make plain the path of duty. In this unerring word of truth, we are not left to conjecture; and in condescension to our weakness, our heavenly Father, in regard to many important duties, has invariably connected a promise with the command. For instance, "Train up a child in the way he should go;" and here follows the heart cheering promise, "And when he is old, he will not depart from it." If the examples of Eli's, and Aaron's, and David's, and Hezekiah's children, the children of eminent saints, but at the same time, children over whom little parental restraint was thrown (for it is written of Eli's childen, "they made themselves vile and he restrained them not,") fail to affect the mind, what examples can be produced to show how God will punish careless parents.

If the book of Proverbs, with all its wise counsels and its plain advice; if the prophecies of Isaiah, with all the glowing promises of God's everlasting covenant with our "seed's seed to the latest generation;" if the exhibition of our condescending Redeemer's love too, and willingness to receive and bless little children, fail; we might almost say, "neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Oh ye weak, ye undecided, ye irresolute mothers. What can be done to bring the sad consequences of your *not doings*, so plainly before your view, that "beholding, as in a glass," your own reflected image, the sight may alarm, awaken, and arouse you to duty. Think not your prayers will be answered when you arise from your knees, to attire your children for the gay party, or for the fashionable circle! Think not that God will bless, because you sanction these unhallowed pursuits! Ask not the prayers of Christian mothers for your beloved ones, while you have not resolution to restrain them from sin. It is solemn mockery, it is an abuse to common sense, to give your sanction to your child's disobedience to the *Lord's* and your own commands, and then come and ask your Christian sisters to pray for their souls! True, you point with your finger to the straight and narrow way, but you exert no influence, you throw around them no restraints to keep them from the broad way, where thousands walk together and perish. Awake then, O! deluded mothers, from your sinful infatuation! Remember the vows of God are upon you. Look into the church of Christ, and see how much your children are needed in its various departments. Look into the wide extended reign of missionary enterprise, and let the imploring cry of perishing heathen pierce your heart, and enlist you to train up your children, to aid in carrying them the everlasting Gospel. Contemplate the final destiny, which awaits these young immortals, and with all the weight of these righteous requisitions pressing upon you, arise, and in humble dependence upon that aid and wisdom which cometh from above, faithfully perform every duty, and the everlasting God, thy God, will be the God of thy children, who being snatched from the world, may yet become as pillars to support, and as polished stones to adorn, the temple of Jehovah.

W**********, Feb, 20 1833. MONIXA.

FEMALE INDUSTRY.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."
Prov. xxxi, 27.

In this chapter, the wise man is describing those qualities in a virtuous woman, which render her praise-worthy and estimable in society. And what are they? He enumerates diligence, industry, the judicious management of domestic concerns, tenderness and affection, charity to the poor, discretion and wisdom in conversation, and above all, the fear of the Lord.

In the days of Solomon, and long after, women, however rich, or elevated in the ranks of life, were plain and industrious. They even labored with their hands to supply the necessities of the family. It is for this reason, that he says so much in the book of Proverbs, on the subject of female industry. Happy would it have been for the sex, had these good and wholesome habits of primitive times, been handed down to the present generation. It is evidently a sore misfortune, that custom and licentiousness, have denied to a very considerable portion of females, the pleasure and privilege of working with their own hands. We discover it in that train of bodily infirmities, with which so many are afflicted. It was not so in former ages, in ages of simplicity, before luxury and effeminacy had made their dreadful inroads upon the physical constitution. Let such as are under the necessity of laying "their hands to the spindle," remember, that this was once the honorable employment of king's daughters. For health and an opportunity to labor, you have occasion for gratitude to God. You are not thrown into those fairy regions of indolence and indulgence, where health, peace, and virtue, are continually assailed and destroyed. A.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

I am a mother! To me is committed the training of immortal beings; in some degree, I am responsible for the souls of my children, and for the influence they will exert in the world where they are placed. *Solemn, interesting fact! An immortal soul*, who can estimate its value? The influence of one soul upon others all along through time, and through eternity, who can estimate the mighty sum? The influence of a mother, who has the care of a number of such souls, in the bud of their existence, during that period in which the character receives an impress lasting as eternity; who that occupies so responsible a station, does not with trembling solicitude inquire, "who is sufficient for these things?" But to carry the thought yet forward, and inquire, what is to be the influence of all the mothers upon the succeeding generation? Tremendous thought! Who dare answer? Much has been said and written upon *female influence*; much by those who love Zion, and seek the peace of Jerusalem. But let mothers believe it, and *feel* it too, that eternity alone can reveal in all its extent a *mother's influence*, and let us remember, that though

we may not *feel it*, this stupidity on our part, does not diminish our influence or our responsibility. Do let us be persuaded to awake *now* to this subject, while perhaps it may avail something to inquire, what we can do, not only as Christians, but as *mothers*, towards the *conversion of the world?* We have the privilege of living at a time when Christians begin to believe that the world is to be converted, and to act, as though it might possibly be done through their agency. This fact increases our responsibility.

Every facility is now afforded for training our children in the the right way, that the press, Sabbath and infant school and Bible class instruction, also maternal associations and a magazine for our exclusive benefit, can afford. Thus again our responsibility is increased. We are praying "thy kingdom come," and is it not true that instead of promoting the kingdom of Christ, we prevent an answer to our prayers, if we do not exert all our influence to bring back a revolted world to Christ? And if we neglect to employ, or in any way abuse our influence as mothers, do we not neglect the most favorable means afforded us, for promoting this blessed work?

I have proposed to my own mind the following questions, hoping that by carefully considering them, I may be brought to *feel* more deeply my obligations as a mother, to consecrate my children to God, not merely that they may be happy in heaven, but that they may be employed in his service, and be qualified to do much towards building up his kingdom in this wicked world.

Questions.—What have I done? What can I do? And what will I do, to bring a sinful world under the influence of the religion of Christ? A. L.

THE VIRTUOUS WIFE.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art not known, where PLEASURE is adored,
That reeling Goddess, with a zoneless waist."

How true and how beautiful are the words of Solomon; "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She layeth her hand to the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice for the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

A beautiful comment on this lovely passage is to be found in the "Friend," by COLERIDGE, amongst some "*specimens of Rabinical wisdom, selected from*

the MISNA. It is entitled "Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls."

Such a treasure had the celebrated RABBI MEIR found. He sat during the whole of one Sabbath day, in the public school and instructed the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies.

In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They are gone to school," was the answer." "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "but I did not see them." She reached to him a goblet, he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace, after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi permit me one question." "Ask it then my love," he replied. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back to him?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "O no," replied she, "But I thought it not best to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to their bed, took the white covering from their dead bodies. "Ah, my sons! my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father, "my sons! the light of mine eyes, and the light of mine understanding! I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law!" The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well it is written. 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She, openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

For the Mother's Magazine.

MATERNAL WATCHFULNESS.

MRS. W——, I lately attended an examination of the young ladies attached to the school taught by Miss B——s, of this village, and which may be classed with the first seminaries, of this description in our land. While my eye rested on the interesting group of some sixty or seventy happy faces, between the age of eight and sixteen—I was led to reflect upon the immense influence that these young immortals were probably to have on future generations; and O! how did the responsibilities of the mother and the governess rise to my view.

In the first number of your magazine, you expressed a wish, that mothers should so attend to the physical education of their children, as to make them as "fine animals as possible, the first ten years of their existence." That excellent periodical, the "Journal of Health," (edited by physicians of eminence,) advocates the same doctrine.

My observation upon the dress of the young ladies, at the examination, led me to reflect upon the propriety of hinting to mothers generally, the necessity of continuing their watchfulness and care, over the health of their daughters during all their school days, and even afterwards, with more particularity, than I fear is usual. I speak with reference to the *warmth* of their clothing, and conforming it to the changes of our variable climate. For instance while I admired the chasteness of taste, the modesty and simplicity of the young ladies' dress and appearance, I could not but fear that the foundation of many a future consumption, was now laid, and that the worm in the bud would here begin its ravages, on the rosy cheek of some of these fair beings. Although the day was cold, I observed the warm woollen hose exchanged for those of a thinner texture—the comfortable merino or circassian dress displaced by one of silk or cotton, and the throat more than usually exposed. The second day of the examination, I heard a cough from one of the pupils that startled me, and I looked involuntarily for the mother, to see if she perceived her child's danger. Would it not be well for mothers to consider the consequences, that will follow inattention to their daughters' health at this age.

Either the healthy or the weakly future wife and mother, may now be, in some good degree, according to the mother's present management; and O! have not the present generation of females, suffered enough from this tribute to vanity and fashion. While we would dictate to none, arbitrary or fixed rules for dress, will not the common sense and prudence of mothers, prevail over false pride, public opinion, and every thing else, that exposes the health of their daughters, and which will inevitably lead to the same untimely grave of so many of their predecessors.

C. L.

Rochester, Feb. 21st, 1833.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER.

"It may be autumn, yea, winter, with the *woman*; but with the *mother*, as a *mother*, it is always spring."—*Sermon by Rev. T. Cobbet, at Lynn, Mass.* 1656.

I saw an aged woman bow
To weariness and care;
Time wrote in sorrow on her brow,
And mid her frosted hair.

Hope from her breast has torn away
Its rooting scath'd and dry;
And on the pleasures of the gay
She turned a joyless eye.

What was it, that like sun beam clear,
O'er her wan features run,
As pressing toward her deafened ear,
I named her absent son?

What was it! Ask a mother's breast,
Through which a fountain flows,
Perennial, fathomless, and blest,
By winter never froze.

What was it! Ask the King of kings,
Who hath decreed above,
That change should mark all earthly things
Except a mother's love.

L. H. S.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CTS FROM A MOTHER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

ANALYSIS OF MISS HAMILTON'S LETTERS ON EDUCATION.

nilton divided education into two great branches; the cultivation nd of the understanding. In treating of the first, the great principle proceeds, is the association of ideas. These she contends, are over and directed from the earliest infancy, with the utmost care

d *aversion* are the great springs of human conduct, the germ of they appear in the early dawn of life, and show symptoms of igor, at a period, when the higher intellectual faculties are yet erfect." Again, "Upon the direction given to desire and aver- moral conduct entirely depends. And if it be *by means of rful associations*, that the desires and aversions of the soul are ted; it necessarily follows, that to watch over the associations d by the tender mind, becomes a duty of the first importance."

Of course, some knowledge of the principles of the human mind, is essential for every mother who would thus educate her children. But a considerable degree of this knowledge is possessed by many mothers, who never saw a volume of Locke, Stewart, or Brown. Reflection and observation will give much knowledge on this subject, though the individual may not know that she possesses it. Yet, unquestionably it is the *duty* of every mother whose circumstances will admit of it, to read and *study* on this subject.

If the watchmaker must learn his trade, how much more she, who controls the delicate and complicated machinery of the mind. For the practical purposes of education, I think Miss Hamilton's work contains as happy and complete a view of intellectual philosophy, as can come within the reach of a large class of mothers; and in this view, if no other, I would highly recommend it.

Miss Hamilton well remarks, "The absolute necessity of contemplating with attention, and defining with accuracy, what is the real object we wish by education to accomplish." I think that on this subject, it is desirable that every mother should have her schedule. Mine is as follows:

What is the real object I wish by education to accomplish.

I wish *first* to consider my children as *immortal* beings—to educate them for eternity. Here the *Bible* is my chart. It plainly delineates the way. I am to give them up to God, in his covenant, and as my part of the holy bond, I am to seek for them, with one unvarying desire and effort, *first* the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness. Next, (the first *included* in this,) as I would desire to have them serve God in their generation, I would unremittingly endeavor that their physical nature should be trained to the utmost strength, activity, and power of endurance, of which it is capable.

Next, with the same view, that they may glorify God, by answering his benevolent designs in the constitution of society—I would cultivate and refine the social nature. It is my desire that they should be qualified for all the "sweet charities of life;" that with quick perception and kind disposition, they may anticipate the wishes of others, even at the sacrifice of their own; and thus by true benevolence in social intercourse, and also in a wider sphere, as extended to the poor and suffering, promote the happiness of all around them. And on the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive, they will find constantly returning into their own bosoms, a richer blessing than that which they send forth.

Lastly, as they are made in the image of God, I desire that they may stand forth in the glory of that image, with wisdom to devise, and power to achieve great good in the earth. I would, therefore, by education, bring up the *understanding* to the highest degree of strength, richness, vigor, and energy, of which it is capable.

Miss Hamilton next shows, that associations are fixed in the mind either by means of strong impressions, or frequent repetition. Hence it is, that associations which come under these two classes, are especially to be guarded by the parent, and not those which are slight and casual. Painful associations, or those which originate in *aversion*, are generally fixed by strong impressions; agreeable associations by frequent repetition. It is from associations of *aversion*, that the unamiable feelings arise. "As hatred is the source of all the malevolent passions, and gives rise to all the malevolent dispositions of our nature, every association which produces it, is particularly deserving our attention." She previously remarks, "by tracing the rise of the malevolent passions to the earliest stage of life, I shall, as I hope, give a powerful incentive to maternal vigilance; and by showing how the benevolent affections may at the same early period be inspired, I give a new motive to maternal virtue." Timidity is first considered in its various forms, fear of suffering, fear of danger, and fear of death. Miss H. clearly shows that these emotions originate in early associations—a fact obvious to every observer of human nature. I cannot however, accord with her, in presuming that *nursery maids*, are the only persons, even at the present enlightened day, who frighten children from touching what is hurtful, by saying "It will bite you;" and dissuade them from what is naughty, by calling for the old man, or the black dog to carry them off. Large is the class of *mothers*, as I well know, who still retain this Gothic practice, and who are far from reflecting that the deceit, nay falsehood, they practice with their infant children, will return upon their own heads, in the

ublnushing effrontery, with which these same children will use like subterfuge, when they can command lauguage with like facility.

Little do they imagine, the practical lessons of deceit conveyed to their children, while they are only, as they supposed, lightening the task of control, by an innocent form of words. Miss Hamilton thinks much evil would be shunned, were children to avoid dangerous substances, such as fire, water, knives, &c. by a little gentle experience of their nature, rather than by constant exclamatory admonitions. This is an important idea, and one which I have tested with my own children, by experiment. I do not hesitate to allow a child, as soon as it can creep, to touch with the end of its delicate finger, the small coal which falls out upon the hearth; and thus by a strong impression, an association of aversion is produced, which requires no repetition to be remembered. Miss H. relates an anecdote of a gentleman, who plunged his little son into a pond in the garden, which had occasioned the anxious mother frequent inquietude; and thus gave the child, yet a baby, satisfactory proof that the danger of which he had warned him, was real. In the fourth chapter, Miss H. considers, "the false and foolish antipathies to certain objects of sense," so commonly inspired in early childhood, and the importance and practicability of avoiding them. She then considers the same principle on a larger scale, under the denomination of *prejudice*. This she defines to be "desire or aversion attached to certain objects or opinions, by means of strong but unexamined associations." "To encourage personal hatred, is to introduce into the disposition, a tendency to all the malevolent passions." An important remark for parents. "But it is not enough that we refrain from inculcating the principles of hatred, we must carefully preserve them, from those associations which lead to it. On this account we ought to watch over our own expressions of disapprobation and contempt."

"A habit of speaking contemptuously of others, argues much self-complacency, operating on a weak and unfurnished mind." "Children cannot learn to speak with contempt, even of the lowest individual, without acquiring some degree of that self-complacency, which is the mother of pride." If associations of hatred and contempt, are thus easily introduced into the minds of children, and thence a tendency produced to *all the malevolent passions*, how circumspect should mothers be! how watchful, not of their words merely, but of the fountain from whence words proceed! In the next chapter, Miss H. proceeds to examine agreeable associations, or those which are produced by frequent repetition, and first among these, she classes religion. But the analysis of this must be deferred to a future number.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

In a parish in New England, lived a family upon whose history I have often reflected with deep interest, and I hope with benefit.

When Mrs. F—— was married, her husband was engaged in a respectable and lucrative business, and according to the estimation of the world, they were

happy. Neither of them, however, were pious, and their education had not been such, as to teach them the blessed influence of religion upon family happiness. After several years of prosperity, Mr. F——'s pecuniary affairs became greatly embarrassed, and he sought an antidote against the perplexity and mortification of his circumstances, where, alas! many husbands and fathers vainly seek it, in the cup. I am not able to give the details of this period. I can only say, that Mrs. F—— was compelled to resort to various laborious methods, for the support of her nine children; and that the result of her heavy sorrows, was her conversion to God. With wonderful energy and cheerfulness, she devoted herself to the work, which Providence had assigned her. The difficulties she encountered were almost innumerable; but they did not discourage her. If frustrated in her efforts in one way, she tried another; and though educated in affluence, she was not ashamed, and taught her children not to be ashamed, of exerting themselves for their own support.

The principle which sustained her in her arduous and truly noble undertaking, was religion. *She was a decided, warm-hearted, consistent Christian.* She knew by blessed experience, who it is that sustains his people, when they cast their burdens on him; for she poured her sorrows into her Saviour's bosom: and to him she looked for wisdom, and patience, and strength. And he heard, he compassionated, guided, taught, encouraged, and blest her.

When she first became a Christian, she realized the importance of religious instruction and family prayer, to the well-being of her children; and though placed in circumstances, in which many Christian females would have felt themselves justified in omitting this duty, she habitually observed it. I have seen her when she had a large family of boarders, daily go up to her room after breakfast, followed by her children, some of them young men grown, to worship God. And this was not a vain service, performed at the dictate of conscience, and followed through the day, by worldliness of mind, petulance, and forgetfulness of God. The spirit of religion was so infused through her daily conduct, that every one who lived in her family, felt that she was a real Christian.

I recollect one young man, who, when he came into her family, did not believe in the reality of religion; and to use his own words, "supposed Mrs. F—— was one of the people who say, 'Come not near to me, for I am holier than thou.'" After a few weeks he asked her, if he might go up stairs with her sons, when she attended prayer with them. She consented, and from that time, he often bowed with her and her children around the family altar; and so deeply was he convinced, by her example and her prayers, of the truth and excellence of religion, that he could not rest until his own heart was brought under its influence. Nor did the good thus begun, stop here. His efforts for the good of his unbelieving relatives, were instrumental of the conversion of five or six of them, two of whom, (his own brothers) are now ministers of the gospel.

Mrs. F——'s seven living children are all in mature life, and it is believed that with one exception, they are pious. The daughters are intelligent and useful women, good wives, good mothers, and exemplary Christians. One of the sons died eight years since. I stood by his dying bed, and saw him enter

the valley of the shadow of death. He had honored religion while in health, and his end was, as God has said the end of the upright shall be, *peace*. Two of the other sons, when distant from home, and engaged in a business which took them far from the sanctuary privileges of New England, discovered their need of their mother's Saviour; they sought him, and he was found of them. One only remains without religion; and of this one, Mrs. F—— says, "I firmly believe I shall see that one brought into the kingdom of Christ, for God says, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart,' and I am sure I delight myself in the Lord."

Since the conversion of her children, other inestimable blessings have been bestowed upon Mrs. F——. That husband, who had for years been an instrument of discipline to her meekness and patience, and whose intemperance had carried him, to human view, beyond the reach even of the Spirit of God, has become a penitent; and after the lapse of several years, still gives evidence of genuine conversion form the error of his ways. The grandchildren too are becoming possessors of durable riches, in answer to her prayers. Two years since, she witnessed the admission of seven of them to the church at one time.

Perhaps the history of this family is not extraordinary; but it certainly exhibits in a most striking manner, the influence of a faithful mother, in training up her children in the right way, against obstacles, which to the mind of an unbelieving, temporizing Christian, would appear insurmountable. Are any ready to ask, why the efforts of a mother were so signally blest, when opposed by the influence and example of the father; while many families having both parents pious, grow up without religion? I would suggest, whether in the latter case there are not evident inconsistencies between the profession and practice of the parents? whether supreme love to God, is visibly the ruling principle, as it was in the case of Mrs. F——? and whether the spiritual good of their children, is not sometimes set aside by worldly schemes and pursuits?

This sketch, for the truth of every word of which I could bring many witnesses, furnishes great encouragement to mothers, whose hearts are heavy under similar sorrows, and who have like difficulties to encounter. To such let me say, let not your heart faint nor your hands be feeble, gird yourselves for your work, possess your souls in patience, make God your refuge and strength, when one wave after another threatens to overwhelm you. Keep hold of his promises with the strong hand of faith. Come what will, go to your Bible, and see what encouragement God gives you, and then, on your knees, plead with him for the fulfilment of his own word; and rest assured, you will yet see his blessing upon your offspring, for "They shall not be ashamed that wait for him."

A. Z.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare."

Much more depends on the instruction of mothers to their little ones, than they are generally aware of; and by their prayers, they may throw around their infant steps a hallowed influence, which may do much towards keeping them in that narrow path which leads to eternal life. While, on the contrary, an intemperate, prayerless mother, may, by her precept and example, secure to those to whom she is bound by every tender tie, the downward road that leads to eternal death.

The following circumstance, which passed under my own observation, is calculated to show the evils of intemperance, and the many tears, groans, and woes, which follow in its baneful train. On an extremely cold day in winter, after much snow had fallen, my friend and I prepared to visit some of the abodes of poverty and suffering, fearing that the recent inclemency of the weather, had increased the wants of the poor which were already great. As we approached a dwelling, in an unfrequented part of the city, we imagined that we heard the cries of a child proceeding from the cellar beneath. As they became more distinct, we shuddered to think that any human being could inhabit so desolate a place. The snow had drifted against the windows, and covered the steps which led to the cellar. We hastily descended, and entered through a door which was partly open. The small apartment leading from the hall, was darker and more cheerless still. At first, objects were so indistinct, that we could not tell the precise spot from whence the pitiful cries proceeded, but in a moment, we saw standing in one corner of the room, on a cold damp floor, a little child, apparently two years of age, its face and hands were purple, its limbs shivering with the cold. It is impossible to describe my feelings, when this suffering little one, first met my view. I laid my hand on her head, and spoke affectionately to her. For a moment her cries ceased. She raised her eyes and looked intently at me, as the voice of kindness seemed to be a new language to her. I looked around the apartment, to see if there was any thing in its appearance, that could alleviate the painful impression made on my mind, on my entrance to it. But all was gloom and dreariness; there was neither furniture nor fire, and scarcely a ray of light penetrated to cheer this desolate abode. All the circumstances of the child's case, were calculated to chill the heart, particularly of one so young and helpless, to whom a mother's love would have been her little world. Her silence was momentary; she soon seemed to realize her lonely, forsaken situation, and sobbed as if her heart would burst. I took her in my arms, and carried her up a flight of steps leading from the hall, to the apartment of a woman in the same dwelling, and asked her to explain the scene I had witnessed below. The cause was such as we might have supposed; the parents were both intemperate, and the child, she said, was left in the situation we found her, for

at least two hours each day, while the mother went a distance to carry a scanty meal to her husband, who was a day-laborer.

My spirits were much depressed, when I arrived at home, so much so, as to attract the observation of some friends, whom I found waiting my return. I explained the cause of it to them. My simple story touched their hearts. The next day, while the snow was drifting and the wind piercingly cold, one of the young ladies who had heard the relation, the day previous, called for me to visit again this place of interest, with her. She said, she had thought much of the deserted child since, and that a plan had been proposed, which was, that the fostering hand of charity, should place her in that blessed institution, formed for the relief of orphan children.

Full of hope, we proceeded towards the dwelling; as we approached it, again we heard the same pitiful cries, from the same cold wet cellar; again we descended the steps, and were about to enter, when we found the door locked. The mother had heard of our visit the day previous, and had taken this precaution to prevent our gaining access to the child again. But our object could not be so easily defeated. We went through the neighbor's apartment, and descended the same dark stairs, and found as before, the poor little girl suffering from cold and hunger. We again took her to the apartment above, placed her by the fire, and gave her some food. In a few moments the mother returned from her long, cold walk; her tattered garments showed that misery, the attendant of vice, was her portion. When she beheld us, her manner became agitated, her looks indicated conscious guilt; she instantly took the child in her arms and carried her to the apartment below. We followed her to it. While reproving her for her unnatural desertion of the child, our feelings towards her became softened, when we heard the deep sepulchral cough, and saw the hectic flush on her cheek, which told, that this wretched woman would e'er long, in all probability, be an inmate of the tomb. Though we *knew* her to be a victim of vice, yet we *felt* her to be an object of pity too; for human suffering, from whatever cause it may proceed, must ever touch the heart that feels. We told her the object of our present visit, but she positively refused to part with the child. Thus, in a moment, all our fond anticipations as to its rescue from vice and misery, were at an end. We left this scene of woe with heavy hearts. The child's case was so hopeless, its future prospects seemed so dark! for what confidence could be placed in an intemperate mother? During the evening of that day, a messenger was dispatched with food and clothing for this wretched family, but he soon returned with this painful intelligence, that shortly after our visit, in the morning, the parents had taken the child and moved, without naming their future residence.

I never expected to see them again. But a few days after, while walking in the lower part of the city, I saw this cruel, intemperate mother, asking charity at the door of a dwelling. I stopped, and spoke to her; she recognised me and turned from me. I requested her to call on me the next day, she accordingly came. I could not learn any thing definite, as to her present place of residence, or respecting her child. The design of her answers to my inquiries on the subject, were evidently, to deceive me. When clothing was again given her, for herself and child, I feared that it would soon be exchanged

for another draught of that intoxicating poison, which had caused a mother to forget her child, and had withered all her domestic joys. I never saw her more, but my mind has since continually reverted to her—worse than an orphan child—as I had seen her in the cold, dark cellar, without a mother's smile to cheer her heart, or a father's hand to guide her infant steps. For both had wandered from the paths of virtue and happiness, and were now reaping the bitter fruits of intemperance and vice. When I thought of this child, my only hope was that He, whom the wind obeys, would temper it to this shorn lamb, and would soon remove it from these scenes of earthly sorrow, to "a brighter world beyond the skies." L.

For the Mother's Magazine.

AN EASTERN STORY.

"God is great, and great is his Prophet," said the Sultan Achmet, as sitting solitary in his Riosh, upon the highest mound in his garden; he looked down upon his magnificent Stamboul. "God is great, and no believer has greater reason to say so, than myself. I thank Allah, that he did not make me a woman; that I am commander of all the faithful, the terror of evil doers, the destroyer of mine enemies, the scourge of the tchufonts and the infidels. Allah Achbam! who so great as the son of my father."

"Peace to the Sultan Achmet," exclaimed a voice of peculiar melody behind him. The Sultan turned to rebuke the intruder, but stood himself rebuked and silent, beneath the glance of a majestic stranger. He was a man of surpassing beauty, with all the fresh ruddiness of youth, and gravity of aged wisdom. His turban was of an emerald green, and his robes were white and exceedingly lustrous. "Achmet," said the majestic visitant, (and Achmet heard himself addressed without the titles of brother to the sun and moon, and uncle to the stars, for the first time,) "Achmet, I have heard your exclamations of gratitude and commend your piety; Allah is indeed the fountain of blessing, without whose favor, life were like the desert. I am one of the angels who stand before his throne. He is indeed not unmindful of his children. He has even now sent me with a treasure of blessing, for that mortal to whom he has committed the highest office of trust and honor." "Welcome, angel of God, welcome," exclaimed the Sultan. "What is the blessing Allah has sent me, the most favored of men?" "Stay," said the angel, "the blessing is not for you." "Not for me! I not the most honored servant of the prophet!" shouted the angry Achmet. "Who dare say thus? Am not I the vizier of the prophet, the commander of the faithful? Is not my foot on the neck of the world? Have not my armies wasted whole provinces, and put to death millions of mine enemies? Are not my prison-houses filled with evil-doers? and is not my treasure-house heaped with gold and jewels? Am not I the favorite of the prophet."

"Nay, Achmet," replied the angel, "come with me and learn wisdom." He took from his girdle a small mirror, and touched the Sultan upon the shoulder, and suddenly Achmet found himself borne with exceeding rapidity through the air, along with the angel. They touched the earth in a remote and shaded

valley, before the door of a little cottage. The angel lifted the latch, and they entered. They beheld a lovely woman, sleeping with an infant of a few months in her arms. "Here," said the angel to Achmet, "here is the mortal most honored of Heaven, the faithful mother of this lovely boy." The genius laid his hand upon her head, and said in solemn accents, "Receive, favorite of heaven, the gift for which thou hast prayed, wisdom for thy child; but he must receive it from *thy lips* and *thy life*." The mother smiled as in dreams, and the angel drew the sultan from the cottage. They paused under the shade of a mighty tree, and Achmet murmured, that a woman, without a soul, should be greater than a sultan. "Murmur not, son of Solyman," said the angel, "beware how you resist the decision of Allah." Thus saying, he waved the little steel mirror three times in the air, and bade the sultan look therein. Achmet obeyed. He beheld the mother with her boy increased in stature and age; upon her lap lay an open Koran, and Achmet heard these words, "Fear God, my son, and not man; seek to be good, and not great." The boy looked up into his mother's face and kissed her forehead. Again the angel waved the mirror, and Achmet looked again. The mother was no longer there, but the boy had attained to early manhood. He was instructing a peasant in cultivating the earth. Again the mirror was changed, and the young man appeared watching by the pallet of a beggar, beneath whose arm a plague sore was oozing forth its deadly infection. Again, he beheld him as the vizier beside a sultan, in his council chamber. A scowl was on the monarch's face, but the vizier was pleading with him. His eloquence saved a province from desolation, and the lives of ten thousand men. Another change of the mirror, and the being of the vision was a sultan himself. Through the windows of the palace, he saw an empty prison. He was giving his orders to his treasurer to sell the jewels of the crown to furnish corn for a pachalique, the harvest of which had failed. At this moment a rebellious pacha was brought in chained, the black eunuch stood ready with his bow, but to the astonishment of Achmet, the sultan rose and giving bread and salt to the criminal, sent him in peace to his home.

"Look yet once more," said the genius. Achmet looked and beheld the throne of Allah. Before him stood two men to receive judgment. The one was the being of the vision. The other seemed familiar to him, but it was only after the lapse of some moments that he recognized *himself*. The angel of judgment turned to the first and said, "Blessed art thou, for thou hast been faithful. Better is it to teach men how to live, than how to slay; to preserve life, than to destroy; to prevent crime, than to punish. Mercy is more precious than jewels, and wisdom than power." "Blessed be Allah," said the prince, "not mine is the praise, it belongs to *my mother*. She taught me to fear God, and not man; to seek to be good, and not to be great. All my good deeds are her's, be her's the praise." "Yea," said the angel of the judgment, "already is she blessed, for '*blessed is the faithful mother* and *blessed the obedient son*.'" At that moment, Achmet fancied the eye of the angel of the judgment turned upon him. In his alarm, he turned to escape, he fell and —awoke. All this time, he had been fast asleep. The voice of the Muez-

zin was just calling to prayers. So Achmet went to his prayers like a true believer, but it was remarked by his servants, that Achmet was a much better king, ever since the afternoon he fell asleep in his garden.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN TO A WIDOWED FRIEND.

The hour is come, my afflicted friend, and its events are heavy in proportion to the long and peaceful day of serenity that had preceded it. Yet the consoling voice is heard, from the cloud of sorrow that now covers your dwelling with a deep and mournful shade—*Be still.* Know that I am God, and infinitely wise to order every event; almighty to execute that holy order, and sustain the afflicted sufferer; and also full of most tender compassion, for those who suffer and submit. Sit down in solemn silence. Hear the voice—"come and see the place where thy Lord was laid. He is not here, he is risen."

Here learn a lesson full of consolation. The holy religion you profess and honor, *now* demands of you, *new* duty. Convince your children, and all witnesses of your sorrows, that religion can and will support the mourner.

"The soul that's filled with holy light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night."

Be advised to devote an hour to the meditation of the most serious and interesting steps of Christian duty before you.

1. The holy providence of God hath ordained, and hath done all these things well—for you, *as his child*, for the best.

2. There is a *new* course of duty before you; and to enter upon that course, and to persevere in it, and to instruct your family, and the church which deeply mourns with you, is an important duty.

3. To sustain your sorrows, and with your children to render the affliction a real and a lasting blessing. Consider it also an imperious duty, and sacred, to use all proper means to preserve your health, that precious blessing to the mind, and precious aid in duties. The parental duties are now no more divided. They all devolve on you. The mortal husband is no more. His place shall know him no more. But listen to the voice of consolation. Thy Maker is thy husband. Underneath is the everlasting arm, nor is it shortened after sustaining the pious widows of a thousand generations. His style is, the God of the widow, the Father of the fatherless. Your claims of high and heavenly privilege are new. Enter on those claims by faith. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

4. Be not appalled by the melancholy scene before you. Become a bright and calm example of the power of religion to sustain the mind overwhelmed with sorrows. *You are not your own.* The church claims you. Your children claim you. Let your light so shine, as to teach every spectator the all powerful force of piety. *What woman has done, woman can do.* Trim your lamp with holy oil. Let it burn calmly and brightly. Blessed above all earthly prosperity, are they who mourn aright. Soon their last tear shall be wiped away, by a hand supremely kind and tender. They, long tried in

deep sorrow, can point you to the heavenly hills, from whence cometh all our help, all our hope, all our consolation. The cup that your heavenly Father giveth, and mingleth with many blessings, and many precious promises, will you not receive it, with a smile through your tears? In my lot of blessings infinite, this stands foremost, that my heart has bled. I thank my God for all, but most for the severe.

5. Look frequently and attentively at your list of blessings. Remember how many promises, precious beyond all price, have been dearly purchased by Him, the almighty sufferer, who is tenderly affected with sympathy, in all our infirmities. Adieu, afflicted friend. Kindly receive, and well consider this counsel of an aged mourner.

Hartford, Conn.

THE GREAT HELPER.

A Christian mother has at her command, motives and influences of such amazing power, that it is not wonderful if she does not perfectly comprehend them, or embrace in her clearest vision, their vast results. A few simple experiments will often disclose to her, the nature and relations of these motives and influences, better than volumes of speculation. Allow me to suggest a few hints, gathered from experience, on a subject, which although familiar, is not unimportant to a mother. I refer to a *child's dependence on God.* In waking from the long sleep of antinomian repose, I fear, we may run to the opposite error, and thus fail to produce in the mind of our children, a sentiment so essential to our own well being. To lead a child to feel its dependence on God, perhaps no means are so powerful, as a habit of frequent prayer, arising from a watchfulness on the part of the parent, which allows no incident affecting its moral character, to pass unnoticed. Let her not feel that her work is accomplished, if the morning and evening hour of retirement be duly attended, but rather, let her, as she meets her children in the morning, silently notice the feelings which pervade each little bosom. In one, perhaps, the buddings of pride, in another, selfishness, in another, fretfulness, may arise from the fruitful source within; and who so much needs help, as the feeble, unsuspecting child, in its early conflict with sin? Perhaps the mother little suspects how much conflict may be passing in the breast of that child. Many a bright morning resolution had not been broken, if a *very little* of her aid had been imparted, at the moment of doubt and danger. A great part of a mother's duty, is to "acquaint herself with her child," learn the nature of its conflicts, and assist its infant efforts by the united power of motives and prayer.

As she notices the first signs of sin, suppose just then, she quietly leads it away to obtain the promised help from above, and without a word of reproof, simply says, "My child, you need a helper; you are in danger and are weak; sin is strong, Satan is strong, but God is able to subdue both," and then, with the tenderness of a mother's love, commit the case to the great Helper. Let her through the day, thus carefully watch the conduct of her child; and at night, when reflection seems easy and natural to chidren, review the incidents

of the day, and penetrate into the recess of its feelings, and she will not long be a stranger to its infant struggles and broken resolutions. She will discover how much it needs all her strength, her wisdom and experience; but more, she will lead him to feel how much he needs the divine Helper. She can then make his besetting sin, or sorrow, or temptation, the occasion of prayer, and the next time he leaves her side, can give him some effectual motive to take with him, when temptation assails, for she may now touch a chord which will vibrate, when she may be out of sight.

From children thus watched, thus aided, how often have we heard the cheering remark, "Mother, when I felt fretful at school to day, I thought of this passage," or, "when I was tempted to sin, I formed this resolution," or "when wrong thoughts came into my heart, I lifted it up to God, and he helped me to overcome them." In the remembrance of our years of childhood, what are stronger than the unsuccessful efforts to do right, which needed so much that aid we had not the courage to solicit. Let us then become intimately acquainted with the sorrows, trials, temptations, joys, and sorrows of our children, and as we find that our own wisdom, experience, and resolution, cannot keep us from folly, without divine aid, let us from hour to hour, direct them to the great Helper. B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CONSISTENCY.

To the Editor.—An article in the second number of the Magazine, reminded me of an incident, which occurred some time since; if you think it would be of any good service you are at liberty to publish it. A mother had a family of three interesting daughters, and requested me, for a time, to be their tutor. During the time in which I was employed as their instructor, the church in ——, appointed visiting committees, and the pastor and an elder came to the house of Mrs. ——. The venerable minister affectionately inquired of the mother, if she was conscious of having faithfully discharged the duties of a Christian mother to her impenitent children, and whether she "did not believe that she, by her prayers and example, might be instrumental in bringing those daughters to Christ, if she should evince as great anxiety for their immortal interests, as she did in securing for them an interest in the accomplishments, possessions, and esteem of this world." The mother replied that she believed she had done all that she could; she had prayed for them, and talked with them, until it seemed to do no good. She professed great anxiety for them, and wished that they might be made the subjects of prayer.

A few days after this visit, I called at the usual hour for recitation, and found that Miss ——, one of the associates of the Misses ——, had stepped in for a fashionable call. She sat a few minutes, and was treated very *civilly* by Mrs. ——, and when she arose to leave, was very warmly urged to sit longer. She declined this, and as she left, Mrs. —— expressed the hope, that they should have the *pleasure* of seeing her *often*. The hall door had scarce closed, when the mother turned round, and with a petulant air and manner, "Wondered how

folks could find so much time to walk about the streets, and trouble their neighbors."—Here, (thought I) it is no very difficult thing to see why, "it does no good," for the mother "to talk about religion," to her daughters. And I thought it must be impious *mockery* for that mother to pray for the conversion of her children, while she continued to set before them such an *example*.

J.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

Not that this virtue is binding upon daughters only, what son is he that honoreth not, loveth not, comforteth not, his father and mother? Wherever Providence should cast his lot, let him continue in every possible way to promote the happiness of his parents. Young people are but too apt to think, that obligations to filial piety diminish in number and strength, as years increase. I am afraid, that really one of the signs of the times—and it is no bright one—is the decrease of this lovely and amiable virtue. I think I see rising—and I wish I may be in an error—a spirit of independence, which is aiming to antedate the period of manhood, and to bring as near to fourteen as possible, the time, when the yoke of parental control may be thrown off. This is neither for the comfort of the parent, nor the advantage of the children. It is not obedience only, that should not be refused, for where *this* is denied there can be neither religion or virtue; but all that public way of showing them honor, and all that private way of promoting their comfort, for which opportunities are constantly presented. There is no period in the life of a father or mother, where the obligation to be in some measure subject to them, and in all measure to promote their happiness, ceases.

It has been brought as an allegation against the BARD, whom an Englishman might be proud to name, that he was so severe a father, as to have compelled his daughters, after he was blind, to read aloud to him, for his sole pleasure, GREEK and LATIN authors, of which they did not understand a word. Compelled his daughters! What daughters must they be who need *compulsion* in such a case!

The following is the description of a daughter, which I have somewhere met with: "M. E. S. received her unhappy existence at the price of her mother's life, and at the age of seventeen, she followed, as the sole mourner, the bier of her remaining parent. From her thirteenth year, she had passed her life at her father's sick bed—the gout having deprived him of the use of his limbs—and she beheld the arch of heaven, only when she went forth to fetch food or medicines. The discharge of her filial duties occupied the whole of her time, and all her thoughts. She was his only nurse, and for the last two years, they lived without a servant. She prepared his scanty meal, she bathed his aching limbs. And though weak and delicate from constant confinement, and the poison of melancholy thoughts, she had acquired an unusual power in her arms, from the habit of lifting her old and suffering father out of and into his bed of pain. Thus passed away her early youth in sorrow; she grew up in tears, a stranger to the amusements of youth, and its more delightful schemes and imaginations. She was not, however, unhappy; she attributed no merit to herself for her virtues; but for that reason were they the more her reward,

The peace which passeth all understanding, disclosed itself in all her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance, like a steady unshadowed moonlight; and her voice, which was at once naturally sweet and subtle, came from her like the fine flute tones of a masterly performer, which still floating at some uncertain distance, seemed to be created by the player, rather than to proceed from the instrument. If you had listened to it, in one of those brief Sabbaths of the soul, when the activity and discursiveness of the thoughts are suspended, and the mind quietly eddies round instead of flowing onward; in such a mood, you might have half fancied, half felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own—that it was a living something, whose mode of existence was for the ear only: so deep was her resignation, so entirely had it become the habit of her nature, and in all she said or did, so perfectly were her movements, and her utterance without effort, and without the appearance of effort. Her dying father's last words, addressed to the clergyman who attended him, were his grateful testimony, that during his long and sore trial, his good MARIA had behaved to him like an angel; that the most disagreeable offices, and the least suited to her age and sex, had never drawn an unwilling look from her; and that whenever his eye had met hers, he had been sure to see in it, either the tear of pity, or the sudden smile, expressive of her affection and wish to cheer him. "God," said he, "will reward the good girl, for all her long dutifulness to me!" He departed during the inward prayer, which followed these his last words. His wish will be fulfilled in eternity!"

What daughter can read this and not admire, and if need be, imitate the conduct of Maria? Few are called to these self-denying acts of filial piety; but who would not do all they could to sweeten, as far as may be, the dregs of life to an aged mother or a blind father? It has been observed, that a good daughter generally makes an exemplary wife and mother.

James' Christian Father's Present.

RELIGION, WOMAN'S BEST ORNAMENT.

"A woman that feareth the Lord," says Solomon, "she is to be praised." The wicked reverence her name, the good and virtuous love and imitate her example; angels minister to her wants, and the Lord Jesus Christ claims her as his own, and will one day plant her as a jewel, to glitter in his crown forever. There is no mistake, no deception as to her goodness. It does not consist in personal beauty, in rich and splendid attire, in family rank or opulence. These are baubles—gewgaws—enchantments, that will soon be broken. It is not a little outside morality, not that extrinsic ornament with which modern education and fashion have adorned females. This is tinsel—dross. There is not a particle of bullion in it. And hence it is, that the glories of young ladies, whose ornaments consist chiefly in fine countenances, in elegant forms and dress, so soon fade and disappear. They are meteors, which, for a moment dazzle and are gone. Not so the woman, whose heart and conduct are under the controling influence of religion. Misfortune may clothe her in rags; ill health may wither the bloom of her countenance; afflic-

tion may furrow her cheek, and throw a melancholy aspect over her conversation and deportment; but there is a serenity in her soul, which remains discomposed by the troubles of time. There is a brilliancy in her eye, which the hope of immortality has kindled. There is a sweet majesty in her demeanor, which the grace of God inspires. Here is real worth—genuine virtue—undying glory.—A mother, or a daughter, wherever she be, will act on the principle of the gospel, and employ her talents as God designed them to be employed. For this she eats, dresses, visits, arranges the concerns of her family, discharges its duties, educates her children, prays, labours, lives, and dies. She has no interest separate from the interests of her Saviour—no objects to promote, which are not dear to him—no indulgences incompatible with his laws—no prospects but what are pure and heavenly. Who will not say, there is an unearthly grandeur in such a character, that is above all commendation? There is the same reason why we should love such virtue, as that we should love God. It is only an emanation from his glory, and whether we see it in man or woman, in saints or angels, it demands our admiration, and is entitled to receive it. A.

PRAYERS NOT ANSWERED.

Prayers not answered! What is the reason? It may be, they are offered in *unbelief*. One cause of men's unbelief in prayer, may be, the wrong notion they entertain respecting the manner, in which they should pray. If they suppose the answer of prayer depends entirely on the *sovereign will of God* without any *regard to his promises*, they will always pray conditionally, "If it is thy will," and of course pray *unbelievingly*, and so obtain no answer.

An aged female, once being admonished that she must die soon, immediately began to lament the case of her children: saying she had prayed *earnestly* and *perseveringly* for them, and yet none of them had obtained religion, and she feared they never would. "Have you prayed believingly?" said a friend. O no, "that is the cause," said the weeping, dying mother. Then turning her face to the wall, she endeavored to pray in faith for the conversion of her children—they all being present—and while she was yet praying, one of them began to feel awful conviction which was soon removed by a divine application. Another, and another, and finally all of them began to feel, and to love the Lord, and in a few days the praying, *believing*, mother, saw all her children rejoicing in the Lord; and then with Christ in her soul, and glory in view, she exchanged this world of weeping and praying, for that of rejoicing and praising! "Only believe," "All things are possible to them that believe."

Nashville Revivalist.

PRAYING IN SECRET.

Little Mary W., whose religious experience is narrated in the Evangelical Guardian, was once asked, "Mary, do you love to pray in the family or in secret best?" Her reply was, "I love to pray with others; but I can say to God, when I am alone, what I cannot say when I am with others."

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON SEEING AN INFANT PREPARED FOR THE GRAVE.

Go to thy rest, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefil'd,
With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart had learn'd
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet had turn'd
The dark and downward way.

Ere sin had sear'd the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight.

Shall love with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward wing detain?
No!—Angel seek thy place
Amid heaven's cherub train.

L. H. S.

PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray,
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:

Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine—
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be,
Remember all the pray'rs and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

[Village Hymns.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At the commencement of this work, we stated, in general, the topics which appeared to us important to be brought before the minds of mothers. We would specify the following list of subjects as particularly called for in the prosecution of our contemplated plan. When communications shall have been presented, upon the topics specified, other subjects may be proposed. These, or any others preferred, may be discussed in the form of letters, or essays, or exemplified in narratives, or, if not entirely original, may be illustrated by a concise analysis of some eminent writer, on the subject of early education. The subjects, which we would at present suggest, are, the importance of truth; for instance "Mrs. Opie's white lies," the dangers, to children, of having improper associates, the evils of duplicity, on the treatment of different tempers, viz. the sluggish, volatile, obstinate, passionate, indolent, selfish, proud, vain, &c. &c.

We should be pleased often to insert a brief memoir of some individual distinguished for talents, wisdom, or piety, whose character was moulded by the hallowed influence of a pious mother—also letters of such mothers. For the sake of our widowed sisters, letters of fathers to their sons, may be very acceptable; on mothers qualifying their daughters, not only for *married life*, but to be *useful* and *happy* in the single state. As the great object of this publication is to *do good*, we do not hesitate to say, we wish it may be the medium of communication to mothers from the wisest heads, and warmest hearts, and ablest pens, that can be enlisted in this object.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR MAY, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE FUTURE DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.

"THE FUTURE DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH ARE NOW IN THE HANDS OF MOTHERS."

On reading the prospectus of the "Mother's Magazine," soon after the publication of the first number, the sentence placed at the head of this article attracted my attention. It was an uncontemplated and startling thought. From that time, it has frequently occurred to my mind; and the more I have had leisure to ponder upon it, the more solemn and important has the declaration appeared to me.

But is the declaration *true?* *Are* the future defenders of the faith now in the hands of mothers? Have they in charge the Edwardses, the Dwights, the Scotts, the Owens, the Baxters, which, at some future day, are to "come up to the help of the Lord against the sons of the mighty," against a phalanx of infidels, marshalled, perhaps, by some future Voltaire or Paine, Hume or Gibbon? If so, what a responsibility is resting upon mothers, in the land! A responsibility greater by far than that which rests upon the American executive and his cabinet, or upon England's monarch and his ministers.

And that the declaration *is* true, is quite too plain to need proof. Who can doubt it? Who knows not that those, who are now set for the defence of the Gospel, were some forty or fifty years ago, hanging upon the breasts of those who gave them birth, or were prattling by their side. About that time, they were in training; what of moral or religious influence was brought to bear upon them in the nursery, was then in exercise. The mothers who commenced that influence, and carried it forward—who taught their little knees to bend in adoration before God, and their lips to offer prayer to HIM, are, perhaps, no more. But their sons of many vows, consecrated to God, may be, from their very birth, dedicated in a thousand prayers, and by a thousand tears; those sons still live; and are, at this present time, stationed here and there, on the walls and ramparts of the spiritual Jerusalem, and are contending "earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." We see these every day; we know them; we hear them: and by means of their holy warfare, how in check is the enemy kept! Nay, through the blessing of God upon their labors, how strong are the walls of Zion becoming! What enlistments to the Gospel standard! What

accession of spiritual territory to "virtue's cause!" Be it remembered, that a portion of these heart-thrilling results are, under God, to be traced back directly to the prayers and tears, to the counsels, the watchings, the pleadings of a generation of mothers, who lived some forty or fifty years ago.

And requires it the gift of prophecy to foresee that precisely the same will be true, some forty or fifty years hence, in respect to the children of the present day, if mothers are similarly faithful? Years will roll along, and will add to the stature of infants now in their nurses' lap. Youth will pass by, and manhood will arrive. The day of action will come. Those who now occupy the watchtowers of the land, and their immediate succesors, will be laid aside, and these infants will take their place; and upon them it will depend, under God, whether the present vantage ground be maintained or lost; whether the banner of the Gospel shall wave broader and longer; whether the present anticipations of the children of God, in respect to the latter day glory of the church, shall be realized; and finally, whether upon the mountains of Zion, the tabernacles of joy shall be reared, and the pious pilgrim shall then sing, as he sings now—

How pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God to-day!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay;—

Or, whether a spiritual night shall encompass the world, and the progress of the Gospel be stayed, and the impenitent and the heathen grope on unenlightened and bewildered?

With such thoughts crowding in upon me, I wander in imagination round the land. I knock at one habitation and another. I enter; I look around upon the family circle. I seem to approach a mother. "Madam," I say, "you are a mother. I see, clustering about you, several bright and promising children; allow me to inquire whether you know whom you have in charge? *That* little girl, properly trained, may become another Harriet Newell, and *that* a Mrs. Graham, or a Mrs. Judson. Has this ever occurred to you? And, impressed with the conviction that your children may be moulded much as you like, what, permit me to ask, are you doing for them? Are they training for some such noble destiny? Are you daily at the throne of grace for them? Are you teaching them by precept and example to accomplish that amount of good, which God may put in their power? And more than this—are you imparting to them lessons about immortality? drawing for them, and with the holy intent that they shall exercise all their proper influence upon them, *pictures* of the graces of the Gospel, in all their loveliness? Do you tell of a brighter, holier, lovelier world than this, and pointing to it, do yourelf "lead the way?"'

I enter another dwelling. I see a mother and her darling boy. What a delightful sight! What maternal tenderness! How at "nature's bidding" she bends over him, while he revels at the pure fountain provided for him! How he turns his glistening eye and exults in a mother's smiles and caresses! How fondling she! How proudly shows her *boy!*

"Madam," I again say, "are you aware whom you may be holding in your arms? That boy may become a bold, decided champion of the cross; he may prove an Edwards, a Chalmers, a Swartz, an Elliot, or a Martyn; he may stand in some future breach made in the walls of Zion; he may occupy some theological chair; may become some mighty spiritual messenger in some foreign land; may urge forward, by a power and success greater than I can name, the promised glories of the church of Christ."

Methinks I hear her say, "Sir, you surprise me. 'What am I, or what is my father's house,' that a child of mine should be destined to accomplish such wonders as these? No, no; the true prophetical spirit rests not upon you; it is the flattery of a deceiver; or the wild anticipations of an enthusiast."

"Madam, will you listen to me? I claim not the gift of prophecy. The future destiny of your child is indeed in the hands of God, and the manner in which he will employ him, he has disclosed neither to myself nor to any one. But tell me, why are you a mother? Who gave you the felicity of being the parent of that boy? Whose property is that child? Who confided him to your care? And for what purpose have you the keeping of him? Go, madam, and peruse your Bible; there read your duty—there read your encouragement; "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Following that one *simple* direction of God, tell me, who can disclose the consequences? Suppose you do as you may, in respect to that boy; suppose you are faithful to him; suppose you early instruct him; tell him of God and of divine things, as his mind expands; suppose you accompany your instructions with *daily, fervent*, IMPORTUNATE prayer to God in his behalf; and in all this training, in all this influence over him, and in all your prayers in his behalf, you are *sincere, faithful*, PERSEVERING; tell me, what may you not expect? You may indeed fail of seeing your child gathering in the honors of an unholy ambition, and probably you will; and God may not require his assistance in the great work of urging forward the kingdom of the Redeemer; but one point is *nearly* sure; that child, under such faithful training, will ultimately become a follower of Christ; a decided child of God. Not, perhaps, while you live; may be, not for years after you shall have gone to the grave. But come the period will. Do I speak too strongly? Well then, that day will *probably* come, when, under the promptings of the early counsels of a mother, pressed home by the Spirit of God, he will come to repentance and salvation. For,

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'nt deceive our hope."

"Thus, the repentance and eternal joy of your child will be secured. And this in prospect will gladden your heart, amidst all the reverses which may come upon you in life; this will comfort you when you lie down and think of the storm and the tempest which may be beating upon some ship, which wafts your child in future years, on some distant ocean. This will help to relieve even the shadows of death, should you be called to walk through them before he has turned unto God.

"But more than this. Train this child in the manner suggested, and who can say that he may not be employed in the mighty movements of the ap-

proaching golden age of the Christian church? The foundation will be laid for this; and God will use him if he pleases."

In view of consequences so solemn, so delightful, and even so probable, will not mothers enter upon the noble labors assigned them? Can they longer neglect the blessings which they may insure to their offspring? Can they resist the tremendous responsibility which is pressing upon them? Have they no fear of God? Have they no love for Jesus? Have they no regard for souls? Would they impede the movements of our modern times? Would they cause even a moment's check to the triumphs of the cross? or put to hazard a crown of glory, in respect to a single son or daughter of Adam?

K.....N.

[To be continued.]

For the Mother's Magazine.

MOULDING OF THE TEMPER.

MADAM,—As one of the objects of your publication is to aid parents in the arduous duty of disciplining children, I will offer you some thoughts on one of their earliest trials; that of managing, and moulding the temper. Of the various dispositions that are developed at a very early age, that of *obstinacy*, connected with passion, requires perhaps the most circumspect treatment. There is, I think, no temper in the treatment of which parents are so liable to err. For the thoughts I shall give you, I am indebted to the observation and experience of a man of excellent judgment. He remarked that in disciplining his child when very young, he found great difficulty in discovering the best method of subduing its temper. He became sensible, that, with many others, he had erred in the plan he had pursued, of *conquering* his child. He had tried corporeal punishment, till his fortitude failed him, as well as his child's strength; but without attaining his end. The child might *sink* without *yielding*. None, but those who have witnessed such conflicts can imagine what pertinacity a child will exhibit. The fact is, the plan here pursued, has the direct tendency of increasing, instead of remedying the evil. There is a principle of pride, innate in human nature, which is discovered at a very early age. The first *assault* of a parent, (for such the correction often appears,) calls forth that principle. The child revolts with the feeling of a culprit in the hands of arbitrary power. The passion of the child, too often acts reciprocally on the parent, which prevents the cool exercise of reason, so that he cannot proceed calmly and judiciously. Self-control and perfect self-possession are essential to a proper exercise of authority.

The result of my friend's experiments and observation was, that in order that your child be perfectly subdued, its reason must acquiesce, to bring the will to surrender. When a child can be made to *feel* that punishment is deserved, and *justly* administered, you will generally find ready submission. And this firm, authoritative method which is recommended, will produce the effect even before reason appears to be in exercise. When a child is in a fit of passion, instead of first coaxing, then threatening, and then inflicting, determine on the

course which will preclude all *contest*, whatever form of punishment you may judge best; corporeal, or banishment from your presence for a short time, in solitary confinement. In the former case, it is necessary to send the child away; having no other person to appeal to, you thus become the victor without the conflict. The passion will not indeed immediately subside; but must ere long spend itself. It is a trial of a parent's fortitude to hear the continued cries of the child; but they will sooner cease, than if the combat were maintained. In that case the parent's own excitement renders them less sensible of this annoyance. There is a kind of gratification a child finds in such ebullitions of temper, which gives it strength to endure the most severe correction. And after all this expenditure of effort, and excitement of passion, the child, though reduced to surrender, does not inwardly admit that it is subdued. A feeling of triumph rests in his bosom, to think how stoutly the struggle was maintained. It is very evident that a cure is not effected. The same scene will recur again and again. In the method proposed, a conviction must follow, that the parent was *right;* and was lenient; and the probability is, that the child's temper and heart will be made better by such a course. The same spirit must actuate the parent, on the child's return and concession: firmness, unmoved, yet softened with tenderness, which will show itself in *sorrow*, instead of anger, and produce a responsive emotion in the contrite child.

For the Mother's Magazine.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

It was the happy lot of the writer to enjoy early religious instruction from a pious mother, herself the daughter of a pious mother; early to be adopted into the family of Christ, early in life to be united to a pious companion, and during many happy years, to witness his faithfulness in performing every Christian duty.

In every situation to which the providence of God called him, it might truly be said, he was "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord," while like Abraham "he commanded his household after him."

Two years after our marriage, my husband had occasion to be absent from home during part of the summer. He took lodgings for me and my infant, and female attendant, at a farm house on Long Island, N. Y. I was to have two rooms and a kitchen. On my taking possession, the owner of the house requested me to permit a woman, with her children, to remain a few days in the kitchen, which she had occupied for some time back; adding, "She is a poor unfortunate woman, having a worthless, drunken husband, who neglects her and his children." I cheerfully consented to let the woman remain as long as suited her convenience. The evening closed in, and feeling lonely, I early retired to rest, after commending my absent husband and our little family to "the Shepherd of Israel who neither slumbers nor sleeps." But I did not call my attendant, not feeling the responsibility, of being now the head of a family. After I had lain down, how was I reproved, by hearing the poor deserted wife in the kitchen underneath, call her children together, lift up her voice in praise to God who had given her a shelter for her little ones, read a portion of God's

word, and speak affectionately to each child, seven or eight in number, and then commend them to Him who hears and "stills the young ravens when they cry." In all these exercises she was perfectly calm; but when her children slept around her, she poured out her full heart to God. With strong crying and tears, she pleaded with him for her absent, wretched husband, and earnestly asked wisdom of God to direct her to the path of duty. There being only beams and a floor between us, I heard every word. I need not say what were my reflections; every pious mother will easily supply them. Next morning I called my attendant. I told her what I had witnessed, confessed my sin in neglecting my duty the evening before, and my determination, until the return of my husband, to perform my duty as head of a family. She was of a pious family, and cheerfully attended. Before my husband's return, she made conscience of secret prayer and reading the Scriptures, and when we returned to the city, became our fellow church member.

The good woman in the kitchen remained several weeks, during which time her husband occasionally was at home; but his presence did not prevent his wife from performing her duty morning and evening. One day he bought a quantity of water melons, intending to sell them at market; but getting into a frolic they were left to decay. His poor wife determined to try and dispose of them herself, and asking me to let my woman look a little to her older children, she, with her infant, attended the market till the melons were all sold.

On her return home Saturday afternoon, she came to my room. After thanking me for permitting her to stay in the kitchen, she said, "I have another favor to ask; there is no church nearer than three or four miles, and only English preaching half the time; many do not understand Dutch, and others will not take the trouble to go so far; I have occasionally got a missionary to come and preach to us in the kitchen; if you are willing he will preach here to-morrow." Here is another reproof to me, thought I, and I assured my neighbor that not only the kitchen, but both my rooms and wide hall, should be opened for worship. We had a large congregation. The good man was hospitably entertained, and requested to come and preach as often as he could make it convenient. In all this there was no ostentation on the part of the good woman. She was occupied early and late, spinning and providing for her family. Nor did she ever make a complaint, or even name her husband to me.

From that time, during thirty-five years, I have endeavored conscientiously to attend family worship when my husband was absent, while he lived, and since it pleased God to call him to his rest above. Are any mothers reproved by the conduct of this pious cottager? Let them follow her example; and should they be spared to hoar hairs, may they, like the writer, with their children, and children's children, be partakers of the same salvation.

A GRAND MOTHER.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

A DREAM.

Mrs. W.—I have been much interested in your Magazine, and deeply so, in the piece entitled "*Parental Decision.*" A few days since I sat with the

Magazine in my hand, meditating with regret and sorrow, on my own want of decision. My mind reverted back to the years of childhood, when, with youthful eagerness, I read good old John Bunyan, and often wished that I could fall asleep, and dream as long and as interesting a dream as his. O that some Bunyan would rise up, at the present day, I mentally exclaimed, followed by a long train of pilgrims, determined that nothing should impede their progress to the heavenly city. Presently my senses were lulled to sleep, and a vision full of interest was impressed on my mind. The strait and narrow path which leads from the city of Destruction to the New Jerusalem lay before me. A promiscuous band of pilgrims, from many nations, were pressing forward, guided by two beings of most angelic appearance. Their names were Precept and Example, twin sisters, daughters of Paradise, and while their efforts were united, I saw they and their followers never swerved from their path. But Precept was of a sanguine and ardent temperament. She held in her hand the Word of eternal life, and exhorted her followers by every motive which two worlds could present, to untiring perseverance. She spoke to them from the pulpit, the press, in the religious conference, at the social fire side, and in the closet. The multitude hung on her lips with earnest attention, and I could not but remark how fondly mothers repeated her words to their beloved children, with their eyes turned towards the celestial city. But while Precept was thus advancing, with heaven and glory in her eye, where was her mild, but slow and less confiding sister? Fearful and unbelieving, her footsteps had long wavered, and "*now I saw in my dream*," that she sank by the way side, pale, trembling, and disheartened. Full of zeal, Precept missed not her retiring sister, until she saw confusion and dismay among her followers. Parents wept and prayed for their wandering children; churches lamented for the disaffection of their members, and the affectionate minister mourned over the desolations of Zion. Old giant Despair exulted, in gloomy triumph, and filled his castle with the bones of the slain. The professed friends of the meek and lowly Jesus, having now departed far from Example, Precept found that they were fast deserting her banner also, and were, too many of them, following the vain fascinations of time and sense. Mournfully she turned to look for her loved, yet deserted sister. Her plain bonnet had fallen from her head, and a *mother* was endeavoring to bind her light tresses with frizzets and finery. Another had torn her Bible from her bosom, and was striving to supply its place with golden chains, and other superfluous ornaments. Another would have led the drooping fair to scenes of fashionable amusement. "O, who will save my sister!" exclaimed Precept, despairingly, and raising her eyes to heaven. Suddenly the sound of soft and celestial music was heard, and a form appeared of more than earthly majesty and beauty. With a majestic, yet tender air, she waved her hand, and Example sprang, with renovated strength, to her sister's arms, from whom she should never have been separated. Her name was Faith; and with a voice, solemn and awful as eternity, she commanded this pilgrim band once more to arrange themselves under the united banner of Precept and Example.

I awoke; and although it was but a dream, I was more fully convinced that faith alone can so unite example and precept, as to guide a sinful world to the New Jerusalem, the city of our God. A. S. E.

Utica, March, 1833.

LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

A gentleman in this vicinity, who for many years has written letters weekly to his children while at school and college, has permitted the Editor to publish a series of them in the Mothers' Magazine. They were written without the least expectation of publicity.

My dear son—You know in the early ages of Greece, there lived seven persons who were designated wise men. One of them was very fond of this maxim, "*Know thyself.*" So wise and important was this injunction deemed, that many contended it was an oracle delivered by Apollo; and the founders of his temple at Delphi, had the maxim placed in golden letters over the gate of the edifice.

The great point in which we are ignorant of ourselves, is in not knowing the degree of temptation to sin and folly that we can successfully resist. There is scarcely a man or woman in Oneida county, who does not think that he or she could possess all the power and wealth which Napoleon possessed, without being induced by it to commit any act of cruelty or oppression. I am sure, in this respect, they know not themselves; for you can scarcely enter a house, where the master of it will not sometimes use his authority arbitrarily over his wife and children and servants, and you can scarcely see two boys at play together where the stronger will not occasionally ill-use and oppress the weaker. These things, however, ought not to be so; but it is well to note them, so that we may "know ourselves."

There is another maxim of the ancients, and I believe it is attributed to the same wise man: it is "*Respect thyself.*" If you let this govern your conduct, it will save you from doing any thing censurable; because you will not subject yourself to the mortification of reproof. The moment a man disregards himself so much as to be insensible to the good opinion of the wise and virtuous, he has already arrived at the last stage of depravity, and is a fit instrument for any folly and wickedness.

As you are beginning life, and are only forming your character, I will suggest one rule on this maxim, and I believe it will be important if you adhere to it. Most persons respect themselves, so far, as to do nothing censurable while they are in the presence of their instructors, their parents, and others whom they reverence; but we are all far too prone to indulge in improper words and actions, when we are with persons whose good opinion will not be forfeited by such conduct. Now the rule I would suggest is this, that you should so much respect yourself, as to do nothing, even when alone, that you would not do before me. You ought to respect yourself more than you respect me. Again, you ought to indulge no thoughts that you would be ashamed to speak before me and your mother, or your minister, or your teacher; because you ought to respect yourself as much at least as you respect us. I should

wish you to respect yourself more than you respect all of us; and to be as cautious of preserving your own self-respect, as you are of preserving ours. I know that we cannot help having bad and impure thoughts arise in our minds; but if you respect yourself as much as I wish, you will no more solicit such thoughts and dwell on them, than you would publish them before me. Of this you may be assured, that the man who respects himself so little as to commit indecent and wicked conduct when alone, and to indulge in impure thoughts, will never possess the fine, open, manly countenance of a virtuous man; but he will feel self-condemned, and base, and contemptible, when he mixes in society. Many persons think it is unimportant what they do, and how they think, so long as it is known only to themselves; but nothing is more fallacious. Independent of the great fact, that our most secret conduct is always transacted in the presence of God, who is the most august being in the universe, it is impossible for us to be virtuous in our conversation and honest in our dealings, if our secret thoughts and actions are impure and vicious. The Bible says, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" which means that our words and actions are always tinctured, more or less, by what passes secretly within us. A man who respects himself so much, as never to commit an act in secret, that he would be ashamed to have known, and never to indulge thoughts that he would not dare to utter, will be sure to act wisely in public, and to have the respect of the world; and will be sure to have a respect for himself, and a quiet and commending conscience, and will finally be sure to have the smile of Heaven on all his undertakings. I beg you now to remember, whenever you are in the company of wicked boys, and whenever you are alone, "*Respect thyself.*"

Your affectionate Father, ...

MOTHER'S NOTE BOOK.

The subject of the Mother's Note Book, contained in the following article, it is believed, is timely suggested, and will be found worthy the attention of every mother who can guide a pen. If the adoption of this plan will not absolutely save a mother from errors, yet she may be assisted, by frequent recurrence to her note book, to turn her mistakes to some profitable account; for how much more forcibly are we impressed on beholding our mistakes when registered in a book? We can speak from recent experience. It will not have required very critical acumen, to have discovered many typographical errors in the third number of the Magazine. We are aware that no explanation or apology that we can offer, will obliterate them from our pages. There they will stand to be regretted by every successive reader.

Justice to the Editor, however, demands the explanation, that none of these errors were found in the manuscript. They doubtless occurred from a pressure occasioned by having three numbers in the press at the same time, and from the stimulus applied to hasten forward the work, that we might not forfeit our credit for the want of punctuality. These mistakes were pointed out in the proof sheet, but unfortunately they were not corrected. The moral which obviously may be derived from such mistakes, may be useful to others as well as

to ourselves. Though our thoughts and actions may not come under the cognizance of our fellow men, yet it will be important for us to bear in mind, that as with the point of a diamond, they are all faithfully inscribed in God's book of account, and will one day be proclaimed before an assembled universe. If mistakes which can only be *imputed* to us, can be the occasion of so much regret and mortification, how shall we, in the refulgent light of eternity, and with an enlightened conscience, bear the review of our numberless sins, with all their aggravations, and in full view of their overwhelming consequences!

For the Mother's Magazine.

In one of our popular periodicals, a year or two since, I met with some extracts from a "Teacher's Note Book."

The utility of keeping a note book appeared to me so obvious, so well calculated to assist mothers in their arduous labors, that I venture to suggest the plan to the readers of the Mother's Magazine.

To some, it may perhaps appear impossible to carry on, with any degree of system, a regular journal. It would at first require some effort; but if it would aid a mother in discharging her duties, where is the conscientious one, who would shrink from such an attempt?

There are many benefits to be expected from such a record, and it should perhaps be merely a record, or note book, that it might not encroach too much upon a mother's time, who is obliged to devote herself chiefly to domestic duties.

1. The benefits resulting to the mother herself, would be found in the necessity of regular mental effort. A young and inexperienced mother, surrounded with a little family, often wearied with cares and duties, may feel as if she had no time for intellectual improvement, but by fifteen minutes devoted to such a purpose each day, she would soon find, that as a wife and mother, her duties are performed with more effect and with deeper interest, and her hands have been strengthened and her heart encouraged in the cause of infant instruction, by keeping such a diary. The progress of her children, in moral and mental improvement, will be more carefully watched, while she is gradually qualifying herself, by such a discipline, to be their teacher and guide.

2. The habit of keeping such a memorandum, would induce a mother to look with greater scrutiny, into her own motives of action; to examine her principles of family government; to control her own heart, and to cultivate a spirit which every mother needs above all things, *a spirit of prayer.*

The plan I would suggest may be something like the following:

1. Notice the earliest development of anger in your child, and mark the result of simple experiments, made to subdue and correct its temper.

2. Describe the course pursued to insure obedience; state the difficulties encountered, and by what means they were overcome.

3. Remark what subjects particularly attract the attention of your child, and describe in what way you improved the opportunity of giving moral and religious lessons.

4. Describe the cause of early religious impressions, and what gave to them the most lasting interest in the mind of your child.

5. Notice in such a diary the improvement you make yourself, in the attainment of patience, self-denial, forbearance, perseverance, and decision.

6. Though you design chiefly to promote your own personal benefit, yet it would add essentially to the interest with which your children, when arrived to years of maturity, by means of this manuscript, would contemplate the devotedness and self-denying efforts of their fond mother.

7. If early removed from your little flock, you may leave behind you a precious testimony of affectionate solicitude for your dear ones, making them, at the same time, in some measure acquainted with your views and wishes, in regard to their temporal and eternal happiness.

B....., March 30, 1833.

For the Mother's Magazine.

GOOD MISTRESSES MAKE GOOD SERVANTS.

A well regulated family, is the best school for servants. If there were more of these, we should have more good servants, and when there are more young women well instructed by their mothers in relation to domestic duties, there will be more well regulated families, and consequently there will be a much larger amount of domestic happiness.

If a lady wishes to have *neat* servants, she must be neat. If she wishes to have regular and methodical servants, *she* must be regular and methodical. If she wishes to have honest servants, she must equally avoid careless exposure of of her household goods, and an over suspicious vigilance and distrust. Servants should be treated with frankness and confidence, with kindness and consideration. If you wish servants to be respectful, be not too familiar with them.

In those parts of our country where a more general equality prevails, and where those who serve, have nearly equal opportunities for gaining knowledge with those who are served, it is of great importance that such principles and sentiments should be inculcated in common schools and Sunday schools, as will give correct impressions of relative duties and obligations in social life.

The inordinate desire of equality and the spirit of insubordination, might there be corrected, through the medium of moral and religious instruction.

ADDRESS OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION

OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND SOCIETY IN UTICA, TO MOTHERS.

Although our institution is of very recent date, and we deeply feel our inexperience and consequent incompetency to exhibit the full weight of the subject, yet we entreat you to listen to a few considerations which have induced us to associate together, and combine our prayers and efforts to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of our offspring, and which may impress

upon your minds a sense of the importance of the relation that you sustain to your children, and the solemn duties which that relation imposes upon you.

The station assigned you by the Father of spirits, is one which involves the highest responsibility, and from which emanates an influence as serious and as lasting as eternity. *You are the stewards of the Lord.* To you he has committed treasures which outweigh the *world!* To your charge he has given the tender buds of endless being; yours it is to expose them to the Sun of Righteousness that they may so bloom on earth as to bear fruit in heaven. God will hold you in a measure responsible, should they be blighted in your hands. How fearful is your trust! To rear the slender frame, to train the shooting intellect, to guide the ruling passion, and fix the early habits with safety and success, is a delicate, difficult, and all important task. Yet all this, with the blessing of God, is required at the mother's hand. To her case we may well apply the words of the apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" To the right discharge of your momentous duties, an enlightened mind, a devout heart and a diligent hand, are indispensably requisite. And yet the circumstances in which some of you are placed, may be very unfavorable to the cultivation of your minds and the improvement of your hearts, while numerous cares press upon your attention, and onerous labors employ your hands. These difficulties may be in a good degree obviated by uniting with a maternal association. By this means you will enjoy the benefit of choice books, derive instruction from members of more extensive reading, and be favored with the devotions of those whose minds are better disciplined, and less distracted with domestic concerns. Seize upon every facility to improve in the arduous work which God has enjoined upon you. Apply *yourselves* to your maternal duties with unslumbering vigilance, untiring effort, and unceasing prayer. "Take heed unto *yourselves*" as well as unto your children, over whom the Author of their being has made you overseers. *Remember you are the models on which their characters are likely to be formed.* Your own image will be stamped upon them. Your principles will constitute their moral standard, and your examples will leave an impress on the soul, which it will carry to eternity. The infant eye will watch your every movement; the infant ear will catch your every accent; the infant tongue will reiterate your every expession, and the infant heart respond to your every feeling. You can neither act nor speak without affecting both the character and the welfare of undying spirits. How important then that you watch over your own hearts and lips every moment. "What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?" *Let it not be forgotton that your own happiness is inseparably connected with that of your children.* If you inculcate on their flexile minds, sentiments which tend to misguide them; if you set before them examples which have an irreligious influence; if you indulge your own pride or petulance, avarice or selfishness, perverse will or earthly affections, or cherish these in your children; if you fail to implant in their infant bosoms, seeds of virtue and religious knowledge, and leave their untutored minds to be overgrown by the luxuriant productions of corrupt nature; in short, if you fail to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of God, or to exhibit be-

fore them the attractive charms of personal piety, you may not only be accessary to *their* everlasting ruin, but also plant thorns in *your own* dying pillow.

To you the eye of our nation is turned, not as the mere nurses, but the guardians, the instructors, and patterns of her brightest sons. You must prepare the ornaments which are to adorn every department of society. From your moulding hands must pass our future Washingtons, Franklins, Hamiltons, Edwardses, Maxcys, Brainards, Parsons, and Judsons. Your influence will reach every rank and station. It will be felt in the medical profession, at the bar, on the bench, in our halls of legislation, in the sanctuary, and the missionary field. Let that influence be healthful. Let it carry dignity, purity, and felicity in its course.

To you especially the church of Christ looks, for those holy impulses, and those devout aspirations, which God employs to imbue the infant mind with his own Spirit. Scarcely does a faithful minister of the word prove a richer blessing to the church than *pious praying* mothers. The vivacity, sensibility, and sympathy of your nature, when sanctified by grace, eminently qualify you for the interesting and important duties of devotion.

The simplicity, sincerity, and fervency, of the importunate and godly mother's supplications, seem to lay hold on the divine blessing. O strive to draw down that blessing, not only on your own offspring, but also upon the church of the living God.

In proportion to the fearful responsibility under which God has placed you, is *the gracious reward* connected with a faithful discharge of the duties incumbent. Should the divine blessing succeed your pious and assiduous endeavors to bring your offspring under the renewing and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, what joy will thrill your hearts in view of the happy result! While the approving smile of your Heavenly Father rests upon you, the church of Christ will regard you as her benefactors, and your children will rise up and call you blessed. The word of God affords you great encouragement to seek the eternal salvation of your children. And should you be instrumental of such a blessing, who can estimate the happiness you would derive from that source for ever? Although the solemnity of this subject may awaken in your bosoms the most painful anxiety, yet, if it cause you to sow in tears, it may enable you, hereafter, to reap in joy.

Beware of insensibility! Beware of procrastination! Time steals imperceptibly away. The indelible impress will *soon* be fixed on the mind. The twig will *soon* be bent, and the tree receive its inclination for *eternity*. The instruction, admonition and correction, which is now demanded, if neglected, may hereafter be administered in vain. The young passions and propensities of depraved nature gain strength by indulgence, and become inveterate by the force of habit. Nor is there any thing that exceeds the rapidity of their growth. Leave your children to themselves but a little while, and their hearts will become so obdurate, their wills so obstinate, and their moral sensibility so blunted, that they will trample on your instructions—trifle with your admonitions—and despise your corrections. How painful then will be your unseasonable and unavailing efforts, to extricate them from the vortex of ruin! What you do must be done quickly. There is not a moment to be lost; for

besides what we have already suggested, there is a double uncertainty of future opportunity. Both *your* life and *theirs*, are held by a slender tenure. A little more sleep, a little more slumber, and the dread summons will awake you. Should they first be arrested by death, how painful will be the parting moment, if you shall have neglected their immortal souls!

How can you endure to see them die without hope—and go to the retributions of eternity, unprepared? In vain will you *then* wish that you had been faithful while your stewardship continued. The past cannot be retrieved. Your loss will then be irreparable, and their ruin will be remediless. O how can you resign your dear offspring to the pangs of an *eternal* death! or how can you set such examples, or be guilty of such neglect as shall conduce to that awful event? But should your children survive you, how would *your* death be embittered by the thought of leaving them in a world of sin and temptation, exposed to the snares of the wicked, and the wiles of Satan, before you had implanted in their bosoms the inflexible principles of virtue—before you had sought and obtained for them an interest in the precious Savior, and seen them imbued with the Spirit of God? O, contemplate the solemnities of that day when you and your children will stand before the judgment seat!

If you are faithful to them and to God, and he shall succeed your untiring labors, and answer your importunate prayers in their behalf, you hearts will swell with gratitude and love in that day, while in the transports of joy and thanksgiving you exclaim, "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me!"

The awful contrast we will not attempt to draw, trusting that the thrilling hope of uniting with your beloved children in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, before the throne, and in the presence of the redeemed for ever, will stimulate you to diligence, in seeking the glory of God in the salvation of the deathless spirits committed to your care.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE,

FOR THE NEXT QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE UTICA MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

HISTORY OF ADAM AND EVE—CONTINUED. Gen. iii.

LESSON II.

Did Adam and Eve remain innocent, as God created them?
What sins occasioned their fall? Pride and disobedience.
By whose instrumentality was it effected?
What kind of an animal was the serpent originally?
By whom was he instigated to destroy the happiness of Adam and Eve?
What names are given to him in the Bible?
What did he say to the woman?
Did she do right to listen to his suggestions, or to reply to him?
Does the devil now tempt children to sin?
Is it wicked for them to listen to him, or to wicked companions?
What does the Bible say they must do?
Did Satan tell a lie when conversing with Eve, and what was it?
Who tempts children to tell lies?

What inducements prevailed with Eve to yield to Satan's advice?
What was the immediate effect of eating the forbidden fruit?
How did God manifest his displeasure?
Who was first called to an account?
What excuse did Adam make?
What base disposition did he manifest?
What excuse did Eve make?
What curse did God denounce upon the serpent?
What upon Eve? What upon Adam?
What temporal consequences ensued?
What spiritual?
How many kinds of death were implied in the curse, "Thou shalt surely die?" Three; temporal, spiritual, eternal?
What is temporal death?
What is spiritual death?
What is eternal death?
Are you as guilty when you break one known command of God, as Adam and Eve were, when they ate the forbidden fruit?
What then do you deserve?
What promise was made to Adam before he was cast out of the garden?
What prevented Adam and Eve from returning to the garden?
Was the sin of Adam and Eve the occasion of all the sin and misery which are known in our world?

ANECDOTES.

A little boy six years old, whose father had recently died, had gone to bed one evening, when his mother sat by the nursery fire, weeping at the remembrance of her loss. She supposed her son was asleep; but after a little time he raised his head and said, "Mamma, won't God be willing to be your husband?" Why my dear, said his mother, how came you to think he would? "Because you say, now that papa is gone to heaven, God will be my father, and I don't see why he won't be willing to be your husband too."

An anecdote of a little boy was suggested to my mind, when reading in the last number of the Mother's Magazine the article "Parental Consistency," not inapplicable to the subject, which, if you think proper, you are at liberty to give a place in your valuable publication. When this little boy was just beginning to articulate, it was a source of great unhappiness to him, that his coat was not fashioned like that of a man. Frequently, after a gentleman had visited at his father's, he would importune his mamma for 'a coat with pockets behind.' Her reply usually was, "My son, you are now a little boy; when you grow to be a man you shall have such a coat." About the same time it became necessary to take him to a medical spring, for a cutaneous disease. On attempting to bathe him in the water, the child appeared afraid; his mother used many arguments to persuade him to comply. At length she said, "you

are a man, and must not mind it." He promptly replied, "when I want pockets behind, you call me a little boy, but when you want me to go into the water you call me a man." The child saw the inconsistency of his mother, and as might be expected, continued to persist, in refusing to obey her. It is to be feared that many parents, in their daily intercourse with their children, are in the habit of practising similar inconsistency. It is believed parents would avoid many such mistakes, were they never to *promise* what they cannot, or do not intend to *perform*. Violated promises, not only tend to sour the temper of a child, but to stamp the character of the mother as a deceiver, and to prevent the good effect her example might otherwise produce. The beautiful unity between principle and practice should never, in one instance, be disconnected by the inconsistency of parents.

A widowed mother, on her death bed, called all her children to her bed side, and said to them, 'My dear children, now that I am going to die, who will take care of you! with whom shall I leave you? I will leave you with Jesus. You must love him, and pray to him, and he will take care of you.' Her little boy went immediately by himself to pray to Jesus. He said, 'I believe that Jesus will take care of us, because mother said he would, and I never knew mother to tell us any thing but what was true, and I never was so happy as while praying to Jesus.'

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE BENEDICTION.

"AND THEY BROUGHT YOUNG CHILDREN TO HIM. AND HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS, PUT HIS HANDS UPON THEM, AND BLESSED THEM."—Mark x. 13—16.

Who is this that is treading on Judea's sod,
In the form of a man, with the power of a God?
The blind at his touch their sight are receiving;
In the light of the sun their souls are reviving;
The sick now have left the sad couch of distress,
And are joyfully owning his mercy and grace,
The bars of the grave are bursting asunder,
And Hell owns his power with fear and with wonder; [stealing,
Yet say, through the crowd who are these that are
And at the feet of Messiah are joyfully kneeling?
They are mothers—in their arms their offspring they bear,
And humbly adoring they offer their prayer:
"Thou who wert of woman born,
And a mother's love hast known:
Jesus, listen to our prayer,
Let our infants be thy care,
Bless them in their early days,
Guide them through their future ways,
We would give them now to thee,
Thine for ever may they be."

O! see him through that throng now move!
With looks of kindness and of love;
And every infant he hath taken,
And to each mother kindly spoken,
And gently on each bending head,
His sacred hand in blessing laid;
And mothers are their charge receiving,
With throbs of deeper, holier feeling,
For every child that thus was given
Has now become an heir of heav'n.
And well they know the grace they need,
These plants to tend, these souls to feed;
To guide them through this world of sin,
Yet keep them free from ev'ry stain.
To so instruct and train them all,
That when is heard the Master's call,
They may be fitted here to stand,
Firm in his cause, a holy band,
To spread throughout this world his fame,
To put his foes to flight and shame,
Or, if it shall to Heaven seem good,
To seal her faith in martyr's blood.

E. D. M.

MRS. W.—While I was soliciting subscribers, I called at a house for the money where a lady had previously subscribed; her mother, an aged woman of *eighty-five years*, setting in the room, took the Magazine and read it, while I was conversing with her daughter; and as I rose to depart, she said to me with her eyes filled with tears, and a voice so faltering that I could hardly understand her, "Oh, how I should have prized such a work, could I have had it put into my hands when I had a young family. She handed me a dollar, and said, "Do put down my name, that I may give it away, and do all the good I can while I live, which will be but a short time."

M. W.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MRS. JONES AND MRS. SMITH.

"Do you ask, then, what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings you express will educate him."

"Dear Mrs. Smith, how glad I am to see you; I have requested this interview, that I may avail myself of your friendly advice. Your former admonitions were not lost upon me. I am as one awakened out of a criminal slumber, and can see nothing before my family but inevitable ruin. My children, who have been so long indulged in habits of disobedience and idleness, are now becoming vicious. Why have I not perceived my errors before their consequences became irreparable! I fear I am forever doomed to be an unhappy mother."

"Not quite so bad, I would hope, Mrs. Jones. Though your children are in a dangerous condition, yet I am persuaded that you gain nothing by complaining, nothing by despondency. Rather seek to know the worst of your case; lay your heart open still more to conviction. Be willing to be made acquainted with yourself, and your faults, even at the expense of a right hand, or a right eye. I would guard you against a very common error; instead of complaining of your *unhappiness* to your fellow men, confess to your heavenly Father your sins and your ignorance. In the former case, you will only harden your heart; in the latter, it will be made tender and susceptible of divine impressions."

"I acknowledge with shame and regret, Mrs. Smith, that I have often parleyed with an awakened conscience. I have never felt satisfied that it was right to have my boys saunter away their time in the company of the vicious and the idle. Still, I flattered myself that the evils which would result to them from such indulgences, might soon be done away by a few months' residence abroad. I hoped that when they became old enough to have fixed habits, they would listen to the voice of reason. Meantime my covetous disposition led me to believe that it could not be necessary, or even right, to spend my time, with my increasing little family, in attending either to their habits or their tempers. I trusted I could

easily set them right by a few rigid lessons on the folly of indulging a perverse temper. And as their father and I have prided ourselves upon our industrious habits, by means of which we have acquired a competency, I expected, as a matter of course, that they would follow our example. The opinions I have so presumptuously entertained, now seem to be like the phantoms of a disordered imagination. I have been led so far astray by a worldly spirit, that I despair of a reformation in any of my family.'

"It is too apparent, my friend, that your children are in a sad way, and that you will have much to contend with. You will labor under many disadvantages in correcting their faults, and yet, I apprehend that your chief difficulty will be found in changing your own ways."

"I am greatly distressed, Mrs. Smith, to find that one trouble seldom comes alone; and what especially alarms me is, that one sin brings in its train others, so appalling to my awakened conscience, that they even now seem to hiss upon me like a nest of young vipers; but still I have not told you my heaviest misfortune. I feel like the unwary traveller, who, having heedlessly lost his way, is not merely ashamed to retrace his steps, but unwilling to avow the fact to others. I have not only lost the little influence I once possessed over my children, but my husband's manner is exceedingly changed. While our children were young, he was a most affectionate husband; but *now*, when I more than ever need his advice and assistance, in the management of our turbulent children, he often justifies them, and condemns me. If I reprove them for glaring offences, he thinks I might have done it in a less objectionable manner. Though he does not always say this in words, yet the looks and gestures of my boys plainly indicate that in their opinion their father is right, and their mother is wrong; so that when this subject is brought up for discussion, it produces altercation, and usually ends in crimination and recrimination."

"You have presented a mortifying picture of the state of your family, Mrs. Jones. No wonder that you consider your children in a hopeless condition. Their insubordination would be awfully alarming, if you and your husband were at this moment, perfectly agreed as to the best mode of regaining your lost advantage over their hearts, minds, and consciences. You and your husband profess to be governed by the precepts of the Bible; but you will allow me to say that your daily conduct is at variance with its plainest dictates. Did I not hope that your heart was touched by the Spirit and grace of God, I should consider it fruitless to suggest any motives, however imperative, even for your consideration. It is worse than idle for you and your husband to spend your time in settling the question who is right, and who is wrong. If you knew that your house was enveloped in flames, and that both of you had been the means of the conflagration, would you spend your energies in settling the question, which was the most in fault? A bystander would be shocked on witnessing such a contest, or listening to altercations under such appalling circumstances?

"I fear, Mrs. Jones, you have fallen upon an error, which has destroyed many families. In such cases both parents are commonly to blame. I well remember, however, an instance to the contrary. While I was residing in L. Mrs. R. and myself were on terms of the greatest intimacy. She had been

blessed with a superior education. When I first knew her, I felt that nothing was wanting but piety, to constitute her just the friend I should choose to supply the place of my excellent sisters, from whom I had so recently been separated. One year after our acquaintance, she became a decided Christian. The father of her husband was an eminent divine, and his family were of the first grade, both as to intellect and rank in society. My friend's husband had therefore enjoyed every advantage which an enlightened and Christian education could afford. For a considerable period I was left to conjecture the cause of his acquiring habits of intemperance, especially as his home was rendered enchanting to the virtuous and intelligent, by the smiles and graces of such a good, dignified, and accomplished lady and housewife. But I subsequently learned that this son was the pet of his mother. She always thought her darling son must have every thing he wanted. Thus a habit of eating and drinking too freely, commenced in childhood, but ripened into excess after he became a husband and a father. Such was the commanding influence of this young man, when I first knew him, that it was often remarked, that if Mr. B. were a Christian, he might do more good in society than even our minister. But unfortunately his influence was thrown into the opposite scale. His business, if not wholly neglected, began to decline; his temper, naturally amiable, became at length austere and irascible. What a trial for the mother of five precious children! Though my intercourse with this lovely woman was more intimate than usually subsists between sisters, yet the unfortunate habits, the neglectful treatment, the unkind language, which this Christian sister continually received from the father of her children and the friend of her youth, was never, in a solitary instance, named, or even alluded to, by either of us; and it is believed that this good wife, on no occasion, ever broached this painful subject to any earthly friend. Her husband was always treated with courtesy and affection, and as became the master of his family; and thus he was honored in the sight of his children and servants. As might be expected from the judicious conduct of such a wife and mother, her children, who are nearly reared to manhood, promise to become the ornaments of society and the defenders of the faith.

"A number of years since, I was visiting in the family of one who bore the office of deacon or elder in the church, where I witnessed a most mortifying scene. A contest arose between the husband and the wife. The wife insisted that John should take out a log from the back of the chimney, as it would occasion a smoke. The husband, on the contrary, contended that as he had ordered it, and was master of his own house, the servant boy should put it on. Three interesting children were present to witness this pernicious example. What a triumph it must be, which arises from seeing the partner of one's bosom vanquished, either by overpowering arguments, or made to submit to superior strength!

"I once had occasion to point out to a Christian mother some defects I had discovered in her daughter, a promising girl of fourteen, who had spent some weeks in my family, when, in an almost despairing manner, she replied, 'I fear the inevitable ruin of that daughter. Her father thinks I am much too severe in my regimen with her, and I know he is too remiss; so that between

us both, I expect she will be ruined." How important that parents, instead of comparing their views with a defective and partial standard, should consult the 'oracles of divine truth.' There is a standard of right and wrong, which is unerring.

"As I have had occasion to reside in many different families, it has often required but a few days' observation, to perceive that the intercourse between many a husband and wife, might be pronounced a game at 'even and odds.' If you became acquainted with the opinion of one, you might be sure to find that of the other would be directly opposite.

"When I was a child, I was very fond of the writings of Dr. Watts. I well remember the effort I made to comprehend this sentiment: 'Happy matches made in heaven.' Little did I then dream of the living comments on this subject which I should witness in after life. I am indebted to a lady of my acquaintance for the following statement: 'It is but justice to the living virtues of my aged and hoary headed father to say, that his own blessed example furnishes a model for the imitation of every husband and father. My mother's birthday happened on the 22d of February, the same day of the month with that of Gen. Washington. This day was therefore always celebrated as commemorating the birthday of two very important personages, Gen. Washington and my mother. Every child in the family was prompted by the example of papa, to exhibit unusual marks of respect and affection for this best of wives and mothers, who was represented by her affectionate husband, to be as truly distinguished for her piety and good sense in her appropriate sphere, as Gen. W. was in his. How opposite this conduct from that displayed by many a husband, who fears to elevate the mother of his children to the dignity of "mistress of ceremonies" in his family, from the mistaken apprehension that in doing this she may infringe upon his own rights. In speaking of the special attentions given to my mother on her birthday, I would not be misapprehended. So invariably *polite* has my father ever been to my excellent mother, and so unconsciously has his respect been manifested, that you could not question the fountain from whence it flowed. There was no "scrupulous exactness in paying those minute attentions" which should constitute the warp and woof of wedded love; they rather seemed like the descent of showers from clouds surcharged with moisture, or like emanations from the glorious orb of day, whose beams, while they enlighten and warm, exhilarate all surrounding nature.' "

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE INFANT.

ESSAY NO. II.

A few days since, I called on a pious mother, the circle of whose responsibilities, duties, and affections, has been recently enlarged by the addition of another immortal mind to be trained for God. I sat in silent admiration of the beautiful casket which contains a jewel more precious than rubies, and which all the gold of Ophir cannot buy—a precious, undying soul, whose future character and final destiny are to be determined by parental influence. My friend

remarked that she had felt an unusual solicitude about the early religious education of that child; how and when she should begin, and what should be the first lesson it received. My mind seemed to fix on the last idea. The first lesson in religious instruction! and I thought it by no means an unimportant subject. The first idea a child receives is the first link of an endless chain, thought succeeding thought. Its first idea of religion is the beginning of a series of thoughts and feelings, according to the moral character of which it is to be condemned or acquitted at the last day. Mind, in every stage of it existence, possesses the same powers and susceptibilities; these are essential to its entity, and constitute its capacity of producing and receiving impressions. Without touching the question whether it first acts, or is acted upon, it is certain that there are no innate ideas in the mind. It comes to us as ignorant as the clay in which it dwells; it is helpless and dependent. It literally knows not any thing of itself, of the world in which it lives, or of that for which it is a candidate. Necessity and observation will soon lead it to the use of its limbs, and the exercise of its animal powers; and it may acquire a considerable amount of useful knowledge without our instruction. Its intellectual powers will also be laid under contribution to its wants, and without any particular attention or effort on our part, it will make considerable advances in the onward march of mind. But its moral culture must be the result of mind acting on mind; and as soon as it becomes the subject of this operation, its religious education is begun. Surrounding objects are perpetually, though perhaps imperceptibly exerting their influence, and producing their appropriate impressions on this susceptible being. Before it can imitate an articulate sound, it can understand the looks, the tones, and the actions of others; and according to the nature of these influences will be the character of the impression produced. The first moral impression a child receives is its first lesson on religion; and this first idea is the foundation on which we are to base the superstructure of all future moral training. The habit of prayer, and a sense of dependence on God, may be taught to a child before it can learn any thing preceptively. Let then the pious mother, who feels that first impressions are the most durable, take the object of her solicitude with her when she goes to her heavenly Father, even before it can lisp his name. Let it kneel by her side while she commends it to his care, and asks those things which are needful for the body and the soul. The habit so early formed will not be easily broken; and as soon as it can receive ideas from words, let it be taught, from the parental relation, its dependence on God, whom it cannot see, but who is its absent Father. It is of the highest importance that the first religious instruction a child receives should be adapted to its capacity; the idea simple, and not too large for its little mind to receive without effort; the language such as it can understand, and that we use no superfluous words; the illustration something with which it is familiar; the time the most favorable that can be selected, and the manner such as will have a tendency to render the perception distinct and lucid, and give the idea a permanent lodgement in the mind.

New York, April 6, 1833. IOTA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

LETTER I.

Dear Mrs. K.—Excuse me, if I have not given your letter that prompt attention it merited. The fact is, I have so deeply felt my inability to satisfy you properly on the subject of your inquiry, that I hesitated to comply with your request. It is no easy task to bring up children for God, that is, for usefulness in this world, and happiness in the next. To give advice on such a subject, perhaps direction to the mind of a young mother, is an office of such responsibility, that I would shrink from it, were it not that I feel it a duty due to the orphan daughter of one who in early life was to me a friend, a mother. You, dear Mary, are in truth the younger sister of my heart; and with a sister's openness I would render back to you some of the instructions I received from our dear mother, added to the experience of a life spent in the instruction of youth. This perhaps may best be done by giving you some of the details of my own life, with which, owing to the little intercourse we have had in late years, you are wholly unacquainted.

Thrown from early infancy upon the protection of your mother, by the death of my poor widowed parent, she was to my desolate orphan heart the first object of reverence and love. The first traits I remember in her character were truth and kindness. She never, by any deception, sought to gain the consent of her children to what was disagreeable. Her commands were kindly given, were reasonable and irrevocable.

While yet a child, I was easily convinced that my happiness was connected with her requirements; and if at any time a wayward thought appeared in my countenance, my dear benefactress would fold me in her arms, and by her kind reasonings subdue the rebellions of my infant heart.

As I grew older, I understood this treatment better, and in my own mind often applied to her what was said of Fabricius, that the sun might as easily be turned from his course, as she from truth and duty. This uprightness sometimes clashed with my sinful inclinations; but the gentle and affectionate manner in which she brought scripture to my conscience, melted me, and at once won me to duty. This dear woman, as you know, was the mother of four children, before your birth; and I, poor happy orphan, was the acknowledged sister of these sweet ones. They were all cut down almost in infancy; but I well remember that no foolish indulgence of the survivors followed the loss of any. Your mother, while bowing submissively under the chastening rod, felt that she was training immortal spirits for the courts of the heavenly King.

The last lovely little boy was extremely passionate in his temper, though remarkably affectionate. The mother saw and wept, and prayed, while she corrected. This she since told me: her heart was full of anguish, but she did her duty, relying upon God. And God took the loved one when three years and a half old, giving the bereaved mother assurance that the heart of her little boy was turned to divine things even at that tender age, and filled with love to the blessed Jesus. Prayer had seemed his particular delight for some months; God and heaven the theme of his childish prattle; and the last accents

of his infant tongue were, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Mrs. P. often said to me after his death, "How wise and kind is my heavenly Father! My prayer for dear Henry was, that he might be kept from the sins of wild passion, be subdued by grace, and brought to glory. Oh! how I feared and prayed for him; and now my prayers are answered. Even so, dear Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

These details, you, dear Mary, could not have had from your mother at the tender age in which you lost her, and it now gives me pleasure to place before you, a young mother, these simple recollections of your own pious and consistent parents. This beloved woman was called home when you were in your ninth, and I in my twentieth year. Her death was sudden, and the last accent of her dying tongue committed her motherless child to God. I recall this to your remembrance, my sister, to encourage you to persevere in the path of duty.

You ask what I think of the indulgence of very young children, whether some things may not be allowed them until they can be made to understand them to be wrong? Whether it is not best sometimes to cheat them into compliance, rather than to enforce obedience? You are, you say, often obliged to lie down with little Julia, and pretend to sleep, to induce her to do the same. The pious Robert Hall, upon hearing a mother make a similar declaration, asked, "whether she wished her child to become a liar?" *Acting* a lie is in itself as immoral as *telling* one; a very little child will soon perceive this departure from truth in its mother; and how fearful this influence over the young susceptible heart! The barrier between right and wrong will be thrown down, falsehood will take the place of truth, and evil of good, in the infant mind.

My dear friend, in your youth and inexperience you probably do not realize all these terrible consequences, and how should you? She who would have instructed and given a right direction to your thoughts and actions, is no more, and your heart rests with intense affection on your two sweet babes. You yourself are but a babe in Christ. It is, I think, only one year since you wrote me respecting this change in your affections. I must confess this emboldens me to be plain; for I write to a follower of him who called himself the truth; to a dear sister who seeks to be led in the way of truth, while she is endeavoring to lead her little ones in the way *they* should go. It is a great matter to begin education aright; to this I desire to press your attention. The deplorable consequences of a mistake here, I have seen in the management of a family where I made my first essay in teaching. In my next letter I will give you the history of this family. I am sure it will set the subject in a clearer light than any thing I could say. Yours, affectionately, ZELIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION TO A DECEASED MOTHER.

Madam—I am about to embark upon the mighty ocean for the benefit of my health, which has been sacrificed to an unwarrantable ambition for literary attainments, and by over exertion in pursuing at the same time a laborious occupation. As I have but a faint prospect of recovery, or even of living to return to my friends, I wish to leave behind me a tribute of affection and grati-

tude to the memory of my excellent mother. If consistent, you will confer a favor upon a grateful son, by giving it a place in your truly valuable Magazine.

Having passed through the most critical and dangerous period of human existence, and the trials incident to a college life, and having had the opportunity of three or four years' experience and observation of mankind, I find it extremely interesting and instructive to look back and trace the influence of maternal love and tenderness, which was exerted only in my childhood and infancy, as it was my misfortune to be deprived of this best of earthly friends at the age of twelve years; but the influence of her instructions and example will, I trust, be felt, and I hope joyfully recognized, throughout eternity. My mother was devoutly pious. While her children were young, she followed the precepts of Solomon, by training them up in the way they should go, leaving the result to the power and goodness of a merciful God. Her prayers were almost ceaseless; and as soon as her children began to lisp, she taught them to employ their infant breath in prayer and praise to their great Creator and their Redeemer.

The instruction she gave to me commenced sometime before Sabbath schools were extensively known in our country; the Bible was her text-book; and it is believed that a Sabbath never was suffered to pass, when she was able to attend to me, but that my lesson was read and explained. The Westminster Shorter Catechism, which she considered as containing a summary of the doctrines and duties of the Bible, she taught me, at a very early period, and so faithfully, that it was rendered nearly as familiar to my mind as my alphabet. The influence which this excellent compendium exerted on my mind and feelings in after years, in forming my character and fixing my habits, leads me to regret that in the modern instruction of children and youth this little work is so entirely set aside, that it is to be feared many children of very pious parents have seldom, if ever, heard that such a book was in existence.

Never shall I forget a scene which passed in my mother's closet the evening before I left the paternal roof to go to a distant academy. Although but eleven years of age, I well remember the voice and the spirit with which she fervently addressed the throne of grace, for the protection and prosperity of her son. This, her last blessing, which she pronounced with streaming eyes, and a melting heart, rings in my ears, as if the sweet accents still lingered upon her faltering lips.

After my mother's death, as I increased in years, her counsels began to be better understood, and were more highly appreciated; but as youth advanced, temptations and allurements were often placed in my path, so that I have more than once been forced, as it were, into the very snares of death. My mother's instructions were, however, so deeply rooted in my mind, that they could not lose their hold upon my heart and conscience. Often, when I came near joining in some rash or wicked design, this thought has come over me: "Perhaps the spirit of my sainted mother now knows my thoughts, and sees my actions; and if she were upon earth, how would she feel in view of my danger?" This thought has often withheld me from a ruinous course. While a member of college, the enticements to sin, by means of trifling and wicked companions, became almost irresistible; but the retraining grace of God,

through the medium of a mother's undying love, closed the door of my heart against the admission of vice, and withheld my feet from going in the pathway of the destroyer. I confess that it was wrong, but the fact is undeniable, that I was often more influenced by the reflection that the eye of my mother rested upon me, than from a sense of the omnipresence of the Deity. In maturer years this same impression has followed me in the various walks of life, till I have become convinced, that the precepts and examples of parents have an influence far beyond our highest thoughts or conceptions. About two years since, I hope and trust the prayers of my dear mother were answered for her only son, in his conversion to God. I have no doubt, in the retributions of eternity she will enjoy the reward of her faithfulness on earth.

I. T. W.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL INCONSISTENCY.

At a prayer meeting not long since, a friend presented the case of her child as a special subject of prayer. A revival had recently commenced, and many young persons were anxiously inquiring the way of salvation, but with tears in her eyes, she said, "I fear my Julia is becoming more and more careless about her soul." I inquired if her daughter attended religious meetings. "O no," said she, "the dancing school is on the same evening as the prayer meeting, and I cannot persuade her to give up this favorite amusement." I was about to express my surprise that she should permit this, but she interrupted me by saying, "All her companions attend, and she was so desirous to go, that I thought it would be better to indulge her in going a few times, than to make her angry by keeping her at home. Young people must have some amusement. I remember how it used to be with me. I always thought it would have been better if my parents had indulged me a little more. I have many a time deceived them, and stolen away to parties and balls. Besides, one loves to have her daughters genteel; and I do not see how this can be, if they do not mix with the world." In reply, I ventured a remark of Lady Glenorchy, that it was "difficult if not impossible for a young lady to acquire the smart, polished air of a person of fashion, without sacrificing some things of much greater value, and that the spirit of vanity and emulation thus awakened in the young mind leads to an increased dislike of the simple truths of the gospel." As she remained silent, I added, that the command was not to initiate a child in the ways of the world, but it was, "Train up a child in the way he should go;" and that of Abraham it was said, that "he commanded his household to walk in the ways of righteousness." As I returned home, I could not but reflect upon the conversation that had passed, and upon the great inconsistency which some parents manifest. They profess much anxiety for the conversion of their children, and yet by their conduct seem to say that they consider external accomplishments, rather than internal purity, the "one thing needful." Upon reviewing the history of some of my early friends, I could not but acknowledge the justness of an observation I once heard: "Parents do really have what they desire most for their children." The case of Mrs. I—— presented to my

mind a striking illustration. She had a lovely little family, and no pains were spared to make them elegant and accomplished. They were, however, early deprived of the watchful care of an affectionate mother, the eldest being only eleven when she died. A few days before her death, she desired me to read the 103d Psalm, and I shall never forget the glow of rapture which beamed upon her countenance, while I read the 17th verse. "How precious," she exclaimed, "the thought, that the promises extend to the children of believers." But, alas! she did not consider that the promises of God are all conditional; she, like too many parents, expected the end without the means. Not only had a mother's fondness often led her to excessive indulgence, but she had also manifested to the little attentive group around her, more anxiety that they should be genteel and accomplished, than that they should fear God. She had indeed sometimes given them religious instruction; but I had often noticed, with pain, that while they were sharply reproved for an awkward position in sitting, comparatively little notice was taken of anger, idleness, and even an untruth was sometimes but slightly censured. And now what is the situation of these children, grown to years of maturity? The idols of the fashionable world, but strangers to true godliness.

The conduct of Mrs. S——, on the other hand, seemed to me a striking example of Christian faithfulness and decision. When strongly solicited by her daughter to attend a ball, she took her Bible, selected all the passages relating to the duty of parents, and then taking her child alone, conversed affectionately with her, read her these passages, and then inquired whether she, as a Christian mother, could consistently permit her to visit a place where every serious thought would be dissipated? The young lady was convinced, and never again expressed an inclination to resort to scenes of fashionable amusement. She soon after became pious, and now occupies an important station in the church of Christ.

Nor could I forget, among other instances of parental faithfulness and consistency, my venerable friend P——. The earliest impression received by her children, an impression daily enforced, both by precept and example, was, "The salvation of the soul is the one thing needful." While she carefully educated them for this world, still she seemed constantly to say, with regard to every kind of excellence, but that of true piety, "Ah! 'tis well, 'tis good, so far as it goes; but I want the fruits of immortality." And what was the result? Four out of five children are found on the Lord's side.

Christian mother, these are facts. Are your children devoted to the world? If so, search for the cause; you *may* find it in yourself. You say that you desire the conversion of your children, that you consider the soul of infinitely more importance than the body; but does your conduct say this? Do you pray without acting, or act without praying? Is your sin that of Eli, or do you with affectionate firmness control the wayward inclinations of the little immortals entrusted to your care? Do you often pray with and for them; often explain to them the way of salvation, and point them to that Savior, who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and does your example speak, as well as your lips, "Religion is the one thing needful?"

ALSWITHA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Mrs. W.—I have recently been reflecting much upon the general aspect of the times, in reference to the near approach of the latter glory of the church. What is the meaning of all this effort for the generation who are to take our places? Why were Sabbath schools, Bible classes, and maternal associations reserved for this century? What means this sleepless anxiety, which can no longer be imprisoned in the hearts of mothers, in different parts of our country, but in a thousand forms is communicating itself to others? What is it that is awakening Christian parents to the consciousness that to them is committed the trust of immortal minds? Is there not a clear and intelligible answer to these questions?

The church has need of a host of firm, self-denying, Bible Christians. Means are now in operation, with the blessing of the Head, to raise up an army of missionaries for her service. Are Christian parents awake to this thought, and do they educate their children to the service of their Lord?

Probably there never has been a deeper anxiety for the conversion of children felt in our country, than at this moment. But is it also felt as deeply, that the "*Lord hath need of them?*" If we hope to see our sons called to the high honor and rewards of the faithful, self-denying, persevering, laborious minister of Jesus, whether at home or in distant lands, and our daughters "helpers" in the work, how essential that these Christian virtues early take deep root. How shall Christian parents be persuaded to take this view of the subject, and act accordingly?

If the world is to be converted to God speedily, and this century is to witness its universal triumph, and hear the echo of the gospel from every land, what part are our children to take? Shall they sit at ease, even as we do, and listen to the notes of joy, and watch the rising beams of millennial glory? No, the Lord will have need of them, and they must give themselves, and their property, and all, to the glorious cause, and they will do it. Is it not then a great mistake for us to educate them for ease, or worldly style and splendor? Who can look upon this concentration of effort for the coming generation, and contrast it with that of preceding periods, since the foundation of the church was laid, without feeling that "he has surely come to gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom," and also "to raise up a generation who shall be taught of God to declare to the generation following, his mighty acts and wonders of grace;" to go as heralds of the cross, and enter the doors which are now, one after another, preparing for them.

Who can contemplate an assembly of children, in the bosom of every church in our country, convened by their mothers, for the express purpose that "he may lay his hands upon them and bless them," and the youth of our Sabbath schools studying the blessed volume which they must give to the whole world, without the melting consideration, that they are nurseries which the Lord hath gathered, soon to expand into fruitful trees, for him to transplant here and there all over his spiritual garden? Let us then educate our children, not merely to get to heaven, but for Christ, for Zion.

We often hear the wish expressed, to know something of the history of maternal associations in detail, of their successes and their discouragements; and to persuade your correspondents to gratify this desire of your readers, I will give a short sketch of one in ———, formed six years since. In a small parish in one of the *then* feeble churches, an invitation was given to Christian mothers to meet for consultation on the subject. Fifteen perhaps assembled. The most affecting motives were presented to their minds, calculated to produce a deep sense of their responsibility, and while each was led to look at what mothers had, with the divine promise, accomplished, each was ready to inquire, "And why may not *I* pursue a similar method, and go to my heavenly home, laden with harvest fruits?"

An association was formed; but five only would venture at that time to assume obligations which till then seemed unknown, and almost unthought of. While contemplating the subject, a flood of light seemed poured on every mind, revealing such views of maternal duty and influence as humbled us in the review, and made us tremble in going forward. The five, however, took courage and met, in storm and tempest, in summer's heat, and winter's cold; and though faint, yet pursuing their object with zeal, which has not yet grown cold. The number soon multiplied, and he who delights to "renew the strength of those who wait upon him," drew near to this little band, and with the same kindness, with which in the days of his flesh he smiled on an association of mothers who brought their infants to him, now shed the dew-drops of mercy.

Twelve children were, we hope, gathered into the fold; and, "as olive plants, were seated around the table of their Lord." The Holy Spirit was then visiting us in mercy. He tarried for a while, but in the course of some months the faith and love of God's people gave place to stupidity and declension. But the living fire burned brightly still on the altar of maternal piety. From that day to this, the church has had her seasons of refreshing, and her returns of decay; but here, in this circle of mothers, it is felt that the Holy Spirit condescends to *dwell*. It *seems his blessed "rest."* Faith, and love, and hope, and melting tenderness, are exhibited in sweet and attractive forms, as, from month to month, these sisters meet, with one heart, devoted to one object—to present their offering to one common Friend. Two only of the beloved children (with the exception of infants) have been called away; but as they took their upward flight, the dear name of Jesus, the Friend whom they knew, and loved, and had often met, and who had "blessed them there," was on their dying lips. Oh! the untold blessings reserved for this generation of maternal associations.

I could mention many other advantages which have been secured. A more careful attention to the general business of a Christian mother, viz. to nurture her children for the service of Christ on earth, and the final blessedness of heaven, by the early formation of habits of self-denial, prayer, truth, industry, integrity, and *the application of the means of grace adapted to childhood, which the Holy Spirit always blesses in maturer years;* a taste for reading, calculated to give vigor and thought to the mind, and an intimate acquaintance with the best works that have been written on the subject of education, which are con-

stantly increasing. The best books are selected for children, evil associates are shunned, habits of prayer formed, &c.

But there is no possibility of assigning limits to the good accomplished, and in prospect, resulting from these associations. And still it is a mournful truth, that some of our churches cannot be persuaded to make the slight effort to form one. Would it be thus if their pastors should interest themselves in the subject, and encourage and strengthen them? And here we are ready to acknowledge the aid and comfort which we have received from our under shepherd, who would sooner choose to part with any other institution which his people enjoy, except the preached gospel; so much are his own hands strengthened by the combined influence of mothers.

For the Mother's Magazine.

WARNING TO YOUTH.

George Denison, who was recently executed in the county of Chenango, was a man of grossly intemperate habits; and although young, was yet so hardened by a course of dissipation, that he became guilty of the awful crime of murder.

He was tried, condemned to death, and was confined in the county jail to await his execution. While in his lonely cell, clergymen and other pious people often visited him, to endeavor to impress his mind with the worth of his soul, and the importance of improving his few days of probation, in preparation for eternity. Among the many who labored with him, was one who related the following incident, and who remarked that he thought it a great encouragement for mothers to be faithful.

He often repeated his visits to him, and tried every method of producing some feeling in regard to his past conduct, and his present awful and unhappy condition, but in vain. He seemed lost to all moral sensibility and obligation; his mind was dark, and his heart impenetrably hard. After having presented every kind of motive, and spread before him his most certain destiny, without any apparent effect, he at last thought that perhaps he had had a pious mother, and that the recollection of her instructions might touch a chord that would vibrate with emotion. He asked him the character of his mother. He replied, "She was a pious woman." "Did she ever give you religious instruction?" "Yes," said he, and bursting into tears, "and if I had always remembered them as well as I do now, I should not have been here." Till then every avenue of his soul seemed closed, and every other chord of his heart was incapable of emotion, but that which responded to a mother's love.

Is not this some encouragement to mothers to persevere in their labors, and to increase their efforts for the dear children God has been pleased to place under their influence? Are they not even culpable, if they do not exert that power which he has given them over young and pliant minds? Where is the mother that would not wish to impress upon the heart of her child those principles that should govern his future conduct? Where is the Christian mother that would not labor and pray that those principles might be so deeply rooted by divine grace, as to insure a moral rectitude of life, and which

would inevitably guide his footsteps in that "strait and narrow way" which leads to eternal blessedness ?

Our duty is not done, nor our object accomplished, by imparting once a week a moral lesson; but every day and every hour that the mother is with her child, she has opportunities enough for giving useful instruction, both of morality and religion. She should seize upon every incident, and every circumstance, to draw from it something religiously instructive, or morally practical.

Notwithstanding the importance and great utility of giving "precept upon precept," let her remember that *example* is worth more than all her lessons in theory.

Few children can be influenced by motives to set apart seasons for private devotion, and to be faithful in the observance of them. But let them go with their mother to her closet, and how easy do they bow with her in prayer? Mothers should endeavor to be, in every respect, what they would wish to have their children. A child is not disposed to perform all that its parents require, or even advise him to do; but he notices and observes, with the closest attention, all their acts, and treasures them up, to practice himself on some future occasion. And how often do parents notice things, long since forgotten by themselves, all acted over again by those little reflectors of our own characters!

Oh! what deep responsibility rests upon mothers! Eternity only can reveal the full extent of their influence, or unfold to them how much they do for the salvation of their children, or their eternal ruin.

O * * *, April 14, 1833.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

From Mr. Edward's introductory essay to his "Biography of Self-taught Men," some extracts are selected, upon which an American mother, as well as father, would do well to ponder. To all who have the forming of the first foundation of character, a peculiar appeal is made, and especially to American parents. "It is worthy of deep and careful consideration," says Mr. E. "whether our country does not demand a new and higher order of intellect, and whether the class I have been considering cannot furnish a vast amount of materials. It is not piety alone that is needed, nor strength of body, nor vigor of mind, nor firmness of character, nor purity of taste, but all these united. Ought not this subject to awaken the attention of our most philanthropic and gifted minds? Ought not social libraries to be collected with this main purpose, to furnish stimulants to call forth all possible native talents and hidden energies? Every parent, and every instructor, should employ special means, to bring his children or his pupils into such circumstances, and place in their way such books and other means as will develop the original tendencies of their minds, and lead them into the path of high attainment and usefulness. Every educated man is under great responsibilities to bring into light, and to cherish, all the talent which may be concealed in his neighborhood. Genius lies buried on our mountains, and in our vallies; vast treasures of thought, of noble feeling, of pure and generous aspiration, and of moral and religious

worth, exist unknown, and are never called forth to adorn human nature, and to bless and save mankind. Shall not an effort now be made to bring into action all the available intellect and piety in the country?

"What immense tides of immortal life are to sweep over this country into the gulf of eternity? We are called to think and to act on a grander scale than ever fell to the lot of man! We are the representatives of millions. We are acting for masses of human beings. To live simply as isolated beings is a great error, and a serious injustice to posterity. We must set those great wheels in motion, which, in their revolution, are to spread light, and life, and joy, through the land.

"We must take no middle ground. We must bring to the great work of illuminating this country, and of blessing mankind, every capability of mind and of heart which we possess, every possibility of the power which God has given us."

For the Mother's Magazine.

A HINT TO PARENTS.

A little boy, about six years old, was permitted to visit in the family of his uncle, who was a man of prayer. While there, he heard his uncle pray, and ask a blessing at his table. This was all new to the child. On returning home, he said to his mother, "Why does not pa *sing*, as uncle does? Uncle *sings* when he comes to the table, and when he has done eating he *sings* again. Mama, wont pa *sing*?" The little boy did not know by what other name to call prayer. He then turned to his father, and said, affectionately, "Wont you sing? Uncle sings; wont you, pa?" The father was pricked to the heart. This was loud preaching to one who never prayed.

Soon after this occurred, I was called to labor in a revival of religion in the northern district of Oneida county, in the immediate neighborhood of this family. One day, while conversing with a family in a log house, this same father came in and seated himself with the little group, who were listening to the gospel plan of salvation. I inquired of the stranger if he had a hope that he was a Christian. He replied that he had not, but expressed some feeling on the subject. After some further conversation with him, I warned him of his danger, and pressed upon his conscience the claims of the gospel, and urged him to come to an immediate decision, believing this to be my duty, as I never expected to see him again till we should meet at the judgment.

By my request he attended meeting in the evening, and solicited the prayers of Christians. A few days after this he was hopefully converted. The next evening his wife hoped she gave her heart to Christ. Family prayer was immediately commenced, and at first the little boy kept his seat. The next time prayer was made in the family, he knelt with his parents without being requested. Now this father and mother could *sing* together with their little son, who formerly urged them to sing as his uncle did. It was with much emotion that this fact was related to me by the father after his conversion.

Utica, 1833. E. B.

THE POET'S ANSWER

TO A LADY'S QUESTION RESPECTING THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS MOST NECESSARY IN AN INSTRUCTRESS OF CHILDREN.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou bear firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And *in thine own heart* let them first keep school.
For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these uprear the little world below,
Of Education; PATIENCE, LOVE, and HOPE.

Oh! part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and will proof derive,
From her own life, that Hope is still alive;
And bending o'er with soul transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;
Thus *Love repays to Hope* what *Hope* first gave to *Love*.

Yet haply there will come a weary day
When overtasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way;
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, *Patience*, nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A MOTHER.

BY R. B.

Who watches o'er the bed of pain,
And soothes the feverish pillow;
And when the clouds of care remain,
Can still the angry billow?
A MOTHER.

And when the sun hath veil'd its beams,
Or lost its pristine beauty,
Whose heart is that where virtue gleams
In rays of love and duty?
A MOTHER'S.

When all the scenes of life do fail,
And every hope's departed,
Whose tongue is it that cannot rail
Upon the broken hearted?
A MOTHER'S.

Who turns aside the shaft of woe;
Attends the bed of sickness?
And when the tears of sorrow flow,
Supports the frame of weakness?
A MOTHER.

When every cloud is dark and drear,
And o'er each hope reposing;
Who watches with an angel's tear,
As the dark vail is closing?
A MOTHER.

Whose love is that no storm can blast,
Or tear it from its dwelling?
Whose heart is that that dies the last,
When misery's tide is swelling?
A MOTHER'S.

Who prays for us in every breath,
That we may be forgiven?
Who watches at the couch of death,
With eyes upturned to heaven?
A MOTHER.

Whose voice is that that's ever kind;
Whose breath is ever healing?
Whose image dwelleth in the mind,
A thousand joys revealing?
A MOTHER'S.

A man who gives his children a *habit* of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

An infallible way to make your child miserable, is to satisfy all his demands. Passion swells by gratification; and the impossibility of satisfying every one of his desires will oblige you to stop short at last, after he has become headstrong.

Let your conduct be the result of deliberation, never of impatience.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JULY, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE FUTURE DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.

"THE FUTURE DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH ARE NOW IN THE HANDS OF MOTHERS."

In a preceding number of the Mother's Magazine, it was attempted to be shown that the exercise of sanctified maternal influence is intimately connected with the everlasting welfare of children, considered as candidates for the retributions of eternity, and connected also with the prosperity of the church in all time to come; as upon them is ultimately to rest the defence of the gospel against any and every assault which infidelity may make upon it.

By some this may be thought to be taking strong ground. It is granted. But strong as it may appear, it is tenable, and a position deemed of so much importance, that it must not be lightly surrendered. Mothers have never yet realized, to any adequate extent, what a power God has placed in their hands; what a fearful obligation he has imposed upon them; what an amount of good, with the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, they may accomplish. The world has slept upon this subject. True, a few like Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Graham, and some sister spirits, with several of the other sex, have appeared to feel the importance of the subject, and have occasionally attempted to obtain a hearing; but how few have heard, and fewer still have felt and practiced. But whatever apathy has been indulged, there is scarcely, at the present time, a subject which can be named, of more vital importance to the church of God, to the interests of mankind, than this. Ministers may preach the unadulterated truths of the gospel; they may urge sinners to repentance, and Christians to a holy life, and to zeal in the great and noble work of spreading abroad the glad tidings of salvation; they may come forth in the flowing eloquence of Cicero, and bear down in the vehement strains of Demosthenes; they may be fired with the zeal of Peter, and be animated with the moral courage of Paul, and yet it is questionable whether they can accomplish what God has put it in the power of mothers to bring to pass. Thoroughly examined, it will be found, it is believed, that *they* hold in their hands the eternal destinies of millions of their

dear offspring; for, if they would do their duty, if they would enter upon the training of their children in season; if they would pursue it as a business, as the great business of life, steadily, prayerfully, perseveringly; as a labor from which they desire not to escape; as a duty, which, next to working out their own salvation, is paramount to all others; if for this they would toil, as they now toil for the form and fashion of the present world, who can estimate the *results?* Those results would roll up, as time passed on, in a ratio exceeding all calculation. Small at first, they might be, like the incipient ripple on the placid bosom of the deep; but they would rise higher and higher, until, in magnitude and momentum, they would be like to the billows of the ocean.

Were the influence of mothers fully exerted for a few years, and were that influence consecrated to a strictly holy end, would our churches long want for ministers? Would our missionary societies lack for heralds to send forth, as the messengers of joy and salvation to the heathen? And as to converts to righteousness, who believes not that they would become as "numerous as the drops of morning dew"? We should see then our sons and our daughters crowding the temples of God; "our sons appearing "as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters polished after the similitude of a palace."

And what, in respect to the spread of the gospel, would not a generation thus educated ultimately accomplish? Look at their training; enter the nursery, and see the mother at her "task divine," letting in light, a few pencil rays it may be, into the opening intellect of the child which still nestles in her bosom, and gathering about her the older of her little flock, and telling them about the little heathen children of other countries, who have no Bible, and no Sabbath, and no Savior, and no hope; and doing all this for the purpose of making an *impression* which shall last to future years, with a design to lay the foundation for pity and compassion, which may, by and by, come forth in benevolent action.

I imagine to myself that I see such a mother. She has collected her little circle; and as they cluster around her, methinks I hear her say,

"Do you know, my children, that in India there is a large and deep river, in which some parents drown their children?"

"Drown them, mother!" exclaims a little girl.

"Yes, they take them to the river Ganges, and cast them in there."

"But why do they drown them, mother?" inquires her boy.

"It is a part of their cruel religion, my children. They worship idols. And they think it will please their idols to have children sacrificed to them."

"But don't the children cry?"

"Indeed they do; but their ignorant and cruel parents push them off into the deep water, and see the little sufferers struggle and drown without a tear."

"Do parents ever drown their children in America?"

"No; we are taught better. Here we have the Bible, and that Bible tells us of the only living and true God, and how we should worship him."

"But why are not parents in India told better?"

"They have no Bibles there, no Sabbaths, no ministers. Had they these, they would know that God is to be worshiped 'in spirit and in truth,' by prayer and praise, and not by drowning poor little children."

"Mother, I am glad that I was not born in India. Had I been, would you have drowned *me?*"

"Ah! my dear child, now it seems impossible; but had I been a heathen, who can tell what I should have done? But be thankful to God that we live in a Christian land. Do you recollect the pretty hymn, "I thank the goodness and the grace"? You may repeat it if you can.

I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth have smil'd,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy Christian child.

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known;
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
And where I hear of thee.

"But, mother, why do not the people of India purchase Bibles?"

"My dear child, in India, there are no Bibles to be sold. Our Bible has never been sent there."

"But could not the people in America send them some?"

"Yes, indeed, they might; we have money enough in this country to send a Bible to every family in India; and it is our duty to do so. I will tell you, my children, what you must do. You are little children now; but by and by you will be grown up; you will get money. Will you think of what I tell you? Will you think of the poor little children there? Will you try to assist them? You must contribute to send them the Bible and missionaries. Before you are grown up, I may die, my children, and then I cannot tell you. I shall be in the cold grave; but when you visit my grave, you will think of what I told you. You will contribute to the Bible Society, and to the Missionary Society—"

"Mother, why may I not give my dollar *now?*"

"And I mine?" "And I"—"And I"—&c.

"You may all give your money. I am glad that you prefer disposing of it in this manner, to spending it for trifles. I will send it to New York, and will write to the managers to have it laid out for Bibles to be sent to India."

What a delightful spot; I may appeal to the mothers who may chance to peruse these pages; what a delightful spot is that where such scenes as the above are acted over! But how few they are! Were every habitation blessed with one; were every mother in this land, called Christian, thus devoted to the spiritual instruction of her children, would not the results I have named, soon be realized? Would not our children soon break forth in hosannas? Should we not soon see them seated with us at the table of the Redeemer? And by and by, and at no distant day, should we not see them setting in motion benevolent enterprises, which, blessed by God, would soon cover the mountains of India, and the plains of Africa, with temples consecrated to Jehovah's praise?

Ah! when will this long neglected duty be begun! When will mothers feel for the souls of their children as they now care for their bodies? What is the fashion, the gay attire, the adulation of the present world? What ornament will grace so much as the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit? What

ruby shines so bright as heavenly wisdom? What girdle displays such charms as that which is formed from the graces of the gospel? What will stand instead of the robes of righteousness in the day of final account?

(*To be concluded.*) K——N.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM A MOTHER'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.

ANALYSIS OF MISS HAMILTON'S LETTERS ON EDUCATION.

[*Continued.*]

How sweet to a mother is the task—no, I cannot call it a task—the *privilege* of directing the opening affections of the infant soul to the great object of love and trust. An angel, even, might find superlative delight in taking in charge a soul that is as yet unsullied by contact with the world, but for which the price of redemption has been paid, and moulding its first early conceptions of the great Father of all. When her infant has just begun to be acquainted with the vehicle of thought, and can scarcely prattle forth its own ideas, as she lays it at night on its couch for repose, she may say, "Who will take care of my darling to-night, while he sleeps?" "Mother," will be the natural reply. "No, mother is going to sleep too, and all in the house are going to sleep, and who will take care of my little one?" The mind of the child is thus thrown into an inquisitive state, just the attitude for acquiring knowledge, and is now happily directed to its Father in heaven. When he wakes in the morning, the lesson of the evening may be repeated: "Who has taken care of little Edward all night, so that he wakes up well and happy? Who has made this bright sun to rise giving us gladness?"

Miss H. devotes her fifth and sixth letters to the consideration of the best method for inspiring children with devotional sentiments. In her introductory remarks she combats the opinion of some philosophers, who contend that in order to preserve the human mind from the shackles of prejudice, religious instruction should be withheld until it has come to maturity, and is able to compare and decide for itself. How absurd! That a being who enters on an immortal existence, of which this life is but the threshold, should not at the first dawn of reason receive that knowledge and be guided to those principles which alone have any appositeness to the broad extent of its being! Well may one exclaim of such philosophers, O! the blindness and misery of being shut up to this little span of material existence!

After a cursory view of the Christian religion, Miss H. remarks:

"Is there aught in these doctrines that can tend to render the mind gloomy and unsocial? Will the habitual gratitude of the heart to the Supreme Benefactor detract from the enjoyment of his gifts? Will the idea of the constant presence and protection, the love and favor of such a being, tend to depress the mind? Or will the wish for the approbation of this heavenly Father, friend, protector, and judge, and the fear of his displeasure, impair the energy of virtue? Why then do we reject the salutary assistance which religion offers us, for subduing the worst, and cultivating the best passions and affections of the human

heart? Alas! because that by the public and the splendid scenes of this vain and transitory life we are so completely engrossed, that in the education of our children we lose every other view but that of qualifying them to attract the applause and admiration of the world. For this, in our boys we cultivate the understanding while we neglect the heart. In our girls we leave both heart and understanding to the care of chance, while we assiduously endeavor to make them excel in a few superficial and useless accomplishments."

Again: "The sympathy which makes the applause of our fellow creatures so grateful to the heart; the sensibility which makes us so keenly feel the wounds of neglect, ridicule, or disapprobation, may be made instruments to form the character either to vice or virtue, according to the direction they receive from early association." Where the conscience has been enlightened, and directed to the favor of God as its standard in judging of actions, and not to the applause of the world, a moral sensitiveness will be acquired, and a discriminating power, which will preserve youth from the imminent danger, as they are thrown into the world, of conforming to the opinions of those around them.

A young person thus trained will distinguish between "the solid and the superficial;" "will not be dazzled by the splendor of talents," and "will on all occasions have an unerring standard to recur to."

Miss H. notices the fact that "we see every day instances of those who, after having received the most religious education, and been most strictly brought up in the fear of God, have no sooner been released from paternal restraint, than they have entered on the career of vice, and become the most zealous champions of infidelity." The frequent recurrence of such instances she refers to the fact that so many parents, by their mode of instruction, produce in the minds of their children early associations with religion of an unpleasant and repulsive character. Another cause of such abounding infidelity is, that religion is not *exemplified* in the happiest manner. "The duties of religion are considered as separate and distinct from the common concerns of life; and those who pique themselves on the strictest performance of them are not always most amiable and engaging. What Mrs. More so well observes of the learning of ladies, may justly be applied to the religion of devotees. "It stands out, as it were, above the very surface of their minds, like the *appliquee* of the embroiderer, instead of having been interwoven with the growth of the piece, so as to have become a part of the stuff. * * * Yet some worthy people make it a matter of conscience to interlard their conversation with a sort of technical piety, which, by exciting disgust or ridicule in the young and unthinking, is productive of the worst effects."

Undoubtedly a successful religious education must be accompanied by a different exemplification of religion from this. Yet, I think it cannot be questioned that many duties of religion *are* "separate and distinct from the common concerns of life." It is a vital mistake, however, to suppose that these distinct duties compose the only sphere in which religious principle is to operate. Nowhere is its influence more needed than in the *common concerns* of life; and especially is it important for parents, who desire their children should respect and love the principles by which they profess to be controlled, to exemplify them in their *every day, home deportment*, and to manifest that

not the least happy influence of religion is to produce contentment, harmony, patience, forbearance, and kindness in the domestic sphere. Parents who wish to recommend religion to their children, would do well to observe the maxim, "Never be satisfied with your religion until it makes you happy."

On the best mode of communicating early religious instruction, Miss H. beautifully remarks, "It is observable, says Hartly, that the mere transit of words, expressing strong ideas, over the ears of children, affects them. On this principle, the idea of an unseen benefactor, who is the giver of every good, the author of all the felicity of which the infant heart is sensible, may easily be conveyed to the mind at a very early period. By a little pains, the most pleasing associations may be formed with the idea of this unseen Benefactor. Let the moment be seized, when the little heart dilates with joy at some unexpected pleasure, to form its first attempt at prayer. "I thank thee, O God, for making my mama, or other friends, so good to me," may be quite sufficient; and if suggested upon proper occasions, and repeated, not as a formal duty, but a spontaneous effusion of the heart, it will not fail to produce an effect upon the affections. As the sphere of observation is enlarged, and the sources of pleasure multiply upon the mind, every object of nature that inspires admiration, every social endearment which produces delight, may be made instruments to conduct the infant heart to God."

Miss H. goes rather too far *for me*, when she adds, "I at this moment look back with infinite pleasure to the delightful period, when with the simplicity of infant innocence I poured out my little soul in grateful thanks to the Almighty for the happiness enjoyed at a dancing school ball!" I go to the full extent with her in the conviction that religious instruction should be conveyed to the youthful mind with agreeable associations. Therefore I would endeavor to place my child in no circumstances, and encourage him to no employment, on which he might not implore the blessing of his heavenly Father. I would have him feel that his great Preserver and Benefactor is continually about his steps to guide, protect, and bless. In efforts for intellectual improvement, he may be assured of the divine approbation, and at every step of progress may make his infant offering of devout gratitude. In the cheerful recreations necessary to physical growth and vigor, he may gratefully recognize the protecting hand which keeps his "feet from falling." In every social enjoyment which harmonizes with the great end of life, he may bless the Giver of every good and perfect gift. I would not judge parents who send their children to "dancing school balls," on the plea that it is essential to a finished education, and that they will thus be prepared to exert more influence in society, should they become Christians. But I must be more convinced than I now am, of the *divine approbation*, as extended to these *auxiliaries of a Christian education*, before I can be quite pleased with the idea of a child's heart dilating with gratitude for the enjoyment thence derived. I should fear the dear child was receiving wrong associations on another ground than that which Miss H. deprecates.

I confess it is much easier, and perhaps more gratifying to our vanity, as well as to our indolence, to make children get long prayers and catechisms by heart than by gentle and imperceptible degrees to impress them with feel-

ings of gratitude and affection for their heavenly Father. But whoever would succeed in the great work of education, must begin by conquering vanity and indolence in themselves; for these are the great, the perpetually occurring obstacles to success."

I would add to this important remark, that the mother, who would succeed in impressing her children with feelings of gratitude and affection for their heavenly Father, must be full of these feelings herself. They must flow out spontaneously and be imparted by gentle degrees, as the milk which nourishes their bodies, or as the small dew which distils on the tender herb. The *fear* of God also must be imparted in the same way, by its holy influence on the mind of the parent. The means used will be as a seal, which takes its impression, not from books, and from rules in the memory, but from the parent's own heart, and *exactly as it is there*, enstamps it on the mind of the child. I am surprised that Miss H. while she says much of love and gratitude to the Divine Being, almost passes over the *fear* of God, which the Bible tells us is the *beginning of wisdom*. Instruction in it must therefore be suitable for a child, if he is to be led in "wisdom's ways." She does indeed remark, when speaking of the danger of affixing gloomy associations with early impressions of the Deity, "That hatred of sin, which springs from the perfection of the moral attributes of the Deity, is prematurely presented to the minds of children at a period when they are yet incapable of perceiving abstract truth." But I would ask, does a child love its parent the less for the displeasure he manifests towards disobedience, or for any just punishment he inflicts? No. I have seen a child of eighteen months cling to its father with even fonder affection than before, after he had severely chastised it for obstinate wilfulness.

Miss H. thinks the practice of committing scripture by rote is of no advantage to a religious education. I do not agree with her in this. I think religious sentiment in any form, but especially scripture fixed in the memory at the period of its early susceptibility, is of incalculable worth. It is like a beacon at sea; it *may be* washed away; but, a peradventure not to be despised, it *may* remain, and save a soul in the hour of utmost peril. But, while this mode of inculcating scripture is not, I think, to be laid aside, that which Miss H. advocates is far better. "The first step towards inspiring your children with a veneration for the sacred writings, and with a desire of knowing something of their contents, must be the observations they will naturally and voluntarily make upon your frequent perusal of them. While they see other books read and dismissed, and that the Bible alone remains the constant companion of your serious hours, the subject of your daily and delightful meditation, they will associate the idea of superior excellence with the Bible, before they are able to read. But on the contrary, if they see it only brought out upon a tedious and gloomy Sunday, and then read as a duty and a task, the prepossession that will take place in disfavor of its contents will probably never be eradicated."

She further recommends, "As soon as a child can read so well as to be able to understand something of what it reads, its imagination and curiosity ought to be excited by the mention of some of the passages in the Old Testa-

ment which are most likely to amuse and gratify the fancy; these, afterwards, as a favor, it ought to be permitted to read. By a repetition of this as often as occasion offers, a pretty accurate knowledge of the Old Testament will be acquired." Again: "As the understanding opens to the perception of moral truth, the sublimer doctrines of the New Testament should in the same manner be impressed upon the heart, at such times and seasons as the impression is likely to be most favorably received." For instance, if a child has exhibited angry or revengeful feelings, let him read the example of David, when he found his enemy Saul asleep in the cave; then refer him to some passage in the New Testament which illustrates "the superior benignity and divine forgiveness of the blessed Jesus." Thus take advantage of passing incidents to impress religious truth, by directing the child to read, or reading to him appropriate examples or intructions in scripture.

This chapter is closed with the following excellent remarks. "Would we have religion become this animating principle, this stamina of the mind, we should administer our instruction upon religious snbjects as daily bread, in such portions as the appetite calls for, and nature can digest; and not as a nauseous medicine, which they must be forced to take for the good of their souls. Thus shall we best fulfil the command of him who emphatically said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and *forbid them not.*"

For the Mother's Magazine.

TIGHT LACING.

It is not the lightest part of a mother's duty to superintend the physical welfare of her offspring. This complicated and wonderful clay temple, rendered so precious as the shrine of an undying spirit, is worthy of strict guardianship. The mother, appointed to watch its construction, to aid the harmony of its architecture, to rejoice in its symmetry, who perceives daily how much the mind is affected by the circumstances of its lodgement, should cherish and prize the *mortal for the sake of the immortal.*

Does she attach value to the gems of intellect? Let her see that the casket which contains them be not carelessly disarranged or broken? Does she pray for the welfare of the soul? Let her seek the good of its companion, who walks with it to the very gate of the grave, and returns to its embrace on the morning of the resurrection.

But a single modification of this extensive subject is at present contemplated. Yet, as it affects the health and life of our daughters, it ought not to be regarded with indifference by their maternal guardians. The injuries arising from the compression of the vital parts are too numerous to be here recounted. Multiplied forms of obstructed circulation, nervous disease, and organic affection, are in their train. A physician, eminently skillful in the melancholy science of insanity, asserts that tight lacing is a prolific source of mental derangement. Another medical gentleman, who has been led by philanthropy to investigate this point, assures the public that *thousands die annually* from the severe discipline of busk and corset. The frightful internal

ravages thus produced, have been too often illustrated by dissection, to admit of a doubt.

Habits of tight lacing are the more dangerous, because no one will acknowledge them. Those evils that shun the light, and shelter themselves in subterfuges, are ever the most difficult to remedy. A great part of that energy which might tend to their reform is wasted in hunting them from their hiding places. Has any young lady been known to acknowledge that she was destroying herself, that she was even uncomfortable from tight lacing? Yet the suppressed sigh, the labored respiration, the suffused countenance, the constrained movement, confess what the lips deny. Pulmonary and spinal diseases, lunacy and the grave, reveal the rest.

But is it possible, that in these days of improved and diffused education, any young female can stake the well being of her mind, and the duration of her existence, upon a circumstance of dress? Can she impede the functions of these mysterious agents, which the Almighty has put in motion, and make her shortened life a living death? Can she throw a blinding illusion over those who would save her, and like the Spartan culprit conceal the destroyer that feeds upon her heart's blood? *We know that is so!* And who that has tasted the omnipotence of fashion will doubt it? This is not the only sacrifice of health which she imposes. But it is a prominent one, and let mothers look to it. Let them not be satisfied with *testimony*, when *demonstration* is in their power. Let them possess themselves of the rudiments of anatomy. Let them at least be fully aware of the danger of stricture in the region of the lungs and heart, especially during their period of development.

Yet let them not linger till morbid habits have acquired strength. Their ministry is among the elements of character. Let them teach even over the cradle, that "this body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." Let them *early* root from the minds of their daughters, that frivolous and mad principle, that the healthful action of their minds, and the perfect use of the organs through which it speaks, are secondary to the vanities of dress. If they have received from the great Creator, the gifts of a "sound mind and a sound body," instruct them that they are to account for both. If they deliberately permit sin to enslave the one, or fashion to maim the other, how shall they answer it to their Judge?

And how shall the mother answer it, who, when the soul was put into her hand as a waxen tablet, suffered folly to deepen its impressions there, and vanity to trace its thousand likenesses, and fashion to puff out her feverish breath on the lines that virtue had written, until what might have been polished for Heaven, was sullied and melted away?

Hartford, Conn., May 11, 1833. L. H. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MOTHERS, LOOK TO YOUR EXAMPLE.

Mrs. W.—One day, as I sat sewing in my room, my little daughter came in, bringing her doll, a rag baby which she had just completed, and a few toys and

broken chinas, and requested permission to make her a "baby house," as she styled it, in two of the chairs. When her things were arranged, she commenced house keeping. Her doll was her daughter. At that time I had a little servant girl, and the baby which she had made was hers. All her arrangements were made as I had been accustomed to make them. The servant girl had her business for the day planned out for her; her little daughter had her lessons and some sewing assigned her.

When I saw what she was doing, I turned my back upon her that she might suppose I paid no attention to what she said. The time for reciting the lessons, and for examination of the work soon came; then followed a scene exactly similar to one which passed between us sometime previous to this; and what was my surprise, to hear my own words as accurately repeated, as if they had been written down at the time, and read; and not only my words, but the tone and manner in which they were spoken, were imitated. She said to her doll, "my child, your lesson is very poorly said, your work is badly done; you have been idle, and you have been obstinate. I have been telling you for several days, if you did not do better I should be obliged to correct you; now I must. Mama would rather be corrected herself if it would do you good; but it is my duty, and I must do it." She then corrected her doll.

I was too much agitated to listen any longer, and silently exclaimed, "is it possible that all my words are set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote?" This little affair, trivial as it seemed, made a more indelible impression on my mind, than reading a volume on a mother's influence and responsibility.

I now saw my influence. I had confirmations, strong as proofs of holy writ. I now solemnly inquired of myself, what kind of an influence have I been exerting? Have I been exerting an influence calculated to promote the happiness of my children, and of those with whom they now associate, and with whom they may be hereafter connected? From what I had heard from my child, I was convinced that my influence was not ephemeral; but would in all probability affect future generations, not only in this world but in another.

Solemn and momentous thought, that the eternal destiny of my children depends in any degree upon my influence and example! I may give them line upon line and precept upon precept, but all would lose its effect unless there be a corresponding example on my part. There may be so great a contrast between my instructions and practice, as to give their young hearts a disgust and hatred against those truths which I might wish to inculcate. But if my life be holy and consistent, and my daily walk and conversation accord with the truths which I profess to believe and teach, then I can consistently hope that they will be led to embrace them. Then I can go to God with confidence and faith in the name of Jesus, and entreat him to bless my efforts, and answer my prayers for their conversion. Then too, I may hope that my children may do as I have done; and that holiness and the love of God will be perpetuated from one generation to another. While a contrary course, I may expect, will lead my children to eternal misery, together with those who may succeed them.

I have been led too to inquire what kind of government I have been exer-

cising over my household; whether it is not capricious, and whether I am not sometimes more actuated by the impulse of the moment than guided by reason or a conviction of duty. I was sensible that it ought to be mild and affectionate, calculated to secure the love and confidence of my children, and, at the same time, firm and inflexible. I am sensible too, that it ought to be founded upon the Bible; that if I were ever under the necessity of chastising them, I ought to show them from the book of Proverbs, that it is a command of God; and to tell them of God's indignation against, and overthrowing the house of Eli, because "his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

In view of these momentous truths, I was led most fervently to implore the guidance of the Holy Spirit to direct me in the all important duties of a mother. I send you this little narrative, hoping that it may meet the eyes of some mother, who is as unconscious of the force of her influence, as I was previous to the circumstances to which I have alluded

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For the Mother's Magazine.

THE PENITENT CLARA.

The following recent fact may, perhaps, aid some mother in subduing an irritable, obstinate child; for such tempers are in every family, and many mothers have frequently to encounter trials of a similar kind.

Clara ——— is over thirteen years of age, and possesses a disposition in which *self will* and *irritability* are strongly prominent; she has, however, many amiable qualities, as redeeming traits of character, which, if rightly directed, will make her a very useful woman. One day this self will had been indulged in a most unbecoming manner, and the whole mind of the little girl was inflamed with its poison. She rebelled against her mother, resisted her father, set at naught the authority of her elder sister, and treated her younger sisters with marked unkindness. "My child," said her anxious mother, "this course of conduct *must not go on;* for a whole day you have indulged in it; you have retired to rest without repentance, and consequently without forgiveness, and you have arisen this morning with the same wicked feelings. Clara, I am *very seriously displeased* with your faults, and *deeply grieved* by your conduct. I have kindly admonished you, and expected some acknowledgement; disappointed all day yesterday in this expectation, you must *now* come to your duty *immediately;* any further delay would be in me a tacit acquittal, which you well know is contrary to my principles. Now, my child, I cannot suffer you to come to the table and eat and drink with your mother while you show these ugly tempers. Whenever you give evidence of genuine sorrow, my forgiveness will not be withheld."

Clara gave an angry glance at her mother and left the room; but in a short time returned, and with a most humble manner and broken voice, while sobs and tears almost choaked her utterance, confessed her faults and humbly entreated to be forgiven. "Are you really sorry, my child?" inquired her

now weeping mother, "or is it merely lip confession? Do you feel sensible that in resisting my authority, you have resisted your heavenly Father's?" "Oh yes, yes, mother!" (replied the little girl,) throwing herself into her mother's arms, "pray forgive me, and ask the Lord to forgive me, for I have sinned against him, as well as against you."

The mother threw her arms around her penitent child, and bending down with her at the footstool of mercy, sought forgiveness through that purifying blood which cleanseth from all sin.

Whenever the *Bible* becomes the *mother's manual*, the work of early subduing our children will appear our most prominent duty. Bible views of *sin*, Bible views of *duty*, Bible views of *self knowledge*, one of the most *important*, yet *neglected* lessons we have to learn, can alone guide us aright in every thing. When we cultivate the young conscience by the Bible, it can be moulded and fashioned, and stamped with much moral excellence; and the seal of divine grace is generally set on such, with an early stamp, which the world can never efface. Let *Bible principles* be instilled in the nursery, let *Bible motives* be applied to the school girl; let *Bible examples* be held up to the young lady, and *Bible life* and *Bible immortality* will be the result of *Bible training*. Mothers, study your Bibles daily; apply them on every occasion; use them for "reproof, rebukes, correction, instruction," and in short, for *every thing*; for when we have a "thus saith *the Lord*," it is worth ten thousand arguments; and the mouth of the Lord hath said "my word shall not return unto me void, it *shall accomplish* that whereunto I have sent it." Heart cheering promise! Oh! mothers, take hold of it.

MONICA.

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In this land of Sabbaths, and Bibles, of literary institutions, and Sunday schools, and Bible classes, do Christian mothers realize the darkness which broods over the pathway of their sisters in heathen lands? to say nothing of the grosser darkness which still rests upon the habitations and hearts of pagan mothers.

If members of maternal associations, favored as they are with privileges heaven-born and inestimable, sigh over their own ignorance and indolence, and the consequent waywardness of their children, can they, after reading the following letter recently received from the Sandwich Islands, can they turn away with indifference from the appeal that is made to their Christian sympathies? Will not their prayers be more frequent and importunate in behalf of maternal associations in foreign lands? Another letter from the same mission, and relating to the same subject, has recently been received by a lady in New York. We regret that we are not able to make extracts from it. Its contents are highly interesting, and some facts stated are truly appalling to the parental bosom. They go to substantiate the belief which has long been vacillating in the public mind, that the children of missionaries ought to be educated in Christian lands. Cannot maternal associations,

which are now every where rising up in all the freshness and healthful vigor of youthful enthusiasm, extend their aid across the intervening oceans, and grasp, with Christian sympathy and affection, these precious victims to heathen example. If mothers, surrounded as they are with all the endearments of home, often find it a trial to be separated, even for a few months, from a little son or daughter, about to join a neighboring academy, how must the missionary mother feel, when, to avoid the greater evil of paganism, she imploringly turns, not only for the education, but the salvation of her offspring to the land of her fathers?

In view of this alternative, the missionary mother must look away from a probable separation from her child for life, from the perils of the deep, from a conviction that it must be placed under the care of strangers; she must learn to forget the sweet kiss and the innocent prattle of her tender babe. And when the parting hour arrives, this affectionate mother, probably for the last time, lays her hand upon the head of her little one; her heart, too full for utterance, breathes forth the melting petition, "God be gracious to thee, my child;" who of us can imagine the conflict that agitates her bosom, as the mission ship, freighted with this "pearl of great price," is wafted upon the bosom of the mighty ocean?

HONOLULU, Nov. 3, 1832.

My dear Mrs. C——: It is five years to-day, since we left beloved America and embarked on the stormy ocean, with our faces toward the Isles of the Sea. I have not forgotten the emotions that agitated my bosom as I placed my foot on the deck of the Parthian, (whose sails were already filled to the breeze,) and turned away my eyes forever from the land of my fathers, (and the world would say) "*all* that renders life delightful." O the struggle—the anguish of the moment when the spell was broken—and oh the *grace*—the precious "oil and wine," that sustained me in that trying hour. I would not forget the hand that wiped away my tears and cheered my sinking spirits with the gracious promise, "lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

In reviewing the past, and inquiring what *prompted* me to such a step, I find great comfort. I was not banished hence for crime, neither was I urged by the love of gold, or thirst for fame, or a desire to see new and foreign countries. No; the bright, the glorious "star of Bethlehem led the way;" its hallowed twinkling guided our pathway over the ocean, and I feel a consciousness that its mild influence still attends us and rests on our dwelling.

In all the vicissitudes of the five past years, I have not for a moment desired to retrace my steps; to be *obliged* to do so would be my greatest earthly affliction. I only mourn my exceeding unfitness for the work, and unfaithfulness in the cause of my blessed Master. I am sometimes greatly pained at the thought that I am occupying the ground almost as a cumberer, for which so many are panting, with the love of God and the heathen, "like a fire shut up in their bones."

Still I am not without evidence that my efforts, poor and feeble as they are, are not altogether in vain. I do not *know* that I have been the means of saving one soul. I do not feel greatly desirous of such evidence in this world,

perhaps I could not bear it; but I do hope to be the instrument of much good to many; I hope that in eternity I shall stand before the throne with a great company of Sandwich Island mothers and children, who have attained that blessedness through my instrumentality. This object I would hold up before me, and aim at its accomplishment in the discharge of all my duties, day by day, even indirect ones, such as attention to my domestic affairs, instructing the natives who assist me in my labors, and in training up my little ones in the way they should go.

Nov. 10.—I have just read your interesting letter of Oct. last, and there are so many points upon which I desire to touch, each of which would require a sheet, that I know not where to begin. There is *one* however that is nearer my heart than any other, I mean our maternal associations.

There are *now* in the mission, twenty mothers, and forty-four children; the eldest is about eight. Our children are generally *healthy*; for this we would lift up our hearts in devout thankfulness, that we have been spared the bitter pangs that have wrung the bosoms of our eastern brethren, as they weep over the graves of so many of their little ones. The care of our children, both of bodies and minds, while they remain at the Islands, necessarily devolves entirely on the mother, without the aid of day schools, and still more precious Sunday schools, or even the services of God's house in a language they can understand, except occasionally. They are hourly exposed to the corruptions of heathenism. The claims of native mothers and native children draw heavily upon our time, and among the numerous miscellaneous duties the path of duty is often obscure. Our poor hearts are sometimes sad, and our pillows and the cheeks of our little ones are often witnesses to the tears we shed over the neglects of the past day, and the resolution, that with the light of another sun, we will be more faithful in the discharge of our maternal duty.

Thus, for the *present*, we push away the intruding thought that soon they may be banished our sight forever, brave the dangers of a restless ocean, under no one knows whose influence. We dare not, we would not look into the future, and ask who will be raised up in this land of strangers, in case of our decease, to shelter and cherish them, to watch their wayward steps, to reform their faults, forgive their childish follies, and train them up for usefulness here, and glory hereafter? No; our *one* prayer is, "when their father and mother forsake them, *then* will the Lord take them up." My heart is too full to say much upon this subject, and Christian mothers in favored America will pray that *our* faith may be increased, that we may not be left in darkness as to duty, and may be enabled to cast all our burdens on the Lord; he will sustain us.

It is but natural that a subject lying so near our hearts, should create desires to carry out something into action for the benefit of others. In the fall of 1831, as the ladies of the station were visiting the members of the [illegible] at their own houses, we took along our pencils and noted those who [illegible] the charge of children, either their own or adopted ones.

The first day of the year 1832, they were invited together at [illegible] mission

house and requested to bring their baptized children. The room was more than filled, and it was to me the most interesting scene I have witnessed at the Islands. Mothers were present to inquire how to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, whose hands were stained with the blood of their own offspring. We tried to lay before them the object of the convocation, and press home to each heart its solemn responsibilities. At the close of the meeting we distributed among the children who could read a "new year's present," a small volume of hymns from the Hawaiian press. Our beloved Kuahumanu, though not a mother, was present, and deeply interested, and many expressed their gratification, and the good they hoped to receive from such an association.

For some succeeding meetings I was absent at Hawaii. At the first meeting after our return a constitution was adopted, a translation of the copy you sent us, with such alterations as were thought necessary to meet the exigency of mothers in this community.

The field before us is so extensive, and there is such a variety of objects inviting us to effort, that you will not think it strange that we have not as yet been able to get the thing moving in all its points, with the energy and regularity we could desire. I am happy to say, however, that we are daily witnesses of the increasing interest native mothers feel in their children. They no longer thrust the little helpless beings from their bosoms, and bury them in the earth as they used to do, but begin to look upon them in some degree as they really are, a "rich heritage," and treat them with something like maternal tenderness. But much remains to be accomplished both by example and precept, before parents will comprehend the length and breadth of their duty, and before their children are brought under proper restraints. It is true of the heathen that they are "without natural affection."

I am at the bottom of my last page, without doing any thing like justice to my own feelings upon this important subject. I think if I could step into the midst of your interesting circle myself, instead of sending this, I could tell a story that would go home to every mother's heart, and so arouse their sympathies, that they would "pray without ceasing," for Sandwich Island mothers and children, and the little band of wanderers, with their helpless ones clustering about them, would not be forgotten, and your prayers would go up as incense before the throne, and prevail with God. Such I trust is now the case, in some good measure. A letter from your association would greatly encourage us, and any hints or advice will be cordially received. Do remember us, young and inexperienced mothers, in this strange land, without the *helps*, and shut out from the privileges so richly enjoyed in our native land. We do feel that we came here in obedience to the divine command, and we do trust in God that his promises *to us* and to our children will not fail us. O for more constant, abiding faith.

Please present my most affectionate salutations to all the members of your maternal association. The kindness of your hearts may lead you to inquire how you can assist us; if so, I would say, send us *school books* adapted to the use of our children; the best books for them are best for translating for

native children. We have a fine little library of reading books, but there is a great dearth of *school books*, such as Geography, History, Botany, Astronomy, &c. A yearly box of plain, strong, well-made garments for children, including shoes, would be very acceptable. Any thing of the kind directed to me would be distributed with sincerest pleasure.

Dr. Judd joins me in kind regards to yourself, husband and children.

Yours, with much affection,

J. F. JUDD.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY R. BARKER.

The spring of feeling gushing there,
In mystic light from virtue's rays:
Is like the pure undying air,
That o'er the face of nature plays;
No selfish view, or sordid tie,
Around the MOTHER'S heart will cling,
Nor in that hidden bed will lie,
No sealed or sensual thing.

It is a pure, unquenched flame,
A fountain of perpetual flow;
Though withered it will bloom again,
With constant and undying glow;
Utica, May 4, 1833.

In spite of ev'ry with'ring storm,
The feelings of that faithful breast,
Will guard the lone and trembling form
The friendless and oppress'd.

A MOTHER'S heart will still remain,
And every pang on earth endure;
Cast her affection in the flame,
And it will pass unchanged and pure,
As gentle as the voice of spring;
It bears not passion's deadly weight,
But to the heart of youth will cling,
Till all is desolate.

ALTERED FOR THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

Bright as the firmament above
The truly wise shall shine
Reflecting beams of truth and love,
From God, the source divine.

As stars that deck the evening sky,
Shall righteous mothers be;
To unseen worlds their beams shall fly,
Through all eternity.

Oh! may I like a polar star,
Held in my Savior's hand,
Conduct my children, now afar,
Safe to Immanuel's land.

Each star apart gives feeble light,
But when they all combine,
How grand, harmonious, and how bright
The constellations shine.

Thus would we join our several rays,
In one united flame,
To spread our great Redeemer's praise,
And glorify his name.

MONICA.

Mrs. W.—Being a domestic woman, of but little influence, and not very well read, I have never before offered a line of my own composition for publication. Having recently become a member of a maternal association, and acquainted with your Magazine, with which I am well pleased, I desire to contribute my mite to its pages. I send you the following lines, which, if you consider worthy of a place in your Magazine, you are at liberty to insert.
May 12, 1833.

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

Ye mothers young, your time improve,
And cultivate the plants you love:
To you the infant mind is given,
To mould and nurture fit for Heaven,
Your own advantages are great,
To what your mothers can relate:
We had to study as we could,
Without a Magazine so good:
I hazard nothing when I say
If by gone years, now rolled away,
Could be restor'd to us, we'd prove
To smiling infants, what was love;
Maternal Associations, too,
Just form'd to teach you what to do.
Give in your names, we'll meet you there
In yonder house, the house of prayer;
There our experience qualified,
May make a sample for your guid-
And thus our children's children
Be train'd to walk in Wisdom's

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THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A TEMPTATION.

I had the pleasure, a short time since, of passing a few days with a friend of my earlier years, whom, for a long time, I had not seen. In the interval, he had become settled, and had now a family of six fine children growing up around him. The eldest was a daughter, who might be fourteen or fifteen years of age; the youngest a son about four.

My friend and his wife were both professors of religion, and appeared desirous, so far as I could judge, of exemplifying in their lives the spirit of the gospel, and especially of bringing up their children "in the fear, nurture, and admonition of the Lord."

The day following my arrival was the Sabbath. Its morning was appropriately spent in reading the scriptures, in family prayer, and religious conversation. Not long after breakfast, the youngest child, the little boy above mentioned, was suddenly found to be missing. Inquiry was made for him, but as it proved unsuccessful, a degree of solicitude at length began to be felt, and the search became more vigorous. He had on several occasions strolled away to a neighbor's, where a child of his own age lived, and more frequently had gone unattended, to pay his aged grandmother a visit, who lived at no great distance down the hill. To one of these places, it soon occurred that he might have wandered, though it was unusual for him thus to play truant on the Sabbath. The father, taking his hat, said he would step abroad and fetch him home.

Before the father's return, however, the little absentee was found. He had purloined an orange belonging to his eldest sister; and, conscious of the trespass he was committing, had secreted himself quite securely in an adjoining room behind a bed. He had heard the call of his mother, and the inquiries of the other members of the family; but, either from a sense of guilt, or too much engrossed with the pleasure of his luscious feast, he had paid no attention to the oft repeated summons. At length, a little sister, a couple of years older than himself, raising the vase, made the important discovery. It was

immediately announced by her shrill tones, and delighted exclamation; and almost in the next moment the whole group of children were peeping under the vase, which the discoverer still held raised. There, cross-legged, sat the thief at his meal. For a moment he paused, as was natural, and joined in the good natured titter of the well pleased throng. But it was only for a moment that he consented to any interruption; but now ate the faster, evidently wishing to prolong the pleasurable feast he was enjoying, and yet conscious that its approaching termination was at hand.

"Ah! you rogue, you rogue," exclaimed one of the sisters.

"Whose orange have you got?" inquired a second.

"He looks cunning enough," said the little sister, who had discovered him, "why, John!"

At this moment, the mother, who had been in search of her boy in a different direction, entered the room. Being myself quite at home in my friend's house, and attracted by the interesting scene going on, I ventured to look in upon the actors myself.

"See here, mother, see here!" exclaimed the above little girl, "we've found him; here he is, under the bed," again drawing aside the vase.

The mother stooped, as was necessary, to see him; and, hastily stepping forward, I imitated her example. I shall not soon forget the sight. He was a fat little figure, with a fine plump face, and had quirled himself up in the corner, and with his orange in his grasp, looked much, I could fancy, like a young squirrel in the woods. He had nearly eaten up the "golden apple;" but the liquid juice of the remnant, under the pressure of his hands and his lips, was running in currents on each side of his mouth.

"Don't he look cunning, mother?" said the delighted little sister, "I'm sure he does."

It was impossible to repress a smile, as he crept forth from his hiding place, at the bidding of his mother; who now taking his hand led him into the sitting-room.

Thinks I to myself, here is a difficult case to manage. Some of "sterner stuff" may think otherwise; but in my own mind it required no little decision and parental faithfulness to treat it as it deserved. There was a cunning about the whole transaction, especially in his looks and actions when discovered, which was calculated to disarm a fond parent. Many a parent, I doubt not would have accorded with the expression of John's little sister, and felt that it was "too cunning a trick" to admit of being censured. A gentle reproof: "You are a naughty child," or "You must not do so again," would perhaps by most parents have been deemed sufficient. And this reproof would have been accompanied by a half suppressed smile—a kind of mingled expression of admiration and reproach; but the admiration so predominating as to have entirely neutralized the censure, and virtually to have operated as a stimulus to future transgression.

But it was not so managed in the present instance. On reaching the sitting-room, she bid the children be seated, and began to inquire:

"John, my son, was that your orange, which you was eating?"

"No, ma'am," said John.

"Whose was it?"

"Caroline's."

"And did Caroline give it to you?"

He hesitated, and the question was repeated:

"Did Caroline give you the orange, my son?"

"No, ma'am."

"And how came you to take it?"

"I wanted it, ma'am."

"But you had no right to it. It was not yours. Had Caroline taken your orange would you have thought it right? You are quite a small boy, but you have done wrong; and now tell me, my son, do you not feel that you have done wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am," said he, now hanging his head and beginning to twist his little fingers in his mouth.

"Yes, my child you did very wrong. The Bible says, "Thou shalt not steal," and it bids us "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy;" but you have not done so; you have offended God, and you have displeased me, and you have set a bad example. And besides, you knew that you were doing wrong; you felt guilty, and because you felt guilty you hid yourself behind the bed, and when I called you, you did not come; and here again you broke another command, which says, "Children, obey your parents." Your little sister thought you looked cunning; but I hope that little sister will never think so again. You tried by your looks and actions to smooth over the bad deed. Ah! you have done very wrong. Your father will be home soon, and I must tell him. I am sure he will be displeased; but what he will think best to be done, I cannot say."

I had remained in the room thus long, and had attended with great satisfaction to the appropriate manner in which this faithful mother had treated a delicate case. But thinking it no longer courteous to stay, especially as the father was now hand, and might wish to be alone with his family, I retired to my chamber. As to the subsequent discipline I was not informed; but from the specimen of maternal faithfulness which I had witnessed, and the reference of the matter to the father, I could not doubt but that the occasion was seized to administer appropriate discipline and advice.

On reaching my chamber, I could not but reflect upon the numerous similar occurrences in almost every family, and upon the importance of parental faithfulness in relation to them. They indeed often appear quite trivial; and connected, as they not unfrequently are, with a kind of cunning, bespeaking more than uncommon capacity in the child, are wont to be passed by, not only without censure, but even with applause. Yet, when more minutely examined, instead of appearing to be trifles, they will wear the aspect of serious evils. We are apt to be amused with show. We forget that the noxious weed may send forth a beautiful flower; that behind the most attracting exterior may lurk the darkest designs. So behind the curtain of these pretty infantile tricks, these amusing transgressions, may lie the germ of all future disobedience.

They may be the prelude to a wide departure from the path of truth and duty, the first overflowings of a fountain which will ultimately send forth bitterness and death. Let it not be thought, then, that these early transgressions are small matters. They are an indication of a "man of sin" within. True, that man be yet ungrown; but give him exercise, administer aliment, and he will attain, in process of time, to the strength and daring of Goliah of Gath. The small theft of an orange, unrebuked in a child, may lead that child in maturer years to crimes to be expiated only in the solitude of a prison, or by the infamy and agony of the gallows. It was an humbler fruit,

——————"whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Parents cannot, therefore, be too sagacious in marking the early actions of their children, which involve violations of the principles of truth and honesty and uprightness; nor too faithful in counteracting the strong tendency to such violations, which they will ever perceive in their children. No more sacred duty exists; no greater parental obligation can be imposed. The faithful discharge of this duty may be connected with the eternal weal of our children. Kindly and conscientiously performed, the attended blessing of God may be anticipated with nearly the same certainty, that, if wheat be sowed, wheat will be harvested; but if neglected, tares only will grow, vicious fruit only succeed, unless a providence more kind than parental apathy, shall itself sow a better seed, and cultivate a neglected soil. He that sows to the flesh—to the carnal mind of his child, shall as surely reap corruption in respect to that child, as he will in respect to himself. If we would reap everlasting life for ourselves and our children, we must sow unto the *Spirit*. K————n.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A FAMILY SKETCH.

PARENTS MOULD THE CHARACTER OF THEIR CHILDREN.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell were persons of that description of character which the present state of the religious world frequently exhibits. They were among those who are *in the world*, but not *of* the world. Having enjoyed the advantages of early religious instruction, divested of the austerities of a former period, they had been taught to consider religion as an every day concern, and not the business of Sunday alone; in a word, they were practical Christians. It was their aim to be the friends and companions of their children; and in so doing they enjoyed facilities for communicating instruction to their offspring, which sterner habits altogether preclude. It was my privilege to be the familiar friend and frequent visitant in this family. My presence put no restraint on their ordinary intercourse. When seated round their cheerful hearth, surrounded by their little family group, the twilight hour was often passed by Mr. H. in narrating to his family the circumstances of his own childhood, in dwelling on the virtues of his revered parents, and in retracing the methods they used in rearing their family. Then he followed up the history of his brothers and sisters, to show how far the family discipline and religious instruc-

tion had moulded their characters, and given a color to their future destinies. And in this review some sad reminiscences were intermixed. The same instruction was afforded, the same parental care and assiduity bestowed; yet these fell on different hearts and tempers, and were followed by equally different results. Shall I digress here, and observe, that with the best instructions, and most devoted care, the efforts of parents sometimes fail from want of discerning between different tempers and characters, and exercising appropriate discipline to each?

Mr. H. in retracing his family history, began with portraying the character of his elder brother, and detailed the circumstances of his life. When a child, he was affectionate and docile. When his mother endeavored to instil benevolent or religious sentiments, he appeared easily touched; but the natural volatility of his disposition soon dissipated the impression. His was a character which required a rigor of discipline blended with persevering method. As he advanced in years, impressions were deeper, but still were soon dissipated; he was easily led away by bad example. He had the prospect of inheriting some property, and this served more to relax his already inert and unstable character. From the influence of early instruction and example he was led to enter on a profession of religion. Not being the result of deep reflection, or application of mind to the subject, it consequently took less hold on his conscience, and in effect it was more a *habit* than principle. The necessary result was, that his religious character was unsteady and inconsistent; unprofitable to others, and it is to be feared, *worse than unprofitable to himself.*

The next in succession was a sister, who, from her early childhood, evinced great quickness and unusual ardor of feeling. The affectionateness of her disposition created a correspondent fondness and indulgence in the parents. She imperceptibly made encroachments upon their blinded affection. Her attainments were rapid, but they rendered her vain. Her acquisitions were showy, but never made her a practical or useful woman. She too, under the same influence, in time became a nominal Christian. But that influence ought to have laid a deeper foundation for her religion. She should have been taught that religion is not a mere matter of feeling, but that it requires the subjection and regulation of our natural affections, self-denial, humility, and perseverance in the path of duty, however repugnant to our inclinations, or unpopular in the world. Such instructions might have given to her native qualities a happy and profitable direction. As it was, her goodness was like the morning cloud and early dew.

A brother succeeded, very dissimilar to the two former. He gave early indications of a stronger intellect, and more decided character. While sharing with his brother and sister the affectionate cares of his parents, he promised to reward them by taking a stand above ordinary characters. He possessed vigor and activity both of mind and body. They might fondly hope he would be an honor to them through life, an ornament to society, and a pillar in the church. But with all these promises, he early discovered a trait which too often appears a constituent part of our fallen nature, which circumstances and education more or less develop or restrain, a selfish and sordid disposition. The prospect of inheriting a moderate property, instead of relaxing his exer-

tions, only increased his cupidity. Had his parents, in his early childhood, detected the tendency of his disposition to parsimony, it might, by judicious care, have been counteracted; but not having this discernment, their treatment rather tended to cherish it. The result was, that he became a sordid, worldly minded man. His love of money, and eager pursuit of gain, left him no time to think of the concerns of his soul. Religious instruction had been imparted, but the thorns sprung up with it, the riches and pleasures of this life choked the word, and it brought forth no fruit to perfection.

After having gone through this review, in language and with reflections accommodated to the understanding of his children, "I was," continued Mr. H. "by several years, younger than this brother. In my early childhood I was inclined to be sedate and thoughtful, and before it is ordinarily expected, began to reflect and reason. When my parents were descanting on subjects not generally interesting to children, I was an attentive listener. In hearing their opinions of characters, I early began to form my own. This turn of mind led my father, as I advanced in years, to treat me as one of maturer age. I not only received religious knowledge from him, but imbibed religious feelings, and soon learned that it was the *one thing needful*. My father treated me with the confidence of friendship. My brothers and sisters were established in life. In speaking of them, he unreservedly canvassed their characters, pointed out wherein he had erred in applying treatment which each required, and the irrevocable results of these errors. I have endeavored to profit by their experience, and avoid the rocks on which they have split, and trust I shall thus be enabled to warn and guide my own children."

The evening that I listened to this narrative will be long remembered. This little history struck me as an illustration of the parable of the sower, which so nicely and accurately depicts the different characters of gospel hearers. The seed sown by the wayside gives the experience of the elder brother; that on the rock, with but little depth of soil, the sister; that sown among thorns, the unhappy victim of avarice; and that on *good ground* represents my friend, the fruit of whose happy culture may be a blessing to many, even to successive generations. It may truly be said of the divine author of the parable, "He knew what was in man." He discerned the heart, and he has exhibited it in all its varieties and infirmities.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

LETTER II.

To Mrs. K.

Dear Mary—Your answer affected me much. I readily conceive that you have never, until now that you are yourself a mother, had a just value of the affection and worth of your own parent. Her untiring love, her wise restraints, her religious instructions, and her prayers, all rise to your recollection; and I am delighted with the acknowledgment, that the effect of these was never wholly lost on your mind in the subsequent days of youthful

levity and indulgence. May the example of this dear mother incite you to duty, and may her prayers be answered in you and your children. But I promised you my story, and here it is.

Upon the death of my benefactress, I was thrown upon the world. Though you were then, dear Mary, but a child, you doubtless remember the bitterness of our separation. You clung to my neck in all the agony of grief; my own heart could scarcely have been more sorrowful. Having a good education, I was recommended to Mrs. F. as a proper person to assist in the care and instruction of her children, and I soon found myself, as I hoped, agreeably established in a pious and wealthy family. The father was mild and affectionate in his disposition, loved his children, of whom he had a fine little flock, but did not attempt to manage them. He professed to have no time, being much immersed in business as well as study. Besides, he had, as he acknowledged, an excellent manager in his wife.

Mrs. F. was in the common acceptation of the term, a good domestic manager, she was considered an affectionate mother, as she was often heard to say that she intended to spare no pains or expense in the education of her children; and judging from her profession, her piety was of no ordinary character. This situation suited me, and I entered upon the task thus assigned me, joyfully.

The morning after my arrival, Mrs. F. introduced me to my young charge. The little ones looked smilingly upon me, and the mother said, "I think, Miss P. my children will not give you much trouble. I spare no pains in teaching them their duty. Charlotte and Lucy are very fond of their books, and all their teachers say they make fine improvement. Harriet is almost a woman, and gives me great assistance in the family. William and Julia are my two pets, and are the most affectionate little things you ever saw." The little ones, of two and four years old, hid their faces in their mother's lap, and looked shy at me. "I am going out," said she, "and you must be good children, and stay with Miss P. till I return." "No, no, mother," said Julia, "I don't want to stay; I don't like Miss P. Take me with you."

"I can't, my dear," said the mother, "it is quite muddy, and you would get your feet wet." At this the boy set up a loud scream, in which Julia joined. The mother looked disturbed, and by way of apology told me that her children always behaved ill in the presence of strangers. She then promised them sugar-plums and toys at her return, if they would be good. This prevailed with William, but Julia insisted on going herself to the shop; and Mrs. F. to restore quiet, laid aside her shawl and bonnet, pretending to give over the visit. When the little ones were still, and began to engage in play, she slily slipped out of the room, after having sent Harriet to carry her bonnet and shawl for her into the hall, thus giving to her children an example of deceit in her own conduct, and showing me a laxity of principle shocking to my feelings.

Upon a farther acquaintance with the family, I found that the older girls did not fail to imitate the example of their mother. Harriet would often, while engaged in the household employment, find means to secrete some nice eatable, with which to regale herself and sisters in private. I have known her look very demure at table, plead want of appetite, while she left her food almost

untasted; and after awakening the solicitude of her fond parents respecting her health, she would steal into the pantry, and there feast on cake, or something more to her taste than the healthy dinner set before her.

Do you not see, my dear M. the effect of pampering the appetites of little ones with dainties to purchase obedience? When this girl was too old to expect such things from her mother, she stole them! But this was not the worst of her conduct; for she would purchase the silence of the younger sisters by sharing with them; and I have known her to pass a whole afternoon, during the absence of her mother, in amusement, and then plead a bad headache as an excuse why her work was not finished. So deep was the deception in this young person's character, (she was then fifteen) that her parents thought her but little below perfection; she professed to be pious, and while she was pleasing her friends by her devotional duties, I often feared she greatly deceived herself. When away from her mother, she was passionate and overbearing to the younger children, and full of unbecoming levity with her own young companions.

ZELIA.

[To be continued.]

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON CULTIVATING IN YOUNG FEMALES A TASTE FOR READING.

It has been said by a writer on female education, that there is, among women in general, but little real taste for books.

Observation may perhaps convince most persons that the remark is founded on a knowledge of the habits of females; if so, it must suggest the inquiry, is there not, somewhere, a deficiency in the present mode of educating our daughters?

In the indelicate clamor that is sometimes raised about the equality of intellect in the sexes, no judicious woman will ever join; but, while contented that her daughters should follow her in the quiet duties of domestic life, in a sphere altogether *different* from that in which their father and their brothers move, she will, if an affectionate mother, be anxious to shed around their retirement every pleasure that is "pure, and lovely, and of good report."

One of the first which will present itself to her mind, is a love for books. If she has been a close observer, she will have learned that daughters of the same family will come into life with great diversity of taste and intellect; and if but one mode of education is pursued, only a part of the interesting group will ever know the benefits or pleasure which flow from a taste for useful reading. One of the number has an exuberance of imagination, quick perceptions, and a great flow of animal spirits; all her leisure will be joyfully devoted to books; but if left to her own choice, they will always be works of imagination, or at best something in the form of a story; and the mother will find that though a taste for reading is formed, it is one which will do little towards promoting the usefulness or the peace of her child; while her sedate and more thoughtful

sister, always respected for her judgment, and the even tenor of her feelings, will seldom read any thing.

In the two cases supposed above, and they are true to nature, though neither could be said to have a taste for solid reading, in both it could be cultivated; its want of existence does not arise from deficiency of mind, but from habits of intellectual indolence, which this age of lectures, stories, and abridgments, is doing much to foster.

We have at present but little close and independent thinking; few love the labor of analyzing a subject, and few are required to perform it.

A kind and faithful exposition of the dangers which result from novel reading, with a little pains to bring forward in conversation works of a more solid character, together with family reading parties, if the thing be not overdone, will in most instances correct the taste, while nothing will be less likely to be beneficial than a direct and unqualified prohibition of works of fiction.

The nineteenth century presents in the form of journals, poetry, biography, &c. a sufficient number of works of the lighter kind to awaken curiosity, and secure the attention of a mind of the character of the second above mentioned; and such a mind, to be well balanced, requires that the imagination be cultivated by such reading.

Much is gained by making books a subject of conversation in families. The minds of the young do not remain stationary; they are continually taking in something. If mothers would have that something of a healthful character, let them *observe* and *reflect*, and in most instances there will be little need of the pen of the moralist. C. L. A.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EARLY CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

Dear Mrs. W.

I desire to congratulate you upon the success that has crowned the enterprise in which you have engaged, and it is my prayer that the influence of the Mother's Magazine will be as extensive as its circulation. We are highly favored in living at a day when success crowns every effort to promote the kingdom of the Redeemer upon the earth, that is founded in faith and prayer. You will reply, it has always been thus; it then follows that there has been little faith, or little effort, or the face of the world would present a different aspect. It is doubtless unbelief, that heretofore, and in a great measure even at this age of Christian enterprise, paralyzes the efforts of Christians, and prevents the dawn, or rather the consummation of that period, when "all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest." Now if this portion of God's word be true, and if it be also true that with the Lord "now is the accepted time," what but a want of faith prevents the conversion of our *little children*—prevents the conversion of all this generation of children, that thus the way of the Lord may be prepared? Some little children have been converted; and during the past year, more extensively than in any preceding year, has this interesting prophecy been fulfilled, that "out of the mouths of *babes* and *sucklings*" Christ will ordain to himself praise. This fact is, to my mind,

conclusive evidence that it is *faith* that is wanting; it is also a pleasing evidence that it is increasing. I mean faith for the *conversion* of our *little children;* for *I am a mother*, and to mothers I would address myself. *A mother!* what a name,—author of immortal existence! true, this existence is from God; but this increases our obligation; for he claims it as his own; and as he commits it to us, he says, "Take this child and nurse it for *me*, and" in mercy "I will give thee thy wages." Our children are then to be educated for God, for happiness, for heaven. This every Christian parent admits, and with this *end* in view, we enter upon our work. But, lo! at the outset we meet with an obstacle; it is the *wicked heart* of the child; every step, as we advance, the current of evil passions and propensities, the native selfishness of the heart, threaten to thwart our every effort, and wreck our every hope.

It appears, then, evident that the *heart* must be *changed*, and that every system of education is *entirely* defective, that does not aim *directly* and *primarily* at the renovation of the heart; and, however perfect in other respects, it is literally beginning with the superstructure instead of the foundation. It is true, that by the restraints of education, claiming to be based upon religious principles, children may be preserved from gross sins; they may be virtuous, amiable, and lovely, in the estimation of the world; their minds may be cultivated and refined; they may be extensively useful; they may even have their understanding so much enlightened, and deportment so much influenced by the truth, as to lend their influence in its cause, and by many be accounted the disciples of Christ; at the same time possessing hearts at enmity with God, and entirely destitute of holiness, without which it is impossible to please God. Is there not much hypocrisy in such a character? And will any Christian mother be satisfied with such a result in her child's education? "O no!" every mother will respond, "we know our children must be converted, and we desire to have them early converted. But *we* cannot change their hearts, and we do not know at what age the Lord will have them converted." So says the convicted sinner, "I cannot change my heart; I must wait God's time." Vain excuse, framed by a wicked heart, aided by the "enemy of all righteousness"! Strange that any one should be so easily cheated out of their soul's salvation; but stranger still, that the Christian parent, who has tested the verity of God's promises, should yet be sceptical on a point so clearly revealed. What was the import of the reproof of our blessed Savior, when on earth, to his disciples, as he said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"? And how clearly and repeatedly it is revealed in the word of God, that the children of believers are included in the covenant, and that connected with the covenant are blessings promised, which promises, if laid hold of by faith, and accompanied with corresponding efforts, secure the salvation of the children of believers, not for the parents' sake, but for Christ's sake; not by the efforts of parents, but by the Spirit of God renewing and sanctifying their hearts. I need not here introduce scripture to prove this position. If it then be so, how awfully responsible, and how highly privileged, is the situation of a Christian parent! Let us, *Christian mothers*, take God a this word, and act accordingly. In simple faith, let us commend our children to his grace, and to the sanctifying influence of his Spirit, as soon as they be born; and let us do it with an

importunity and perseverance that can take do denial. Let us feel that all is involved in their early conversion; the honor of God, the usefulness and happiness of our children, and our own peace. Why should we longer "rob God" and the church of the services of our children; why should we, by our unbelief, sacrifice the first fruits of their understandings, and the beginning of their strength in the service of Satan and the world? Why doom our children to all that remorse of conscience, that bitter repentance and self-reproach, which are the sure consequence of years spent in sin; to say nothing of the power of habits and associations which strengthen with years, and which must be broken when the heart is changed. Shall we longer suffer this reproach upon the religion of Jesus from a scorning and gainsaying world? What do ye and your children more than others? Shall we longer limit the Holy One of Israel, by virtually saying he has not the power to convert young children, or keep them when they are converted; and finally shall we prevent or hinder the day of millennial glory from blessing our world, by our apathy and unbelief? No, *mothers*, let it be said of each one of us in relation to the early conversion of our children, "She hath done what she could;" and at the judgment I doubt not we shall be able to say, "Here, Lord, am I, and the children thou hast given me." Rochester, June 22, 1833. A. L.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF C. C. W.

My dear Mrs. E———:

I take a mournful pleasure in complying with your request that I would prepare, for the Mother's Magazine, a brief memoir of my little son, C. C. W. who died at the age of five years and eight months, now 16 years since. It is well known that at that period the conversion of a young child was a rare occurrence. Thanks be to God for the cheering prospect which our moral horizon now presents, that such events will hereafter constitute a prominent characteristic feature in the annals of the church of the 19th century.

In the summer of 1812, the peripneumony made its appearance in the parish of which my husband was then the stated pastor. In a few days from its commencement, death was spreading desolation in our beloved neighborhood, on every side.

Immediate preparation to encounter the king of terrors appeared indispensable. I had been a professor of religion from my early youth, and often felt that I enjoyed its sweetest consolations. Two years before this period, I had been sustained and cheered by the promises of the gospel, when called to resign a precious babe of a few days old to the cold grave, while contemplating an innumerable company of those little ransomed ones, favored with an earlier call to glory, I was enabled to triumph over natural affection, and in a transport of joy I exclaimed,

"And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early honors on his name."

But now I was in great spiritual darkness. I felt reluctant to disclose to my friends my doubts and fears, lest their partial views of my safety might lead them to console me without that evidence of vital union to Christ which I felt that I must have.

After a few weeks of the most pungent convictions of sin, both of heart and life, I trust that I was enabled to make fresh application to that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and to lay vigorous hold upon that hope which would prove an anchor to the soul, even when launched upon Jordan's rugged billows. I became a subject of this dreadful malady, but felt sweetly resigned to lie passive in the hands of my Redeemer. It was soon after this time that the subject of this little memoir was entrusted to our care. A few days after his birth, a clergyman and his wife called to see and congratulate us, on the preservation of my life, and the acquisition of such a precious treasure. I inquired of Mrs. S. how many children she numbered in her family? She replied, nine. I looked at this mother with no ordinary emotions; that she could have been sustained under such an accumulated weight of responsibility, seemed greatly to enhance the grace of God. The care and worth of one immortal soul now seemed to me of sufficient magnitude to fill the heart of an angel, with all his superior knowledge and wisdom. I felt that every breath should be prayer; for I was now entrusted with two such treasures. My heart seemed momently uplifted for the renewing and sanctifying grace of God to pervade my own soul, and to rest upon my infant charge. As my health was indifferent, it was four months before I could consistently take my child to the house of God for baptism. He was now at an age to be influenced by every thing that he saw or heard. Soon after I entered the sanctuary, as the singing commenced, he began to cry so vehemently that I was obliged to take him to a neighboring house, and did not succeed in pacifying him, till the services were closed. But such was my intense desire to bring my infant to Christ, that I felt that I could not wait another week, and I took him the same evening to a place of worship; and Oh! the delightful satisfaction I experienced in presenting this little one to that Savior who had spoken such encouragement to parents, when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Brought into existence under such circumstances, you will not be surprised to learn that the first inquiries of this infant child were about the "great God who made heaven and earth." His childish prattle was, "Mother, I do not want to be a sinner; I do want to love the Lord Jesus Christ."

I will mention one or two circumstances among a multitude which were constantly occurring, trifling in themselves, but illustrative of the inquisitiveness of his mind, and the objects to which his thoughts were directed, affording to his parents delightful facilities to explain even to their infant child some of the simplest and yet most sublime operations of the God of nature, of providence, and of grace. When Charles was only two and a half years old, he came one day running in from the back yard, almost breathless, exclaiming, "Mother, it can't be, it can't be." "What," I said, "cannot be, Charles?" "It cannot be, mother, that God is every where." "And why not?" I inquired. "Mother, if God was every where, how I could I run out to the barn?" and then, extending his little arms on either side of him, he said, "How could I run here, and how could I run there?" I endeavored to explain to him the nature and capacity of a spirit, to which he listened with deep interest. Shortly after this, as his little sister, a few months old, was lying in her father's arms, Charles took up one of her little hands, after surveying it very intently for

some time, he said, "Papa, when we die, will God make us again?" His father took this opportunity to explain to him the scripture account of the judgment day; mean time his inquiries were solemn and interesting.

When Charles was about three years old, a widowed friend came to pass a few months in our family. After observing the conduct of this child, and listening to his conversation, she said to me on one occasion, "I think, Mrs. W. I would not indulge little Charles in so much conversation on religious subjects." I inquired what evil was to be apprehended since he was so very cheerful. "Yes," she said, "and yet I think his mind is somewhat like Cowper's; there is to me a shade of melancholy about him." "Indeed," she added, "I wish my children would manifest interest on this subject, by asking such questions. My only fear is that this subject may be pressed upon his attention beyond the feeble comprehension of a little child." Her words sunk with weight upon my mind. Till now, I had supposed that his inquisitiveness was all voluntary. I resolved to watch for opportunities to ascertain the fact. In the evening of this same day, my friend went with my husband to an evening meeting. It was still twilight. I sat in my nursery in a musing frame, rocking my infant to sleep. Little Charles came about me, as usual, wanting mother to talk with him. Now, thought I, is a good opportunity to try the effect of diverting his attention. I told him that mother wished to be alone; that he might go into the sitting-room and join his little brother and two little boys that had come in to pass an hour. Charles looked sweetly and imploringly in my face, saying, "Mother, I had rather stay with you;" and without giving me time to refuse him, said he, "May I repeat to you a verse I found in a book to-day?" "What was it?" I said. "It is a beautiful little verse," he replied, "at the beginning of Janeway's Token for Children." "And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This was a book in which he greatly delighted. I took the Bible and turned to the account of this scene, as recorded by Mark; Charles inquired how Christ took up these little children: "as you would take me up, mother?" and with a burst of feeling said, "I do not know how to get to Christ." I was delighted to find that it was the *word of God*, and not my own words, that had impressed the heart of my child. I endeavored to compose his mind by dwelling upon the love of the blessed Savior, manifested towards little children; telling him that he could now go to Christ, in prayer, with the same confident assurance, that he would hear and bless us, as when in the days of his flesh he was present with his people. "Mama," said he, with earnestness, "will you pray with me? I do not want to be a sinner; I do want to love the Lord Jesus Christ." Charles not only wished to love the Lord Jesus Christ, but he was truly an obedient little boy to his parents. Indeed, he was so affectionate and pleasant, that every body loved him. He was not only affectionate and dutiful, but he was very attentive to his daily lessons in reading and spelling. I never had so much occasion to reprove him, as for crying when he missed a word in his spelling lesson. Such was his application and fondness for his book, that before he was four years old, he would put out for himself whole columns of words in the spelling-book, embracing even columns of proper names, and spell them correctly without being prompted.

In the year 1816, a revival of religion commenced in our place. For deep and solemn and abiding impressions of the odious nature of sin, and the necessity of the new birth, I have never since witnessed a revival to compare with that. At this time, my two little boys were among those who made the inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" A short time after the revival began to decline, two clergymen spent a Sabbath in our family. Charles' solicitude for conversation with them on the subject of religion greatly affected and interested them. They said to me, "If you live, Mrs. W. to see your child act, you will see him act a Christian."

A few months after this precious ingathering of souls into the fold of the Redeemer, we left W. and removed to B. Here we took up our residence in the same dwelling with my parents. As my husband was to be absent the greater part of the time, I felt that it would be a privilege to join my father's family, in their morning devotions, though we kept up a family establishment of our own. But to this, Charles objected. He would say "Mama, do not go into grandpa's room to pray; I had rather hear you pray; for you pray more for us than grandpa does." Where is the mother that could have refused such a request? One morning in particular, I found it difficult to attend to the duty of family prayer with my children. Charles said, mournfully, "Well, I do hope I shall soon be old enough to pray in the family when papa is absent, and then mama won't have to do it."

On no occasion could he be persuaded to go to bed without first joining me in prayer. If I told him that I would pray with him after he was in bed, he would say, "No, mother; no, mother; I shall get to sleep." During this whole year he would come, sometimes more than once in a day, and pull me by my sleeve, and say, "Mother, will you go into the other room and pray with me? I do want a new heart, I do want to love the Lord Jesus Christ." Often after having been to church, I would find him sitting by himself and the big tears rolling down his face, and on inquiring what made him weep, his reply was, "I am a sinner."

In the spring we went to reside at H. The thought of having my family once more together was delightful, and yet my soul was bowed down under a sense of great responsibility, in view of occupying a new and difficult station. But how little did I anticipate the cup of trembling of which I was so soon to drink. We were soon settled in our new residence. Early the following morning I went into my room and with unwonted solemnity I consecrated myself, my children, my room, my all, to God. I entreated the Lord to show me the plague of my own heart, and dethrone every idol from the altar of my affection. In less than one short week, my dear Charles lay a corpse in that room. Thus you see, my friend, God took me at my word.

On our removal to H. my children, three in number, were all animated at the prospect of having access to their uncle's bookstore. Charles appeared in usual health, except he was thin in flesh, and walked occasionally lame. The same morning that I had made this renewed self-dedication, while reading the scriptures before family prayers, as Charles finished reading his verse, I saw a silent tear trembling upon his cheek. I beckoned him to come to me; and on inquiry, he said he was sick. As I led him to my room he looked very

earnestly in my face, and said, "Mama, I shall never be well again." These words were like a dagger piercing my heart. The suggestions of many friends that he was fast ripening for heaven, had often served but the more effectually to make me feel that whatever else I might be called to resign, I could not lose this child.

Our other little boy was taken sick the same day. We sent for a physician, but no medicine had the slightest effect on Charles. His disease was soon discovered to be an inflammation in the bowels. When I was left alone with him, he would say, "Dear mother, pray with me." I often spoke to him of the preciousness of Christ, and told him that he was safe in his hands; but he was so very sick, and so much was constantly doing for him, that little opportunity was afforded for conversation. We invited two clergymen, morning and evening alternately to pray with us, in this time of deep anxiety, by the couch of our suffering boy. We all of us prayed with him as if we thought him on the confines of the grave; still he manifested no anxiety as to the event of his sickness. Two days before his decease he asked me if the bell tolled in H. when persons died. On the morning of the day he died, I was much elated with the hope that he was better, as he appeared entirely free from pain, and some other symptoms were also favorable, though he was more feeble. My eldest little boy was often seen going into a closet adjoining the sick room. I asked why he left his little brother. I feared he would stay with us but a short time. He said, "Mama, I go to ask God to give my little brother a new heart before he dies." His papa asked him if he felt able to repeat a hymn. He began:

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view."

His voice at once faultered; his eyes suddenly closed upon all terrestrial objects; and in less than two short hours his gentle spirit, I trust, was forever released from that clog of sin and guilt, which, even in his infancy, had so often constituted his burden.

The posture of my soul was now like that of David. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." How consoling the reflection, that under such rebukes nature may have leave to speak in tears, since Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus. These were often my repast the succeeding year. As my time was wholly occupied, my grief was often expressed in ebullitions of sorrow. One year had elapsed when the sun seemed to rise as it did the morning when my darling's sun set forever. I was overcome; I wept aloud; I wept inordinately.

Our friend, the Reverend T. H. G. with whom we were associated in our work, seated himself by my husband's secretary, and shortly after presented me the following sweet lines. Till now my thoughts had too often found a lodgment in the cold grave. But from this hour, when my fond heart, with Mary, would inquire, "Where have ye laid him?" a voice from within, and from without, proclaimed, "He is risen;" and the Savior, I trust, has since filled the aching void in my maternal breast. Very affectionately, yours.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. W. ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

The turf lies gently on his head,
The boy so dear to thee;
How sweetly sleep the infant dead,
From care and sorrow free.

They do not sleep; the tomb enshrines,
Indeed, their mouldering clay,
And there it rests, till glorious shines
The awful judgment day.

They do not sleep; in heaven they wake;
And safe from all alarms,
Repose on Him, who once did take
Such infants to his arms.

Then do not weep; a little while
Will give him to thy love again;
And he will greet thee with a smile,
And soothe, himself, a mother's pain

And he, perhaps, thy voice will raise
To strains of heavenly harmony,
And teach thee how the Friend to praise,
Who died to rescue him from thee.

THE MOTHER AT HOME,

OR THE PRINCIPLES OF MATERNAL DUTY FAMILIARLY ILLUSTRATED, BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT,

Is a little work recently published. The title is not only happily chosen, but its contents are admirably adapted to interest and instruct mothers.

The great fundamental principles of education, and their effects upon the human mind, are most clearly illustrated and enforced by familiar and striking examples, drawn from common life. Many errors in family government are pointed out, and an antidote provided. The whole work is manifestly the result of much observation and reflection. It enforces the necessity of unity of design between parents, in maintaining family government. It shows the fallacy of that belief which grows out of the preconceived notion that the art of governing is an innate and hereditary principle; that, on the contrary, it is the effect of persevering study, reading, and reflection, and is capable of boundless improvement; and that it is an act of injustice to our children if we do not become familiarly acquainted with the results and experiments of others. We are exceedingly gratified that the plan, suggested in the 5th No. of the Mother's Magazine, of keeping a "Mother's Note Book," is so highly approved by this discriminating author; and we feel not a little flattered that the original plan, revised and enlarged by ourselves for the Mother's Magazine, has been given entire in this invaluable little volume; exciting the hope that this, or a similar plan, will eventually be adopted and acted upon by most mothers in our land. We give the following extract:

"'A good boy generally makes a good man.' Said the mother of Washington, 'George is a good boy.' Here we see the secret of his greatness. George Washington had a mother who made him a good boy, and instilled into his heart those principles which raised him to be the benefactor of his country, and one of the brightest ornaments of the world. The *mother* of Washington is entitled to a nation's gratitude. *She* taught her boy the principles of obedience, and moral courage and virtue. She, in a great measure formed the character of the hero, and the statesman. It was by her own fireside that she taught her playful boy to govern himself, and thus was he prepared for the brilliant career of usefulness which he afterwards pursued. We are indebted to God for the gift of Washington: but we are no less indebted to him for the gift of his inestimable mother. Had she been a weak and indulgent and unfaithful parent, the unchecked energies of Washington might have elevated him to the throne of a tyrant, or youthful disobedience might have prepared the way for a life of crime and a dishonored grave."

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"THEIR GRAND OBJECT IS TO MAKE EVERY CHILD, WHILE HE IS A CHILD, A BELIEVER IN THE BIBLE."

NO. I.

I first saw the above quotation in a "liberal" paper, to whose columns it was transferred, as deserving of severe animadversion. The idea of making a child, *while yet a child*, a believer in Revelation, was spoken of with a sneer. "Can they not depend upon the *mature judgment* of manhood? No; they must take the infant mind while it is yet tender, and capable of being directed any way." You perceive the scope of the writer's design. The reasoning has an air of dangerous plausibility around it. With thousands it would pass as conclusive. Leave children to grow up, and form their own opinions about religion. Your interference only transfuses into them a hereditary faith. It prejudices their minds. It forecloses independent inquiry.

And are there no mothers, who read your Magazine, on whom this arch fallacy holds a secret, if not acknowledged influence? I have known such instances. But I do not say there are any now. Is it not, however, important that every weapon hurled against the sentiment which my motto teaches, should be fairly met?

I propose to offer some reasons why it is incumbent on every mother *to labor diligently to make her child, while he is a child, a practical believer in the Bible.*

1. *It is in perfect consistency with the policy we adopt in other respects.*

It is said the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light. We should endeavor, therefore, to profit, as far as we can, from their policy. Now, it is a plain fact, that every considerate parent, who wishes his child to possess any particular traits of character, takes pains to instil them, *while he is a child.* He does not fear that he shall thus instil prejudice, or check free inquiry. He proceeds, unhesitatingly, to direct in the education, model the habits, dictate the pursuits, and influence the whole future course and history of the child. Shall we retort upon the gainsayer his favorite cavil, "Can you not depend upon the mature judgment of manhood? Why not leave the infant mind unprejudiced and free, that in its riper age it may choose its own course, and form its own character? No parent reasons thus in worldly things. Then, why in religious things? Are not the children of this world wise in this course? Unquestionably wise. Then, why shall we not profit from their wisdom?

The truth is, the parent is the appointed and responsible guardian of the child, as much in reference to religion, as in reference to its education or profession. Precisely as much. And do we condemn in unqualified terms that parent who throws a worthless son upon society, without education, without character, without a profession? Is not such a parent treacherous alike to society and to that son? He surely is. And every mother who sends out from her protection a child who is not, *while a child*, an intelligent believer in the Bible, is no less to be censured. She has neglected an essential part of her responsibility. Not teach her child the Bible, till his "judgment" is "mature"! She might as well withhold his food till his digestive organs are "mature." His judgment never will be mature, until the lessons of infinite wisdom make it so.

2. *Every child needs religious principles long enough before he is capable of forming them independently.*

At all events, he will form his character long before he attains the "mature judgment of manhood." A child at fifteen has ordinarily the elements of his character. At twenty it is nearly consolidated. Its *direction* is given. The most irreligious man insists that every one should have some *moral* character. He must have fixed principles of veracity and honesty. He must entertain a just abhorrence against such sins as overthrow society. He must have something about him, on which the obligations of an oath may be safely predicated. All these are properties which enter vitally into the very structure of civil society. Their necessity no one will deny. Society is a wreck without them. They are as essential in the youth of 12 and 15 years, as in the man of 40. And we are to infix these principles of moral character, without making use of the Bible! This certainly savors of Egyptian severity—it is demanding the full tale of brick, yet withholding the straw. This pernicious sentiment amounts to pure infidelity. It aims to overthrow the very foundations of social order. For on what, let me ask, are those principles of moral uprightness to be based? Exclude the Bible as their basis, and what substitute have you? Here is an anxious mother, who wishes to train her child up as an upright citizen, to restrain his vicious propensities, and shield him from temptation. Will you tell him it is not right to run into the excesses of vice? How do you know it is not right? he inquires. Will you say it is inexpedient? The question of mere expediency and right, if you lay aside the authoritative decisions of the Bible, is one on which he feels as competent to judge as you are; and he has as good a right to judge. And if you leave the Bible out of view, you cannot prove to the child, *against the strength of his sinful inclination*, either the obligation or expediency of strict moral uprightness.

How, then, is the mother to train her child to moral principle? How is she to check the tendencies of unfolding depravity? How is it usually attempted to be done, where the Bible is not used? Go into the nursery and listen to the horrid tales about "the bears" and "ghosts" which are made to haunt like household gods the infant imagination. But even from this most reprehensible course we may learn one lesson. *Parents invariably feel that some restraint is needed, and that restraint must be based upon the religious susceptibilities*, if I may so call them, *of our nature*. But what pitiful weakness to

prefer such superstitious terrors, instead of the substantial, real and enforcing truths of Revelation! The child soon learns the deception—naturally concludes that all the obligations of virtue are thus unfounded: you know what follows.

Not so the restraints of Bible truth. They are at once effective, uniform, permanent. If they gain an entrance to the mind, they are rarely dislodged. And it ought to be well considered that the skilful use of religious truth in the government of children, is infinitely better than nursery superstitions, or even the rod itself. The latter may be sometimes needed. But the sword of the Spirit is better. I wish all mothers would try it.

I had four or five reasons more which I wished to urge. But I see I am taking too much room. If you desire it, I will present hereafter a few additional considerations, when you shall have more room, and I more leisure.

P.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

"TO MOTHERS IS COMMITTED THE MOULDING OF THE WHOLE MASS OF HUMAN MIND, WHEN IT TURNETH AS WAX TO THE SEAL."

From Jane Taylor's preface to the "Mother's Journal," it has been suggested, by a late sensible and pious writer, whether more might not be done than is generally attempted, in early education, in rendering the first impressions of religion cheerful and encouraging, *rather than gloomy and apprehensive.*

Instead of a reluctant acknowledgement of the necessity of preparation for death, might not the young be taught, as their first lesson in Christianity, to exult in the thought of being born to an endless existence, and in the fact, that boundless happiness is offered to their acceptance?

Perhaps the fascinations of the world would be more successfully counteracted, if, instead of lectures given without sympathy, on its vanity and danger, the great objects of our faith and hope were more frequently and more *cheeringly* exhibited, as in *themselves* infinitely desirable, and worthy of every sacrifice; if their attention were particularly invited to those passages of Scripture which bring immortality to light, and they were taught to contemplate as words of wondrous and mighty import, that He has "promised to us eternal life."

If there is any part of the conduct of mankind which may be supposed, beyond any other, to excite the astonishment of angels, and the triumph of devils, must it not be the uncencern respecting a future state of existence, manifested by a dying world? And though the cause of this insensibility may be traced to the blindness and perversion of our fallen nature; yet might not something be done to counteract the evil, by an early and habitual direction of the mind to the grand prospects of futurity? And might not a generation, thus trained, produce in after life less of that questionable kind of religion, which consists in seeking rather a refuge from hell, than a portion in heaven?

It is the lively perception, that "the favor of God is better than life;" that his presence will be *fulness* of joy; that this beautiful world, with all its ad-

mirable contrivances to accommodate and delight us, is but an imperfect shadow of that "new earth" wherein dwelleth righteousness;—it is this perception which makes the difference between a cold and comfortless religion, and the peace which passeth all understanding; the joy which is indeed unspeakable.

As an illustration of the foregoing sentiment, perhaps the following incidents may not be inapplicable. A mother had been induced to attend a protracted meeting during one whole week. Anxious to persuade her friends and neighbours to enter the ark of safety while the door continued open, and before their attention, which was now arrested, should again be wholly given to temporal objects, her own soul glowing with love to God, and indulging sweet communion with the father and with his son, Christ Jesus, her desires to bring others into this same endearing union and communion, could not now be readily repressed. Saturday evening came. The conflict in this mother's breast was now intense. Her maternal feelings inclined her to remain at home, and instruct her children, as had been her invariable practice every evening, reading, and praying, and singing alternately with them; dwelling often upon the love of Christ manifested to little children, and the joys of the heavenly world. But on this last day of the week, this mother had met an Indian girl of uncommon intellectual attainments, who had expressed a desire to attend the meeting that evening; and like the man at the pool of Bethesda, would naturally wait for some one to lead her to that fountain which cleanseth from all sin. As this native girl of the forest had a special regard for this mother, this fact seemingly enhanced her obligations to be at the meeting. After requesting her children to be dutiful, and to spend their time profitably, she commended them to God, and repaired to the meeting. At the close of worship, this mother returned to her little flock, trembling as she approached her nursery, and fearing that her children might have mismanaged during her absence. On opening the door, little Julia, a child nearly seven years of age, who had hopefully given her heart to Christ a few months previous, said, mother, we have had a delightful evening. We have conversed, and sung, and prayed, and wept all the evening. "Julia," said the mother, "and what made you weep." "We could not help it," mother, she replied; "we have been begging Thomas and Peggy, (a little colored girl) to give their hearts to Christ, but they were so hard that they would not break; but they did at last, and they both prayed for you and for father. We have wept a great deal; this, I know, did no good, but we could not help it." "Mother," continued Julia, her young heart overflowing with joyful emotions at the apparent success which had crowned these faithful efforts, "I have often feared the cholera, but I think I should not fear to die now; I think I should sleep sweetly in Jesus."

Her cousin, Frances, a little girl two years older, modestly said, "Aunt, we have been talking too about the golden harps and streets in heaven. I think that chapter in Revelation which tells about heaven, is the sweetest in all the Bible." "Mother," said Julia, "will you read that chapter to us *now*?" The mother joyfully laid aside her bonnet, and took the Bible, while her children clustered around her. After reading this vivid description of the New

Jerusalem, she inquired of her children if they thought there were streets in heaven like ours, and if they supposed them to be really paved with gold. "No," replied James, her eldest son, a lad ten years old, "I do not understand that to be the meaning. I think this whole description is *figurative*. The righteousness of the saints will be perfected in heaven, and will be so brilliant that it will outshine gold. Holiness or righteousness will then not only pervade every thing, but will lie upon every thing, so that it will seem to stand out, as if overlaid with gold. "Mother," continued James, "I do not understand the river of life to be really water, or crystal. I think it an *emblem* of the "water of salvation," which, when compared to crystal, will be seen to be more pure and transparent than even crystal.

This mother retired to rest, relying upon the promise, that if we "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," all other things will be added; and still more impressed with the truth of the sentiment, that whatever the mind of a child *contemplates*, to that object it naturally becomes assimilated. If this principle be true, what mother would not earnestly desire to have her *little ones*, in early childhood, contemplate the glories of heaven, the character of Christ, and the purity of his law, in order that the *nature* of the impressions which she stamps not only *indelibly* but *eternally*, may be for ever increasingly holy.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"FILL THE WATER POTS WITH WATER," JOHN II. 7.

A piece in the Sabbath School Journal, entitled "Scripture Principles of Education," founded on the passage above quoted, contained a sentiment so full of encouragement to mothers, that I feel constrained to offer it for insertion in the Mother's Magazine. The sentiment is this. Parents and Sabbath School Teachers are only required to fill the water pots with water, and leave it to the Lord to convert it into wine. The water we have thus to dispose of, is *the written word*; it is pure; it is free; it is abundant. We cannot take too much of it; we cannot give too much; it is the property of all, and there is enough for all. This blessed word should fill our own hearts. We should endeavor to imbue the hearts of our children with it, and our poor and more ignorant neighbors, and thoughtless and careless friends, and all besides that come within our reach. If we compass the world to propagate the Gospel, our work is still the same—to pour water into empty vessels, ready for the master's use. While reading this interesting and instructive Scripture lesson, my mind reverted to a scene directly in point, which occurred in my mother's nursery. It was in the days of my early childhood, long before the introduction of Sabbath Schools. My mother had not herself enjoyed the advantages of a *religious* education. On the contrary, she had heard and seen much to prejudice her mind against what was then termed "revivals," "new lights," "new divinity," and "night meetings;" all of which were considered, even by some divines, as the effects of fanaticism. But her early attachment to one who had devoted himself to the study of theology, inclined her mind to serious reflection, and at length she was led to embrace a

Savior. Subsequently she became the wife of a minister, and the mother of eight children. It was then she experienced the want of early religious instruction. Her own ignorance was often the fruitful source of pain and regret, and she had much to contend with, arising from her former prejudices. One Sabbath in particular, the period alluded to above, she had seated herself, as usual, with her beloved children, when a sense of her incapacity to explain the word of life was so overwhelming, that she could not conceal her emotions from the little group who were wont to hang upon her lips, with fond delight. In an agony of grief she burst into tears. Her children gathered closer around her and with importunity sought an explanation of her sorrow, while tears of sympathy trembled in every eye, and even the little one took its pin-afore to wipe away its mother's tears. As soon as she could command herself, she said "my dear children, I was overcome with a sense of the worth of your precious souls, and my own inability to explain to you the Bible in a way to satisfy myself." I shall never forget the expression which passed over my mother's face, as she took the "word of life," and simply read it; but there was an emphasis and a pathos in her style of reading, that made an impression upon my mind never to be effaced. On referring to this scene several years afterwards, my mother informed me that from that very hour, she was never at a loss in what way to interest and instruct her children from the Bible. She read and explained it, in the best manner she was able, looking to God, and humbly relying upon him to set it home with power upon their hearts and consciences. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," is an important lesson for every mother to learn experimentally. "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed," said the blessed Savior, "ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root and be thou planted in the sea; and should obey you."

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE ONE FAULT.

What is the matter with you, my dear Eliza? inquired Mrs. R. You look unhappy; you speak unkindly to your sister; and you treat me disrespectfully. Is this my reward for taking you out to walk with me, and for the basket I have just purchased for you?

I did not intend to treat you with disrespect, Mrs. R. I was only provoked with sister Jane. I thought for once I should have the pleasure of judging for myself, in the purchase of an article, without her interference—a pleasure I have not enjoyed for at least a twelvemonth.

Why this change in your conduct, Eliza? said Mrs. R. You appeared in fine spirits and very happy during our long walk, only one half hour since. You subject yourself to the suspicion of being very capricious. Do not keep me in suspense. Come, Eliza, explain yourself.

Will you please to excuse me, Mrs. R. I acknowledge it is but a trifling affair, yet it makes me angry to have sister Jane always have her own way. I do not think I am to blame for her faults.

I cannot excuse you, Eliza, replied Mrs. R., now assuming a tone of displeasure. That cannot be deemed a trifle which not only puts a whole family

in disorder, but is at variance with every thing lovely and commendable in a young female.

When you selected the baskets in the shop, Mrs. R. I knew then that sister Jane would have the one that I liked best. I find that I must always submit to her, right or wrong.

Worse and worse, Eliza, exclaimed Mrs. R. mournfully. What a wicked humor you have been indulging for nearly an hour; and, I am persuaded, without the least provocation. In what way is Jane to blame for the decision I have thought proper to make in the distribution of the baskets. You have now satisfied me beyond a doubt that you were the only one in fault, in relation to the baskets purchased by your sister more than two months ago, and which I returned to the shop, on account of your resentment, because I did not then give you your choice in them. I did hope, by subjecting you to the inconvenience of waiting so long for an article you were so eager to obtain, you would be sufficiently punished for your groundless and mortifying contention. I must say, Eliza, that as far as I have observed your conduct, for four months past, I am satisfied that this perpetual jarring between you and Jane is the effect of your unsubdued temper. My dear Jane, do you remember your sister's early history?

A momentary pause ensued. Poor Jane's bosom, convulsed by many a heaving sigh, vainly attempted to repress her falling tears, which, till now, had been unperceived by her sympathizing friend.

My sister, Jane replied, was a mere infant when our dear mother died. I was myself not quite six years old, though I well remember her last words to my dear father. "Take good care," said she "of our precious babes. Jane is a healthy child; but who will nurse Eliza as I have done? I have feared that we should lose her as we did little Tommy. She will need a mother's care; but, thank heaven, I leave them with a fond father; and, for my sake, he will not see them abused or forsaken."

The shock was too great for my father's frame, enfeebled as it was by constant watching, anxiety and great fatigue. He took the same fever, and survived my mother only a few weeks. Previous to his death, he sent for a clerical friend a few miles distant, to whose kind guardianship he left us and his effects. After I became ten years old, we were to be transferred to his family, for the benefit of a more liberal education, in the city of N. In the meantime we were placed under the care of an aunt, my mother's sister, our only surviving relative. She was exceedingly kind to us, even to a fault; for she indulged Eliza in every thing, in consequence of my mother's dying words. "Poor things," she would often say, "you are indeed orphans. One cannot, or indeed *I* cannot be so cruel, so hard-hearted, as to refuse any thing to a sick child, who has lost its best earthly friends."

After we went to reside in the family of Rev. Mr. B. the same motives operated, and the same reasoning was employed, to save my sister from the rod, and indeed from all kind of reproof, though Mrs. B. used often to say, that Eliza richly deserved punishment. My dear madam, continued Jane, I do assure you that I have invariably waived my right to any pre-eminence on account of my superior age, till I am satisfied that *this one fault* of my sister

is rather increased by my always yielding to her humor; for the more I strive to satisfy and please her, the more unreasonable are her demands. This propensity to govern is now so interwoven into her very nature, that I should for ever despair of a reformation, but for your superior skill and faithful discipline.

My dear children, said Mrs. R., more kind and gentle than ever, greatly affected by Jane's narrative, when Mr. R. and I were solicited to superintend the Orphan Asylum, we solemnly dedicated ourselves to God as his *stewards*. We promised to instruct, discipline and educate the children that should be entrusted to us, precisely as if they were our own, just in the manner that would satisfy their faithful mothers, if from yonder world they could hourly witness our conduct in the management of their children. I am more than ever resolved to be faithful to you, Eliza, in helping to subdue your selfish and wayward disposition. I have often remarked, that when you can have your own way, take your choice and please *yourself* in every thing, you are a most industrious, obliging, polite, affectionate, and even dutiful child. But for this *one fault*, I have often thought you would be a favorite with us all. As it is, when your feelings or inclinations are crossed, my house is like a bedlam.

Reflect, my child, for a moment, upon your unkind and unnatural treatment of your only sister, besides your rebellious and ungrateful opposition to me. Your ill humour and peevish resentment, I perceive, are professedly aimed at your inoffensive sister; but, in fact, it is a downright attack upon my own love of justice and impartiality, and I shall hereafter meet it as such.

Attend to me, Eliza, while I attempt to set before you your unreasonable conduct this morning. To avoid all altercation, such as occurred on a former occasion, I went myself to the shops, and with no ordinary pains, I selected these baskets precisely alike. On my return, I placed them in order, and in condescension to your *one fault*, I requested your sister Jane, and your friend Emily to draw cuts with you, giving you the privilege of drawing first, which you declined. Jane and Emily, after politely thanking me for the trouble I had taken to please them, hastened to their chambers to see how many little conveniences they could collect, to deposit in this new treasury; while you, on the contrary, left yours remaining on the floor, not absolutely in sullen *silence*, but in a low and muttering voice you expressed the deep-toned feelings of envy and discontent.

But you said, Mrs. R., that the three baskets were precisely alike, now retorted Eliza, angrily. When you were engaged in conversation with Mr. N. I changed one of them, and selected one in its place, to please myself. That one had two stripes upon the top, instead of one. As I chose that, I think I had the best right to it; but I expected Jane would have it when I selected it, so in this particular I am not disappointed. As Emily's and mine have but one stripe upon the top, I knew that we should be always mistaking them, one for the other.

Did you do right, Eliza, inquired Mrs. R. to exchange one of the baskets I had selected? Have you done right in accusing your sister of a love of rule in the present case? Have you treated me with respect? I claim some acknowledgment for your improper and unnatural behavior. You may now retire with me to my own room, and you will there remain, till I see you willing to confess and forsake your fault.

I cannot see any propriety in forcing an acknowledgment, said the perverse Eliza. What is the use of confession unless one *feels* guilty? I am sure that I have, already, had more trouble than all three of the baskets are worth; and since there has been so much said on the subject, I do not care to accept either of them, so I hope the affair will soon be ended.

Not quite so readily as you imagine, said Mrs. R., in a mild but decided tone. I shall neither return the basket, nor retract from the position I have taken. As you are too old for the infliction of the rod you may stand up at the foot of my bed, and lean against the foot post, for I perceive from your present humor, that you will have to remain there a long time. Jane, will you bring my work-basket, for I cannot afford to spend so much time in doing nothing. And now, my dear Jane, you may return to the sitting-room, and if Mr. R. inquires for me at the dinner table, please to request him to excuse my absence, for if poor Eliza had such a sorry fit arising from bodily indisposition I should not leave her; but a diseased mind is infinitely more alarming.

Eliza now took her station by the bed-post, and with an air of seeming indifference to this humiliating punishment, she assumed a cheerful and even gay manner. Here this poor wilful girl stood for more than two hours picking and chewing her apron strings, and occasionally biting her nails. At length she very politely requested permission to sit down and rest herself. Yes, Mrs. R. kindly replied, you may sit down when you are disposed to confess your faults, and are ready to ask forgiveness, but not till then. Eliza's patience being now nearly exhausted from fatigue in standing, she began to cry; but of this Mrs. R. took no notice.

Immediately after dinner Jane came trembling to Mrs. R's. room, and gently lifting the latch requested permission to enter, faintly inquiring, how is my sister? At this unexpected interposition Eliza began to cry vehemently, exclaiming, Mrs. R., Mrs. R., I shall fall upon the floor. "Will you please to forgive my sister," said Jane, imploringly? Mrs. R., distressed at this unseasonable interruption, requested Jane to retire, assuring her that she might safely confide in her judgment, and that she should do her sister no injustice. After Jane's departure Eliza continued to exclaim, I shall certainly fall. Well then, said Mrs. R., confess your fault, and you may sit down. You alone keep yourself standing. Poor Eliza once more braced herself against the bed-post. And why do you delay? said the kind hearted Mrs. R., you will have eventually to come to that point. What do you expect to gain by waiting? I am willing to ask *your* forgiveness Mrs. R., but I do not think I ought to ask sister Jane to forgive me. I do not think I have injured her. I shall accept of no half way confession, said Mrs. R. You have violated the rules of my house, and treated me and your sister with marked disrespect before all the family. Your confession in order to be accepted, therefore, must be as extensive and as public as your offence. I shall certainly fall upon the floor. I cannot hold up myself ten minutes longer, said Eliza. Poor child, said Mrs. R., I fear I shall have to send for Mr. R. to come and tie you up to the bed-post till your heart will relent. A few moments only elapsed, when

Eliza, with one bound sprung to the feet of Mrs. R. Will you, can you forgive your poor miserable and wicked Eliza? If you know how unhappy I am, you would pity as well as forgive me. I am not only sorry for my wicked conduct, but I will forever hereafter take the lowest seat in your house, for I deserve no other. I cannot wait to ask my sister's forgiveness. Come to me, Eliza, said the delighted Mrs. R. I do most heartily forgive you, and let us cordially unite in praising God for his goodness in transforming a heart of stone to a heart of flesh.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

RECENTLY ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

Madam—I feel a deep interest in the success of your benevolent enterprise. I recently saw a young man in New Orleans with whose boyhood I had been acquainted. The language of that young man was—"Folks soon get over their Sabbath day notions when they come here. There is but little superstition in this city."

There is a terrific significancy in this inconsiderate remark, with which would that every mother in the land was more fully acquainted. Their boys *will* rush to the far distant south-west in pursuit of money! money! The perils to their morals, and the perils of the climate are equally disregarded, and then, O! how poor a security for their uprightness is that fabric of the natural heart popularly denominated correct principle.

Without that fundamental morality which religion only brings, how can they be secure? Observation abundantly proves that their fall is the rule—their integrity the exception, made by sovereign grace, for which no philosophy can account, which rejects a belief in the efficacy of intercessory prayer. L.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

When will mothers in Israel be awakened to train up their sons and their daughters for great Christian effort?

We certainly limit the Holy One of Israel in this particular. Children can be taught to brave any clime, or traverse any ocean, or climb any mountain *for gold*; and shall not Christian mothers tell their little ones that for Jesus' sake and to win immortal souls to glory, they must never know danger, or make a covenant with obstacles?

"'Tis better, said the voice within, to bear a Christian's cross
Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which death will prove but dross,
Far better, when yon shrivelled skies are like a banner furl'd,
To shine in Christ's reproach, than gain *the glory of the world.*" M.

MOTHER AT HOME.

Although we inserted in our last number a brief notice of the "Mother at Home," together with a short extract, it is with pleasure that we give the following notice a place in the Magazine. We shall be gratified in our subse-

quent numbers to make extracts from Practical Hints, Cotton Mather's Essays, &c. &c.

For the Mother's Magazine.

We wish to direct the attention of mothers to two invaluable works, "The Mother at Home," by Rev. J. S. C. Abbot, Worcester, Mass. and "Practical Hints to Members of Maternal Associations, and Christian Mothers." The latter may be had of Perkins & Marvin, Boston, Mass., the former at the principal bookstores there, and of J. Leavitt, Broadway, N. Y. It is replete with practical directions, happily illustrated by example; and we should confidently expect the early conversion of children thus educated. The dedication to his own parents is irresistible; and we believe, with the author, that the millennial dawn will commence in the cradle, and as woman was first in the transgression, she also is to be the first instrument of redeeming love in the work of mercy. When Bonaparte asked Mad. de Campan what the French nation needed, she replied "mothers." That word spoke volumes, and the world needs *Christian mothers*. When they do their duty, Christ will possess "the dew of the youth, and out of the mouth of babes and sucklings perfect his praise." Though we can hardly select parts of the Mother at Home, without doing it injustice, it is so complete as a whole, we cannot refrain from quoting a few passages, which may give an idea of the general spirit of the work.

"Improve appropriate occasions. You may so intimately connect devotional feelings with the ever varying events, and changing scenes of life, that every day's occurrences will lead his thoughts to God. The raging storm, the hour of sickness, the funeral procession, the tolling bell, will, in after life, carry back his thoughts to a mother's instructions and prayers. Should your son hereafter be a wanderer from home, as he stands upon the Alps, or rides upon the ocean, his mind will involuntarily be carried to him who rules the water, and who built the hills. With these occasions, which produce so vivid an effect upon the mind, endeavor to connect views of God and heaven."

"God knows how to adapt instruction to the human mind. We must imitate his example. And we must present heaven to our children as God has presented it to us, crowded with images of delight."

"Dwell particularly upon the Savior. Your child will listen, with tearful eye, while you tell of the Savior's elevation in heaven; of his becoming man; of the sufferings and persecutions of his life; and of his cruel death upon the cross. A definite idea is introduced to the youthful mind, when you speak of him who took little children in his arms, and blessed them. It is very observable, in all the accounts of youthful piety, that the Savior is the prominent object of affection. Let parents, therefore, imitate the apostles, and preach to their children a suffering Savior.

"Tell your child of Christ, who created him; of Christ, who became man, suffered and died to save him; of Christ, before whose judgment seat he soon must appear; of Christ, whose praises the Christian will sing in heaven, ages without end. Thus is God, if I may so express it, simplified to the comprehension of the child. The mother who does not often present this Savior, and

dwell upon the story of his sufferings and death, has not yet learned the simplicity and power of the gospel. All other motives are feeble compared with this. It is the all availing instrument, which God has given to subdue the power of sin in the heart." Y. Z.

MRS. BINGHAM'S LETTER TO MRS. C.

Honolulu, Oahu, May 24, 1832.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED SOPHIA—

The hand of the Lord hath touched you, my Sister. But let our souls say, blessed be his holy name—he doeth all things well—"As for God, his way is perfect." Can I tell you how deeply I feel for you? Ah, no. And if I could, how little would it avail.

But there is one, my love, that does feel for you, and while he feels can sustain and comfort you.

Oh, there must be agonizing moments, when language can but feebly tel' what the bleeding heart is suffering! But say, are you not sustained—are you not comforted—does not your sorrowful spirit turn to your blessed Savior?—Are there not many seasons, when, through his love and mercy, you are sweetly soothed—when you feel your Redeemer near, and heaven's everlasting calm but a little before you? My soul blesses God for the hope that it is so. Yes; I learn from your own hand what an emphasis these tender and solemn words have, "Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope unto the end."

It makes your soul pant after a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. The blessed Savior, who made your beloved husband what he was, and carried him tenderly and triumphantly through to the blessed mansions of rest, is more and more precious in your eyes. You feel more how much you owe to him for all the hopes you have. You long to bow to his holy will, do his work, and be released, that you may see him as he is, and join the redeemed ones who have gone before, in their never-ceasing, never-tiring anthems of praise.

"Sweet affliction, that brings Jesus to the soul." Yes, sister; sweet affliction. Though in your poor widowed heart there be such a blank, the love of Christ can fill it. Turn affectionately to him; he will not leave you, he will never forsake you. The conflict will not be long. Yet do not say, you have nothing more to do with earth. Rather ask your heavenly Master to show you what you have to do. It may be much, even though he should not keep you to tread your lonely way long in the wilderness. Be earnest, my dear, in seeking to know what it is, and earnest in seeking grace to accomplish it.

It affords me a tender and melancholy pleasure to cast a retrospect over the way in which the Lord hath led you. It has been no ordinary way—strongly marked with mercies and judgments—in covenant love I hope.

How great the mercy, no heart can adequately conceive, if prepared by any discipline for the glory which shall be revealed in the humble disciples who suffer affliction with patience.

Though you were young, you remember well, I doubt not, the sorrowful night when we four orphan sisters returned from the interment of our most tender mother, and found ourselves emphatically *alone*. But O, how have we, from that hour, been taken up! I would have my soul melted within me, in view of what has been done for us. True, our sorrows, since that sad hour, have been many and varied; but what tenderness, what divine compassion, have predominated in all. Is it not a comfort to think the time will come when we shall, in a manner above what we have ever done, render to our glorious Savior praise and thanksgiving for all these things?

My thoughts turn mournfully to you. I look at my own precious husband and my little ones, *and I feel*. But I am comforted. Ah, we do indeed mingle tears; but we will not complain. God has done it; and again and again we will say, "*As for God, his way is perfect.*"

I had comfort in the assurance that your mind had been kept free from distressing anxiety as to the future. I pray that it may continue to be. Those sweet, fatherless babes! Oh! commit them affectionately, constantly, and without any reserve, to the care of our blessed Master. You may safely leave this burden with him; he kindly offers to take it for you. Can we not feel as if he did graciously promise his servant, when he took him home, that he would take the charge of his fatherless ones, as they were going through the wilderness? Jesus will be a good guide, a gracious provider.

I know there must be moments, doubtless sometimes sudden and unexpected, when your fond heart flutters over them as if they remained to the charge of yourself alone. But do you not find your fluttering spirit kindly, and sometimes quickly composed again? This is of God's goodness. O thank him for it, and give no place to distrust. It will dishonor God. Rather say with that dear, departed saint, your blessed husband, "Why should I? Our Savior lives, and we shall live also, in the best sense." I admire the providence that dictated that as his last thought penned for you. I look upon those few lines as a rich legacy—rich, because we have reason to think such was truly the feeling of his heart; and that to this dear Savior he did then, and habitually, commend you and those little ones. And considering the faithfulness and loving kindness of this divine friend, in whom he trusted, and to whom he committed this precious charge, what have we not to hope?

O! let it comfort you, Sophia, while you yourself take hold anew of God's everlasting covenant, and go forward, leaning on him. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Precious promise!

> "In this world of sin and sorrow,
> Compass'd round with many a care,
> From eternity we borrow
> Hope that can exclude despair."

What is earth, or the best that earth contains, as a portion? What love was that which purchased for us the hope of better things! How it should constrain us to the most cheerful, unreserved consecration of all we have!

I stand wondering and amazed at myself—laid under such infinite obligation, and yet so little devoted! I do feel as if my soul panted after holiness, and sometimes as if I could welcome any thing, if so I might attain to it. But

O, I am often readier to say, shall I ever attain so as to be prepared for that blessed state, where holiness alone shall enter? Were it not for the hope that Jesus pleads my cause, I had nothing before me but despair. But he lives, an intercessor, a divine surety; and, forever blessed be his name, through him we hope to live also.

It is a comfort to me to find you safely returned to Utica. I doubt not you would have found much Christian kindness and sympathy in C——, but it is some satisfaction to me to think of you and the little ones somewhere in the circle of those I know and love. It is a comfort to hear from you through the medium of Dr. ——'s friends, who speak of you with an interest and tenderness which is affecting and comforting to me. I love to think of you so under the wing, as it were, of dear Mr. H———'s family. I love to think of you where my beloved Canandaigua friends, and others, when traveling, may sometimes call upon you and drop a word of Christian condolence, and encourage you to bear up unto the end. I love to think of you in a portion of our country so blessed of the Lord as that in which you now dwell. But above all, my dear S., do I love to think of you as the kind charge of our ever blessed Jesus, whose compassion and tenderness will never fail; whose love knows neither bound nor end. I love to think of you as sojourning here, but bound to that blest world where he will, at length, gather together all that are his, in one glorious family. O, shall I meet you there? How great the grace that will prepare such hearts as ours for such society, and for such a place! Let us yield ourselves to it, rejoicing, if, through any discipline, we be made meet for that "glorious hour, that blest abode," where

"We shall be near, and like our God."

Very tenderly and affectionately, your sister,

S. M. Bingham.

Mrs. W.—Not having in my possession a morning hymn adapted to very young minds, I composed the following entirely for the practical benefit of my own little ones. Finding it comprehended by them at a very early age, I have been induced to offer it for the Mother's Magazine. O * * *, June 29, 1833.

THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

Tune. Bruce's Address.

As in the morning light I wake,
Lord, teach my little heart to pray:
I do thank thee for my rest,
And life, another day.

Thou didst watch me while I slept,
With a father's tender care;
Thou didst wake me when 'twas light,
Thy mercies still to share.

Oh! may my infant bosom swell
With love to thee for clothes and food,
That when I nought deserve but ill,
Thou art so kind and good.

Thou 'lt hear, great God, all that I say,
And all I do I know thou 'lt see:
Wilt thou keep me through the day,
From sin and folly free.

May I ne'er forget my God,
But think of him where'er I go,
And love to pray, and read his word,
That him I soon may know.

May I make the Savior mine;
May I give myself to thee;
Now I would be wholly thine,
And through *eternity*.

SCRIPTURAL EXERCISE,

FOR THE NEXT QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE UTICA MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

LESSON III.—HISTORY OF CAIN AND ABEL. Gen. iv.

How many children had Adam?

What were their names?

What does each of these names signify? What was Cain's occupation?

What offering did Cain make unto the Lord? What was Abel's occupation?

What offering did he make? How old were Cain and Abel at this time?

What necessity was there for offerings, or sacrifices?

Had God commanded them how and what they should offer?

What circumstance renders it probable that they did it in obedience to a divine command, though not recorded?

Were these the first offerings made?

What was the nature of Cain's offering? What that of Abel?

How did God *manifest* his acceptance of Abel's offering, and rejection of Cain's?

Why was the one *accepted* and the other *rejected?* Heb. xi. 4, 6.

Was the *sacrifice* he offered *expiatory*, and how? Lev. xvii. 11.

In what respect did the life and death of Abel, and their consequences, resemble those of Christ?

What wicked temper did Cain manifest after the offering?

What warning did God give him?

In what manner do children manifest the same temper?

Can you mention any examples?

Does it appear that Abel made any resistance when attacked by his brother?

What curse did God pronounce upon Cain?

What reply did he make? What became of Cain?

Is it probable that Cain ever repented? What prevented his being murdered?

What was the character of his posterity, and where did they live?

Had Abel any children?

Mention some of the *motives* presented for *following* the example of Abel, and *avoiding* that of Cain?

HYMN ALTERED FOR A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

Thou who didst, with love and blessing,
Gather Zion's babes to thee;
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
These the babes of Zion see;
Bless the labors
That would bring them up to thee.

Smile upon the weak endeavor,
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Lo! they rise to live for ever;
Train, O train them for the sky;
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

Let no self-applauding feeling,
Nought of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing,
W.....n,
Poison what our hands have done?
Raise the motive,
Sink the pride of every one.

Lord, with humble fervor bending,
We thy blessing would entreat;
On our children's heart's descending
Make the toils of mothers sweet;
Straight to Zion
Lead our tender infants' feet.

Then, when long we both have slumber'd
Side by side in common dust,
With thy ransom'd people number'd,
With th' assembly of the just,
Children, Mothers,
Saviour, own our humble trust.

MONICA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The wife of a clergyman in Connecticut was smitten with a languishing and fatal disease. She was the mother of three children, the youngest a babe of only a few months old. Whenever they came near her bedside, it was observed that she was commending them in prayer to her covenant God. Submission to his will seemed to gain the ascendancy over the ardor of her earthly affections, so that she peacefully surrendered to him the objects of her fondest regard. She often repeated with emphasis,

"'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
Thus at thy feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

"It makes but little difference," she said, "when or where we leave this little speck called earth, if we are prepared to go. I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. I contemplate lying down in the grave with composure, and peace, and joy." She had early known and loved her Savior, and the reward of her consistent piety, was such a richness of faith as took the sting from death. At the age of seven she was deeply impressed with the importance of religion, and at fourteen became a member of the church. When about to pass down into the dark valley, with all the serenity of one who carried quenchless light within the soul, she laid her cold hand upon her little son, and prayed audibly, and earnestly for his salvation.

I heard the voice of prayer—a mother's prayer—
A dying mother for her only son—
Young was his brow and fair.
Her hand was on his head—
Her words of love were said—
Her work was done.

And there were other voices round her bed,
Sweet, bird-like voices—for their mother dear
Asking with mournful tear.
Ah! by whose hand shall these sad tears be dried?
For when some few brief days are fled,
Hers must be pulseless laid, low with the silent dead.

Yes, there was death's dark valley, drear and cold,
And the hoarse dash of Jordan's swelling wave;
Alone she treads—Is there no earthly hold,
No friend, no helper, no strong arm to save?
Down to the fearful grave,
In the firm courage of a faith serene,
That meek one prest;
And as she drew the cord
That bound her to her Lord,
More closely round her breast,
The white wing of the waiting angel spread
More palpably, and earth's bright things grew pale;
Even fond affection's wail
Seemed like the far-off sigh of spring's forgotten gale.

And so that mother's prayer,
So often breathed above
In agonizing love,
Rose to high praise of God's paternal care:
On his strong arm her infant charge she laid,
And with a trusting eye
Of martyr constancy,
Confiding in her blest Redeemer's aid,
She taught the much loved band,
Who round her couch of pain did stand,
How a weak woman's hand
Wrestling with sorrow and with sin,
Might from the king of terrors win
The victory.

Hartford, Conn. August 1, 1833. L. H. S.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"THEIR GRAND OBJECT IS TO MAKE EVERY CHILD, WHILE HE IS A CHILD, A BELIEVER IN THE BIBLE."

NO. II.

3. *The early inculcation of the Bible is the best and only defence against prejudice.* In stating this position, I have my eye on the trite cavil to which I formerly referred. The cavil is this. If you early instill the sentiments of scripture, you prejudice the mind in favor of particular opinions, so that they cannot, ever after, be impartially examined. Under the shadow of this plausible sophistry, I fear some pious mothers find a refuge from the claims of duty. They may perhaps be shocked when I tell them, the plea is radical infidelity. *It assumes at the outset that the lessons of the Bible are lessons of prejudice.* Of course that is false. For prejudice is always false. If the Bible is true, it cannot generate prejudice. No matter how early, how extensively, or how deeply it is implanted. No matter how supremely its doctrines control all subsequent investigations. No matter how entirely its lessons may have impregnated every feeling of the heart. It is truth; and truth never misleads. This objection is much as if a man were entering some dark cavern to explore its recesses, and you should say to him, you must not use a lamp. You must feel your way in the dark. It is not an *independent* mode of examination to employ a lamp. Its light will lead you to very different results from what you would otherwise arrive at. You would justly reply, a true light can never mislead. Now the Bible is a true light. It may indeed influence your investigations. But it influences them *just as they ought to be influenced.* Fill then your child's mind and heart full of Bible truth, and you utterly exclude prejudice. Suppose, even, that under the gracious teaching of the Spirit, that truth converts the heart of the child. He is truly "born of God." He can say with the pious Psalmist, "O how love I thy law. It is my meditation day and night." This is indeed what some men count prejudice. But does this state of feeling disqualify for correct and candid inquiry? Candor and honesty, as distinguished from prejudice, are essential to a just estimate of truth. A judge whose mind is perverted by a bribe, or by the influence of hatred or of love to the parties, is unfitted to judge rightly. But suppose he has a very strong love of justice. Is that pre-

judice? The Bible is an inspired standard of truth. He, then, whose mind is imbued the most deeply with it, is most guarded against prejudice.

Mother, teach your child the good word of God, then, and you need not fear that it will pervert his mind, or prejudice his opinions. You will thus defend him from such mischief. Begin early.

4. *But if the Bible is not thus early inculcated, then indeed prejudice will effectually possess the mind.* If the idea was ever honestly entertained, that we should wait for "the mature judgment of manhood," it was certain evidence of consummate ignorance. The time to sow the field is when it is first cleared. Neglect to do it then, and the first season furnishes a most luxuriant growth of weeds, the second of weeds and briers together, the third of impervious briers and thorns. And that, according to the husbandry of our "liberal" moralizer, that is just the time to sow the good seed. Then it will be received without prejudice! That is to say, there is little danger of its being received at all.

O mother, beware of this deep pit. Look on thy child. Already you see the blossoms of depravity begin to be watered. That child is "by nature" an heir of degeneracy. Let him alone, or neglect to school his little heart to the lessons of divine truth, and he will soon learn to hate that truth. He will find enough who will teach him falsely, and distill upon his heart the serpent venom of error, and hatred to the truth. Those forbidden feelings, passions, appetites, which only need freedom and age to spring up in towering luxuriance, in a few years, will defy your maternal skill. He will soon find himself driven on in folly by those master lusts of his. And there will be no lack of other teachers, if you are faithless, who will inculcate error. Have you forgotten your own exposures when young? I have not. And my great wonder is that even the best defended child is not swept down this Niagara of destruction. Especially I wonder that any who are not well defended by early religious education, can stand a moment on the dizzy wave that thus dashes its fury by them.

Now take the man who has attained the "mature judgment of manhood," without ever being influenced by divine truth. He will indeed have no prejudice *for* the Bible. But will he also have none *against* it? Here you see the true nature and *design* of this atheistical objection. Its author well knows that if mothers will only act upon his theory, the world will soon be rid of the restraints of divine truth. Will you be caught in this snare? Will you fling your children down this cataract? Think of this, all ye mothers.

5. *We are not at liberty to neglect this duty. The Bible expressly enjoins it.* This being the fact, we have no discretion over this subject. Every instance of neglect is as palpable an act of disobedience to God, as if you had transgressed the precept "Thou shalt not kill." Under the Jewish law, incessant pains were to be taken to teach God's statutes to children. The parents were expressly enjoined to teach these things diligently to their children. The discovery was not then made, even by Jehovah, that it was best to depend on the "mature judgment of manhood." For its consequences then we are not responsible. "Train up a child in the way he should go." Here is our authority, and this our rule.

And here let me allude to the Jewish mode of instruction to children. Thou shalt speak of them (the instructions of the law,) when thou goest out and when thou comest in; in the house, and by the way. That is, keep those truths constantly before the minds of your children. This was the good "old way." Thus the Hebrew children were kept in the knowledge of the truth. I somewhat fear that this family system of instruction is going into disuse. And may I not be permitted to put the question to you, mothers: Do you not rely too exclusively on the Sabbath school? Do you teach these things DILIGENTLY unto *your* children? If not, you are breakers of God's express law.

6. *Your child may die before "mature manhood."* I need not dwell on this painful thought. My mind fixes on the inhumanity of that gainsayer who can publicly speak against this explicit duty, and "teach men so." Yes, and on that of the mother who can act on his cruel doctrine. Oh, did death always wait for "mature manhood," there would be more excuse for the negligent parent.

These things, I have written to you, mothers, to urge a solemn duty. I shall be glad indeed, if I shall have encouraged you to a faithful effort, relying on the grace of God, "to make every child, *while he is a child*, a believer in the Bible," an experimental, practical believer. It will compensate me amply, if I am in any measure successful. P.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL DUTY.

DEAR MRS. W.—I feel rejoiced at the success which attends the publication of your useful Magazine; and especially is it gratifying to my heart to learn that it is republished and likely to be extensively circulated among the dear sisters in England. Some of its articles, I have no doubt, will be translated into my native tongue, and will be the means, through the tender mercies of God, of enlightening the path and cheering the heart of many an anxious mother on the mountains and in the valleys of Wales. May the prayers of pious mothers in America accompany this messenger of mercy as it crosses the Atlantic! And may the prayers of mothers and of fathers on both continents ascend up before the throne, that the blessing of the God of Abraham may richly attend this humble effort to do good!

Among the numerous mercies for which I have to thank God, and for which I hope to praise him while I have a being, one is that of having been blessed with a *pious and praying mother*. Her prayers and counsels, and tender reproof, together with those of a dear father, who was also a devoted disciple of Jesus Christ, were the principal means of leading me, as I hope, to the knowledge of the Savior. They have long ago entered into their rest, and their works do follow them; but a recollection of their prayers and kind admonitions, enforced by a bright example of piety, still awakens in my bosom feelings of indescribable sweetness and solemnity.

Allow me to say a few words to my dear sisters in the Lord, who bear the endearing name of *mothers*, on the subject of parental duty.

1. **Endeavor to cultivate an habitual and solemn sense of your *responsibility to God.*** To you, dear sisters, is committed the interesting task of instilling into the minds of the next generation of men on earth, the first principles of knowledge and of virtue. Yes, the entire people who shall next come upon the busy stage of action, many of them to occupy stations of very important trust in community, and in the church of God, are now, in the capacity of little children, in your hands and under your care. As yet their minds are comparatively tender and pliable; their consciences have not become callous to every good impression; they place great confidence in their mothers, as may naturally be supposed; they are with you by day and night, in the kitchen and in the parlor, at the family altar and in the temple of God. Opportunities without end you now have of instilling into their minds salutary principles. Oh, what a trust, and how important that it should be well executed!

2. Let your object be the *early conversion* of your children. Children never begin to act right, as immortal beings, until they are truly converted to God. "The fear of the Lord is the BEGINNING of wisdom." It is a wrong impression to suppose that children may not be converted at an early age. We have instances of early conversion on record, in the word of God. Witness Samuel and David, and Josiah and Timothy, and others; think of the untold numbers of little children whom our Savior took in his arms, and blessed. And God says in his word that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he hath ordained strength," or perfected praise. Ps. viii, 2; Mat. xxi, 16. Many instances of unquestionable conversion in early age have come under our own observation; and we may lay it down as a certain maxim, that the longer children continue unconverted, the greater will be the obstacles in the way of their conversion. Let every effort that is made then to instruct, reprove, and admonish, tend to convince your children early of sin, and early to lead them to the Savior.

3. Be deeply impressed with a sense of the *worth of the soul.* Is it true that the soul of your child is above all price?—that it is capable of putting on the moral image of God, of serving God on earth and in heaven, and of enjoying uninterrupted and ever increasing joys in his presence for ever: and will any effort or any sacrifice be too great to make, to secure the salvation of the soul? Is it true that one human soul may and will endure more mental suffering than all which the human race have suffered or can suffer from the creation to the judgment day? and one departed saint may and will sustain more happiness than the sum total of all the happiness that ever was or ever can be enjoyed on earth, or than ever has been *hitherto* enjoyed in heaven by saints and angels united? Is this true, I ask, and can you, a mother, be unmoved in view of the spiritual condition of your children?

4. Consider the *shortness* and *uncertainty* of the season allotted you to do your duty towards your children. Our days are like the "shadow that continueth not." They are swifter in their flight than "the weaver's shuttle," and often "spent without hope." How soon do the years of infancy, and childhood, and youth, roll away? How soon will those dear children that are now under your roof, leave the house of their father, and engage with others in the busy concerns of life, or sink into the grave! And how frequently is death

suffered to enter the domestic circle, and separate the child from the parent, or the parent from the children forever! What you do then to save your children from sin and interminable ruin, must be done quickly.

5. Consider that the duties which you now owe to your children, if neglected, *are never performed.* The duties and obligations of accountable beings are not transferable from one to another. No one can do my duty but myself. Another may do his duty with reference to the same case, but not mine. Neither can I do present duty at a future period. All that I can do at a future time, will be the duties of that time, and not of the present. A failure then in duty, in this sense, is irremediable. Duties neglected will leave an everlasting blank! How solemn the thought, and how seldom is it duly appreciated.

6. Consider whence your strength comes. It is not in yourselves, but in the Lord. "My help," saith the Psalmist, "cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth." Dependence however is not a dormant, but an active principle; it does not lead to indolence, but to active engagedness in the service of the Lord. God has made it our duty to exercise a spirit of dependence upon his grace in all we do. What a consolation then it is, in view of our utter insufficiency in ourselves to do any thing that is spiritually good, that our sufficiency is of God; that we may go to the throne of grace, lay hold by faith on the Almighty arm of Jehovah, confide in his faithful promise, and rest assured that what we do in his name shall not be in vain.

Yours in the Lord.

Winfield, Sept. 4, 1833. R. EVERETT.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

LETTER III.

To Mrs. K.

You will perhaps ask me, dear M——, why I did not attempt to correct these faults in Harriet, or at least make them known to her mother. To these questions I will answer, that I was but four years older than Harriet, and was not considered her instructress, as she was advanced in study and took lessons of her father. Besides, she scorned my advice when I attempted to give it, and said, when she wanted direction she would go to her parents. I once or twice gently hinted to Mrs. F. some inconsiderateness in the conduct of her daughter, but found her utterly unwilling to admit that her children, especially Harriet, had faults.

They were, she told me, brought up with the greatest strictness, were well instructed in religious duties, and perfectly obedient. "When they are little, added she, I suffer them to take their own way, for I think it useless to attempt to control a child much before the age of six years. After that I expect obedience. I take them to church and to other meetings, as they grow older; I make them attend Sabbath School and get their Bible lessons. No, no, Miss P——, my children never dare disobey me, when once I am determined to be obeyed. William is five years old, and I think it will soon be time to curb him; he really grows very passionate."

At this moment a loud noise was heard in the hall; one of the younger

girls came screaming to the door, and Master William was in full chase, carrying a long whip, with which he struck his sister. My poor pupil Lucy had her face badly cut, and the mother with much anger shook the little boy, then put him into a dark closet, where he screamed until every one was weary; and all this happened because he had not been trained from infancy in the way he should go.

After this Mrs. F. undertook to conquer her little son. A whip was placed on the chimney in the sitting room; and this, with the dark closet, where he was told ugly creatures would catch him, frightened William into decent behavior while in the presence of his mother. In her absence there was no peace; the household was a scene of disorder, occasioned by the mischief of their spoiled child.

At such seasons, and they happened often, for Mrs. F. was much engaged abroad in occupations that drew her from household duties, my task was a hard one. Quarrels between the little girls and their brothers were continual; play things were broken or taken and concealed. Charlotte would accuse Lucy; Lucy, Charlotte. Often both united in throwing the blame on William, who frequently retaliated with a blow. If I interfered and endeavored to restore order, Harriet by contemptuous looks and whispers to her young sisters, destroyed all my influence, and complaints were made to mama, that Miss P—— was not kind.

I did not, my dear Mary, reflect long in this ill governed family. My youth and inexperience rendered me incapable of rectifying such deep seated evils. The vivid impression which this, my first essay in teaching, left upon my mind, may, I hope, be useful to you as a hint in the management of your little ones. As a sequel to this sad story, I was told not long since, that William had been expelled from college for some notoriously bad conduct, and that his poor mother was on the verge of the grave, broken-hearted.

Her eldest daughter Harriet is married to a good and respectable man, but she bears the character of a proud, selfish, consequently inconsistent professor. She cultivates the acquaintance of her wealthy neighbors, while the poor, pious, Christian family is left neglected, even in the kind offices of charity. If she is ever charitable, it is when the fashionable are so; if she ever gives, it is when her rich acquaintance do.

It is even said that she is overbearing, often unkind to her indulgent husband; that she brings up her children even worse than the example of her mother taught her; thus perpetuating a race of misguided families. Her poor declining mother she seldom visits, and when she does, no filial affection ever marks her conduct; she takes no interest in her sorrows, and has even been heard to upbraid her unhappy parent for the partial fondness that spoiled her William.

As I advanced in years I often reflected on the character of Mrs. F.; it seemed one of those strange incongruities, which the study of the human heart alone could solve—selfishness in the indulgence of her children during their infancy; afterwards in enforcing obedience to herself without teaching them their accountability to God. Blindness of the faults observed in them by

others; ignorance of her own moral obligations, particularly in regard to truth, and consequent bad example.

With all this Mrs. F. was an interesting woman, a kind neighbor, and active in her religious professions. She was in society what many women are, useful and respectable. Had she cultivated a knowledge of her own heart, and watched its selfishness; had she considered that every departure from truth is an offence against God; had she obeyed the injunction "Train up a child in the way he should go," and sought aid and blessing from the Holy Spirit on such labors; we have reason to expect that the promise would have been verified, that she would not have gone down mourning to the grave.

Your affectionate ZELIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

THE INCULCATION OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH UPON THE YOUTHFUL MIND.

Dr. Miller, in one of his letters, speaks advisedly when he says that *children should be early instructed in religious truth.* Without adverting to the weighty consideration, that a certain degree of wisdom seems to be necessary to salvation, we may be convinced of the propriety of such a course by calling to mind the old adage that "life is short, and art is long."

We have a revelation of things which angels desire to look into, and which the most unwearied research must fail to find out unto perfection; while most of our brief life is so filled with cares and active duties, as to leave little opportunity of drinking of the heavenly waters sent to cheer us through the wilderness.

The precious period of childhood ought not then to be spent, and suffered to pass by unimproved; especially, as we find that then the mind is most alert and inquisitive, and eager to pry into the treasures of hidden knowledge. No! we should strive to pour upon the opening mind as much light as it is capable of receiving; nor need we fix any limits to our instructions, save those already fixed by a higher will in the weakness and darkness of the youthful understanding.

Nor should we keep children in ignorance of disputed points, merely because they are disputed. We do not for such reasons leave our pupils with a partial and defective knowledge of scientific and literary subjects.

What is admitted we teach them; and when points are yet in dispute we acquaint them with the views held on both sides of the question, and generally with the arguments upon which they are respectively based. If this plan is best adapted to lead to the developement of the truths of science, why is it not likewise, when applied to those which are strictly religious?

Children then should not be left in ignorance on disputed topics. But in endeavoring to give instruction, we must be careful that we do lead our charge in a *direct path* to the attainment of *truth.* We must not impose on their inexperience and confidence, nor take advantage of their limited and

partial views, to bias their minds in their infant efforts at investigation. We must be careful to teach them every thing just as it is, and still further, to impart our instructions with such degrees of certainty and authority, and such only as we really possess. *We must inculcate truth as truth, and opinion only as opinion.* To apply this to particulars: The Bible is a direct revelation from God. Creeds and catechisms are statements of what some Christians believe to be therein contained, and we know that these differ widely from each other. The latter then should not be held up to a child in exactly the same light as the former. The Bible is truth. The catechism is what we believe to be truth; it has only the authority of opinion, and as such only, should it be taught.

Might I then presume to offer advice, I would say to every parent, your heavenly Master has committed to you the religious training of a child, an intelligent, immortal being. On no account leave it to pick up its opinions from unnoticed and irresponsible sources, or else to grow up with no opinions at all, while its soul is pining and withering for want of that knowledge which is the well spring of life. *Lead it to the Bible*, as to the pure fountain of truth, and while with watchful jealousy you try to preserve its mind as clear and unbiassed as possible, use every exertion to interest that mind in there washing out the golden sands; in there finding the words of eternal life.

But as most children can receive much precious knowledge before they have learned to read, and as a good part of the Bible is wrapped up in language too elevated for them, teach them verbally what you yourself believe to be therein contained.

And if you choose, *help them to commit to memory some catechism which exactly coincides with your view of gospel doctrine*; but in doing so *always say* "I think so and so. This is what I believe," &c.; and as they grow older, add, "on such and such points other men have thought differently. I have examined the subject carefully, and have come to this conclusion;" and then if he can comprehend them, state the ground of your own conviction, or else frankly tell him, "I would explain the reasons could you understand me, but as you cannot, you will be content as in other things. When you are old enough, you shall examine the subject for yourself."

While children are very small, truth and the opinions of parents are synonymous terms; and under this training, would they not, as they grow older, be acquiring at the same time an intelligent and confident belief of many things, and a disposition fearlessly, yet cautiously, to search the scriptures in regard to others.

At any rate this course is the only upright and honest mode of dealing with the free created mind.

Those who inculcate on children, as an infallible rule of faith, those creeds or catechisms which they themselves believe, are bringing them up either bigotedly to cling to certain truths which they have never impartially examined, or to look but contemptuously and sceptically upon the belief of their early years, as what in such cases it really is, merely the prejudice of education.

M. H.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE BARTERED KITE-LINE.

The opportunities which are afforded to mothers to instill right principles into the minds of their sons, from trifling and every day occurrences, should neither be overlooked or misimproved.

While recently on a visit in a friend's family, a trifling incident occurred, which I thought so happily improved, that I mention it, as illustrating such facilities.

As I was sitting with Mrs. B. in her own room, her son James abruptly entered, when the following conversation ensued, which neither of us felt inclined to check:

"Mother," said James, "George makes so many bargains, that it is a chance if he is not often imposed upon."

"My son, you know that I have often regretted this disposition in your brother to barter away his toys. I hope you will advise him to give up that kite-line. I fear his experience in this case will prove too dearly bought. I think, James, you may have more influence with your little brother, in helping him to correct this unfortunate propensity, than even your mother. You know that he has peculiar temptations to induce this habit. You are both aware that neither your father nor I approve of such traffic.

"Mother, I do not see, in this instance, how I can *honorably* advise my brother to relinquish that kite-line. I know that it was fairly paid for. The boy that sold it to him, is twice as old as George; he has therefore no right to take it back. If he should get angry, mother, he is not worth minding, for he is a mean fellow."

"James, I do not think your reasoning correct," said Mrs. B. "From the fact that that boy is ill bred and ill natured, and so much older than George, I should advise you both to have nothing to do with him, or to say to him. I hope you will therefore advise George, at once, to restore the kite-line.

"But, mother, I fear I shall never have so good an opportunity to show that young bully, that I will not have my little brother imposed upon, or insulted by him. This is not the first time that he has played his tricks upon George. He pretends that his father sent him to get back the kite-line. It may be that there is a conspiracy between them to cheat George. The boy promises at some future time to pay George in some way for the kite-line. But let him first show the money and the marbles, that George gave him for the kite-line."

"If George loses his bag of marbles," said Mrs. B., "and his ten cent piece for this time, it may teach him a good lesson for the future. I hope he will soon learn to avoid such dishonest and ill natured companions. As George thinks much of your example, I hope you will help me to impress upon his mind this one truth, that it is always hazardous to keep company, or transact business, with the unprincipled. Besides, the boy should be encouraged to be dutiful to his father."

"Mother, I do not much wonder that men, who have a high sense of

honor, should sometimes be tempted to fight duels. It is not so easy to yield one's rights to such a desperate fellow as Ira Cleaver. I should rather bear George out in resistance for this once, even if I should have to resort to the law for justice. I should think Mr. Cleaver would have more respect for my father, as a man of spirit, than dare to treat any of his family in this way."

"I regret, James, to find that you are almost disposed to find an apology for dueling. I will hereafter make that a distinct topic of conversation with you. For the present, I shall only advise you never to make too serious a matter of trifling affairs. By resenting either a supposed or intended insult, in the way you have suggested, given by a wicked, vulgar, or ill bred fellow, you experience the very evil you design to avoid. Instead of heightening your dignity, or elevating your character, you degrade yourself to the level of your antagonist, if not beneath him, besides lessening your influence, and endangering your property. Such persons may exceed you in anger and abusive language, and vile conduct. Sometimes their sole object is to provoke you to retaliate, in the hope of getting an advantage over you. But the best victory to gain, when assailed by such an opponent, is to notice him as you would a troublesome little fly, just brush him off, and keep out of his way in future, if you can. You are not to look for justice at the hand of the unprincipled, certainly not any thing like magnanimity. When your feelings are injured, or your reputation assailed, or your property endangered, by persons of equity, candor, or magnanimity, you may safely seek for an explanation, or for redress. But in your brother's case, I am persuaded that by resistance he will only expose himself to abusive language, and to insult upon insult. That wicked boy, I fear, will in some way seek to be revenged on George."

"My dear mother," said James, "as usual, you have gained the victory in be very natural for a boy as ill disposed, and as capable of injuring the feelings the way of argument. I see the force of your reasoning. I see that it would of others, as Ira Cleaver, to wish to retaliate upon George, by stealing his play-things, breaking his toys, or cutting his kite-line. And perhaps this trifling affair might lay the foundation of a settled hatred against both of us. I will hasten to find George, and advise him immediately to return the kite-line."

Perhaps some mother will say, why did Mrs. B. suffer her son thus to parley with her. Would she not have secured her children's obedience, and better maintained her own dignity as a mother, if she had at once expressed a command, instead of simply giving advice, or expressing her wishes. We will suppose that Mrs. B. had in this instance replied, with an air of displeasure, "James, why do you intrude? Do you not see that I am engaged with company? You know your father's opinion and mine on this subject. Why then do you wait to be told your duty? Go instantly, and find George, and let him know that his mother *commands* him to give back that kite-line, and let me never hear again of such conduct." We will suppose that James and George are made on such occasions to *submit* to their *mother*. But what would have become of James' dislike to Ira Cleaver? What of his disposition to be revenged upon that quarrelsome boy? Every one can see that hostilities, instead of being allayed, would have been perpetuated. Other

opportunities would have been *sought* to be revenged. Instead of being the injured party, James and George might, and probably would become the *aggressors*. Although children should never question the propriety of their mother's opinions, yet from intercourse with other children they often do. Children, as well as adults, are sometimes conscientiously wrong. By taking this ground with her son, Mrs. B. gave herself an opportunity to explain the reasons for her opinion. Had it been otherwise, James might have betrayed his want of confidence in his mother's judgment, in the hearing of his little brother and companions. Subsequent occasions to be revenged upon Ira Cleaver, or every other opponent, would probably be improved, without giving mother an opportunity to command, or even to advise.

Mrs. B. by appealing to the magnanimous feelings of her son; by reposing confidence in this elder brother; by commissioning him with an embassy of love, requiring as she acknowledged, no ordinary share of wisdom and address, even on the part of a mother, she not only secured for this time the ready obedience of this eldest son, but she elicited his sympathy for his mother and little brother. She likewise taught him that in some cases, to yield is to conquer. By condescending to hold an argument with him, she prepared him, when placed in circumstances beyond a mother's direct influence, to think and act with magnanimity, and independence, and self respect.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PIOUS MOTHERS.

My dear Mrs. W.

I have been much interested in the perusal of your Magazine. Among all the subjects that are coming before the Christian public, there is none more deserving of attention than the obligations and responsibilities of *Christian mothers*. The consequences of their faithfulness or unfaithfulness will be felt when the relations of this life shall have been dissolved.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is a truth engraven upon every heart; but the process of such training is often felt to be a matter of difficulty and of doubt. I rejoice that there is such a happy medium, as the Mother's Magazine presents, for embodying and circulating the results of successful experiments, on the subject of Christian education.

I trust that through its pages, the balm of consolation will be poured into many a bosom, bleeding under the anguish of disappointed hope, from the fruitful sources of ignorance and unfaithfulness. From my own observations, I believe that there is already an intense desire, enkindled in the bosom of many a mother, for the salvation of her beloved children, which, like a smothered fire, is ready to burst into a flame; or perhaps too often like a canker, it eats up her spirits, without prompting to effort. But let not any mother despair.

The happy experience of Christian parents in all ages of the world has coincided, when the blessings of salvation have been sought in the way which infinite wisdom has prescribed. We believe that no mother has gone, with the

throbbings of intense desire, to the mercy seat, with the importunate cry, "Lord, save my dear children, or they perish," that has sought in vain. Facts, as well as scripture, abundantly prove the contrary. It is to be feared that mothers too often only sigh over their past neglects; but regrets that are spent merely in sighs or words, without corresponding efforts to repair the evils of such neglect, will be worse than in vain. "Ye knew your duty, but you did it not," will forever be the unavailing language of remorse and despair among the inhabitants of that dark world, where not a solitary ray of light will ever arise from a determined purpose or hope of amendment.

There are many Christian mothers in our favored Zion, whose families, now reared to maturity, are heard to regret that maternal associations were not formed, and that the Mother's Magazine did not exist, when their children were under their immediate influence. How painful, how melancholy the reflection of such mothers: "I have no one to blame but myself; for had I been as untiring in my efforts, and as anxious to save the souls of my children as I was to feed and clothe their bodies, I should not now be enduring the agony of a broken heart, arising from the wicked conduct of a profligate son, or the cruel indifference and insensibility of a beloved daughter, and the still more dreadful apprehension of a miserable eternity; but unhappily my most importunate entreaties are now to my children like idle tales." Will such mothers fold their hands in hopeless despair? Let them remember, for their encouragement, that from the earliest periods of the church down to the present time, multitudes of cases have occurred, in which the prayers and efforts of a pious mother have been blessed of God to the salvation of an ungodly son, who has been eminently useful in building up the kingdom of the Redeemer.

Who does not admire the constancy of purpose, and the fervent spirit of supplication, which characterized the mother of Augustine, one of the early fathers? When he had embraced erroneous sentiments in religion, and was living in known disobedience to God, her faith was strong and unwavering, that he would yet become a true convert to Christ. Through all his wayward course she pursued him with her prayers and entreaties, undaunted by obstacles, and fearless of every thing that might prevent the accomplishment of her wishes. At one time, when, under the influence of strong feeling, she interfered with a certain bishop in his behalf, that he would endeavor to reclaim her son from his course of sin, he being somewhat irascible, and wearied with her importunity, replied, "begone, good woman; it is impossible a child of such prayers should perish. But even this harsh and repulsive answer served only to fix firmer and deeper in her soul, the belief that he would yet be given to her prayers; and he *was* given. After many long years of wandering in sin, through which, to use his own expression, she watered the earth with her tears, she had the satisfaction of seeing him renouncing all for Christ, choosing his service above every other good, and shining as a light in the midst of the darkness which surrounded him.

"When I was a little child," says a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died; and I was left much to my own

guidance. Like others I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt checked, and as it were drawn back, by the soft hand upon my head. When I was a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that *same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in days of happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice to my heart, a voice that must be obeyed: "Oh! do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God."

To every young mother I would say in the language of another, "The mental fountain of your infant is unsealed to your eye, ere it has chosen a channel, or breathed a murmur. You may tinge with sweetness or bitterness the whole stream of future life. In this moral field you are a privileged laborer. Ere the dews of morning begin to exhale, you are there; you break up a soil which the root of error, and the thorns of prejudice, have not preoccupied. You plant germs whose fruit is for eternity. While you feel that you are required to educate, not merely a virtuous member of community, but a Christian, an angel, a servant of the Most High, how should such a holy charge quicken your piety, by teaching your heart to own and to feel its insufficiency. The soul of your infant is uncovered before you; reflect that the images, which you enshrine in that unoccupied sanctuary, must rise before you at the bar of God. Trembling in view of your tremendous responsibilities, teach your little one, whose life is your dearest care, of the God who made him; and who can measure the extent of these your first lessons of piety, unless his hand should remove the vail which divides terrestrial from eternal things?"

A MOTHER.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

"Could we trace the public and private evils, which infest our otherwise happy country, backward to their true source," says Dr. Payson, "I doubt not we should find that most of them proceed from a general neglect of the education of children. With this neglect those parents are chargeable, who suffer their children to indulge without restraint those sinful propensities, to which childhood and youth are but too subject. Among the practices which have this dangerous tendency, are a quarrelsome, malicious disposition, disregard to truth, excessive indulgence of their appetites, neglect of the Bible and religious institutions, profanation of the Sabbath, impious and indecent language, wilful disobedience, improper associations, want of scrupulous integrity, and *idleness*, which is the parent of every evil.

"When youth are thus unrestrained, they almost invariably fall into courses which tend to undermine their constitutions and shorten their days. It is indeed a well known fact, that in populous towns comparatively few live to be aged, and that a much larger proportion of mankind, especially of the male sex, who are most exposed to the influence of temptation, die in the flower or

meridian of their days, than in the country where parental discipline is less generally neglected, and youth are under greater restraint.

"Parents who are guilty of this neglect, it is true, may have a blind fondness for their offspring, like the instinct of animals; but it does not at all resemble a virtuous, enlightened affection, and is altogether unworthy of a rational, and still more of a Christian parent.

"The fact is, they love their own ease too well to employ that constant care and exertion, which are necessary to restrain children, and educate them as they ought. They cannot bear to correct them, or put them to pain, not because they love their children, but because they love themselves, and are unwilling to endure the pain of inflicting punishment, and of seeing their children suffer, though they cannot but be sensible that their happiness requires it."

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL DUTIES IN RELATION TO S. SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Mother's Magazine:

Permit me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to address a few remarks to *parents* upon the subject of *Sabbath schools*. The duties of the superintendent, the responsibilities of teachers, and the employments and privileges of the children, have been commented upon, and clearly marked out, by so many who have written upon the subject, that but little can be addressed to them, except a repetition of all that has been urged upon them. But the duties of parents upon this all important subject have been neglected, or, to say the least, kept in the back ground. They are, nevertheless, of moment, and worthy of a prayerful attention. Allow me, then, concisely to state them, and in that method which will present each one separately before the eyes and consciences of parents.

1. Christian parents should never allow trifling excuses to prevent the attendance of their children upon their Sabbath school duties. Regularity in performing every duty is of importance, and the habit of not giving up to slight impediments, is of incalculable benefit to all. How necessary then, that such regularity and such habits should be formed in early life, and be extended to religious employments and duties. Ordinarily children do not relish the confinement or the occupations of any school life; hence they will be prone to plead trifling ailments as an excuse for negligence; and it should be the care of parents to watch these excuses narrowly, and, neither in the duties of an ordinary school life, or, upon the Sabbath, allow them, if trifling and unimportant, to be of any avail. But, aside from the formation of the general habit, every child, by inattendance, loses the continuity of instruction; feels that the petty ailments of the body are of more importance, in the eyes of its parents, than the instruction of the soul; and may lose an opportunity of some pungent address of the superintendent, or some faithful exhortation of the teacher, that might, under the grace of God, have been the means of conversion.

2. Parents should ascertain that the Sabbath school lesson is well learnt at home; not only committed to memory, but so explained, as that the spiritual

meaning of the texts should be appreciated. It is a good habit to divide the lesson into portions for each day of the week, and require every child to learn that portion at a stated time; and it will be of importance that the time devoted to the religious instruction of children should be occupied with remarks arising from the lesson, where the time is not employed in subjects connected with the behavior of the child. By sending a child into the Sabbath school, with a lesson thus perfectly learnt, and thoroughly explained, the duty of the teacher is rendered much easier; and light, sometimes thrown upon the lesson by the remarks of a child thus instructed, will prove an assistance to the teacher himself, and to the other members of the class.

3. It is hardly necessary for me to allude to the duty of prayer for the child. Natural affection and Christian zeal would of course dictate such prayers; but a petition, in the family exercises, for the Sabbath school, its teachers, and its scholars, with an allusion to the nature and instruction of the lesson, will be of service to the child, and ought to be considered as a duty, especially on the Sabbath morning. The child will feel that the school is not a mere matter of form, and that the interest, which his father or mother feels in it, is not merely the general approbation which they extend towards all measures of Christian benevolence, but a special and deep interest in the salvation of the child.

4. Parents ought to become acquainted, not only with the superintendent, and other officers of the Sabbath school, but with the particular teacher, to whose charge the souls of their offspring are committed. The child will the more love his teacher, if he sees his parents respect him, and will more deeply feel his reproofs, and profit by his exhortations. The teacher himself will be encouraged in the great work of doing good, and will feel that he is watched and supported by those who are the most interested in his success.

5. Parents should frequently visit the Sabbath school, and in this way superintend its operations. This duty is too much neglected by the Christian public. It is not, to be sure, always practicable for parents to perform such visits; but whenever it is, let it be done. They themselves will find it a pleasant mode of spending the Sabbath; and as they pass around the room, the sight of the young immortals near them, commencing their preparation for eternity; the busy hum of the lesson; the solemn tones of a teacher's faithful exhortation; the holy calm of the whole scene, where the world never intrudes, and things temporal are forgotten, will breathe over their own souls an influence as exhilirating, as s[illegible]ctifying, as that obtained in solitary reflection during that hour, and will as powerfully excite them to their duty, and fit them for usefulness in the church.

J. P. B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MOTTO FOR YOUTH.

NO. I.

"It was the first command and counsel to my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God."

I recollect my mother's reading this sentence to me when I was nine years

old. She explained it in so practical a manner, that I perfectly understood it, and so pleased was I with the principles it contained, that I resolved to adopt it for my motto for a year, and if I found it to be useful to myself, and felt assured that I could do no better than to adopt it for my motto for life. My mother, as was ever the case, was my confidant, and her counsels strengthened me in my resolution to adopt it, and I begged her to remind me of it, if at any time I appeared to forget it. This she did not promise to do, fearing I would depend on her; but advised me to write it down, and place it where I could always find it. As a child I applied it to all my plays, and what was duty was to be paramount to my inclination. The morning after I formed this resolution, it rained so that I thought of not going to school. My father had the day before purchased me a top, and I was very desirous to stay at home and play with it. My mother, as was sometimes her custom, left me to decide whether or not to go. She said it would not be imprudent, but as it was unpleasant, I might do as I thought best. There was quite a struggle between duty and inclination. I did not think the rain would hurt me, ought I to regard my feelings? It was my *duty* to improve my time, and the advantages my parents gave me. I went up stairs to my trunk, took out a piece of paper on which I had printed my motto, and which probably no one would have read but myself, and sat down to reflect. Now, thought I, is my first opportunity for practicing my motto. I jumped up and ran down to my mother: "O mother," said I, "it won't *hurt* me to go, and you know *now* my inclination must yield to my duty!"

She kissed me very affectionately, and said, "My dear boy, never forget that God sees you, and that he loves those that seek to do their duty."

That kiss and that look repaid me for the sacrifice, and I scampered off to school happier than if I were to play with my top a week.

M. C. E.

THE CHRISTIAN PARENTS' EVENING HYMN,

OR HYMN FOR A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

Father, how many orbs adorn
The evenings of our days,
The starry heavens resplendent shine,
And all speak forth thy praise.

Thy works around us all are spread,
And all declare thy love,
Tho' neither voice nor speech is heard, *
As in thy choirs above.

Lord! shall the precious living gems,
Entrusted to our care,
These deathless souls, immortal minds
Be mute in praise and prayer?

O! grant, that as we often meet
To seek for them thy grace,
Thy presence round the mercy-seat, †
May consecrate the place.

So when our watchful days are sped,
Life's evening has arrived,
They'll prove the *orbs* around our *bed*,
And light us to the skies.

M. C. E.

*Psalm xix: 3. †Exodus xxv::

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTS SHOULD CULTIVATE AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE TEACHERS TO WHOM THEY COMMIT THEIR CHILDREN.

It has been wisely observed that "he who is not able to leave his mark upon a pupil, never ought to have one." Christian mother! have you placed your child under the influence of a teacher whose mark you wish it to receive? Have you endeavored to acquaint yourself with the peculiarities of her mind; with her natural and acquired abilities; with her views of education, its relative importance, its object, and the manner in which that object is to be attained; with her views of natural and revealed truth, especially of the latter? Is she a lover of the Bible, well versed in its history, and familiar with its precepts? Has she an eye to see, and a tongue to dwell on its beauties? Does she give it a prominent place in the daily course of instruction? Has she clear and correct views of the moral government of God, of its principles, designs, and ultimate tendency; of personal responsibility; of the office and work of the Holy Spirit? Has she a deep and tender solicitude for the early conversion of her pupils? Have you reason to believe that the renovation of their hearts is an object which lies very near her own, and to this end all her efforts will have a direct tendency till it is accomplished, unless, in the providence of God, they are removed from under her care? If you have found a teacher for your child, whose intellectual capacity and attainments qualify her for her office, and whose views of moral truth are in harmony with your own, and drawn immediately from the fountain of all wisdom, you have reason to bless God for what she is, and to esteem her very highly in love, for her work's sake.

I write particularly for those who have not formed a sufficient acquaintance with their teachers, to answer the foregoing queries; and were I not supported by facts, I should not presume to suppose such ignorance of character, where such interests are at stake. As a necessary consequence of this unjustifiable indifference, it has come to pass that "who will may teach, and what they will." A nation's treasure, and the hope of the church, is deliberately consigned to

any one who is willing to assume the trust; the accomplished and faithful teacher is estimated at an unworthy price; her motives often misjudged: her conduct impugned; and perhaps, after months of unceasing effort, some dissatisfaction on the part of the child, or some parental freak, removes a promising pupil from her care, and places it under new influence, where, if no other injury is sustained, the same work is to be done over again, and much invaluable time is lost.

Many circumstances have conspired to keep parents and teachers at a distance from each other. Their spheres of operation have been supposed to be widely separated, and there has been no common ground on which they could meet. Parents have held themselves responsible for the physical comfort and temporal interests of their children. Their education or intellectual culture, they have committed to teachers, the care of their souls to their pastor or the Sabbath school.

The work of training an immortal being has thus been unhappily divided, as also its responsibilities. The latter has been thrown from one to the other, and evaded by all, or subdivided until its particles have become invisible; and instead of being workers together for God, helpers of each other's joy, they have, at least, counteracted each other's influence, and left their errors indelibly marked on their unhappy subjects.

A redeeming principle is now manifesting itself, and here and there public sentiment begins to be corrected. We have discovered that neither can do the work independent of the other; that our responsibilities are both relative and personal; and this like a magnetic influence, is drawing us together. It would not be difficult to multiply reasons why parents and teachers should be acquainted with each other; but as "a word to the wise is sufficient," I shall be brief.

If it is true that mind acting on mind necessarily produces an impression, parents are deeply interested in knowing what impressions a teacher intends to make on the minds of her pupils. When the lines of intellectual and moral character are strongly marked, neither effort nor time can save them. They may be rendered less legible, but they are there still, and will be developed under every variety of circumstance, and in every stage of life. In drawing these lines of character, the facilities possessed by teachers are much greater than has been generally supposed. If I wished to change the moral character of a nation, I would assemble together the teachers of its primary schools, and engage them in my interests. They are, or they ought to be, well acquainted with mind, the laws of its constitution, the powers and susceptibilities by which it acts, and is acted upon. They know how to touch the secret springs of thought and feeling, and hold a controlling influence over mind, during that period in which it is most easily affected. They will cherish impressions, and write sentiments on the heart, which will be felt and read when the books shall be opened, and the Judge shall determine the future destiny of your children, according to the characters they have formed under their present influences.

Another reason for this intimate acquaintance between parents and teachers is, that without it there can be no foundation on which to rest a hope of success. Mind, in its onward march, is approaching a fearful crisis. It has learned

to despise government, to be uneasy under restraint, and to maintain an unhallowed independence of God and man. The moral ligaments, by which society has been bound together, are greatly weakened, and confidence in general character has suffered a proportionate diminution. The infinitely wise providence of God has cast our lot in these latter days, in which errors abound; and most unhappily for us, we are more exposed from enemies within the sacred enclosure of the church, than from those who openly avow their hostility. Many who maintain an amiable and correct external deportment, are drawn away from the simplicity of the "truth as it is in Jesus." There is a growing tendency, on the part of the lovers of natural science, to lose sight of God, to place him without the precincts of his own material universe, and to account for every phenomenon, whether supported by evidence or not, without a recognition of the invisible agency which designs and produces all.

By some, there is a strong propensity to materialize spiritual things; and in others to spiritualize material things; and the tendency of all this is to lead the youthful mind to indulge a specious and unsuspected infidelity. An enlightened confidence must be the result of personal knowledge and esteem of character. This must be based on an acquaintance with the feelings and sentiments of its subject.

Again, without such confidence, there can be little co-operation in effort, or sympathy under trial. Every faithful teacher has at some time been the subject of what may be called a professional despondency. In view of their high responsibilities, the magnitude of their work, and the obstacles in the way of its accomplishment, teachers feel that they are incompetent to the performance of the one, or the removal of the other. That their sufficiency is of God, affords the only real relief to a mind thus alive to its duty, and sensible of its weakness. If we can go to the strong for strength, and to the wise for wisdom, we need not fear. He who has placed us in our office, will sustain us in the discharge of its duties, and have compassion on our infirmities; but we still need that participation of feeling which we can expect only from those whose servants we are for Jesus' sake. The most successful not unfrequently find occasion to mourn that they have labored in vain, and spent their strength for nought. Their efforts have been ineffectual, and their reasonable expectations disappointed, for want of certain parental co-operation. A teacher may discover a moral defect in the character of a pupil, and direct all her efforts to its correction. It may escape the vigilance of parental observation, and, by indulgence at home, gather strength to resist the opposing influence at school. The hopelessness of such a case is too evident to need illustration. Yet such occurrences are common; and because they are so, we pass them by in silence, or lay them up in the secret recesses of our sorrows. Union is strength; and without united effort, no important object can be gained. In order to form the minds of the rising generation, with reference to the great moral changes which they will probably witness, and in which we hope they will bear a part, we must have one definite object, and pursue it by at least similar means. The course of instruction and system of discipline adopted by the teacher, should be known and approved by the parent. Should there

be any difference of opinion, it should be freely discussed, without the knowledge of the child. Only let a child know that its parent doubts the propriety of the course adopted by the teacher, and her usefulness to that child is at an end. Confidence is destroyed, and they cannot separate too soon. We ought frequently to meet, to compare notes, to talk over difficulties, to advise with each other relative to the best means of attaining some definite end, to strengthen each other's hands, and, as far as possible, to amalgamate our views and interests. Such an intercourse would give us another opportunity of gaining the affection of our pupils. We should then meet them occasionally, not as teachers, but as friends. It would encourage us in our work, by giving us the best assurances that we are not laboring alone; that our hands are held up by parental co-operation; and that in all the trials incident to our important duties, we share the sympathies, and are sustained by the prayers of those for whom we labor.

New York, August 31, 1833. IOTA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CULTIVATION OF THE AFFECTIONS.

An interesting writer, in one of the early volumes of the Christian Spectator, in a review of Babington on Education, has made the following remarks: "It [education] implants and gives energy to correct principles; establishes the dominion of good habits. It *softens and refines the affections*, moderates the desires, eradicates prejudice, and reduces to submission the rebellious passions. The subject of this benign discipline is thus rendered more placid, cheerful and happy in himself, and of course more disposed to give, as well as more capable of giving, happiness to those about him."

Is the present system of female education calculated to produce such favorable results? Our daughters are becoming more intellectual than their mothers; are they in other respects fitting for the sphere for which Providence has designed them, a "help meet for man"? Thus has our all wise Creator pointed out the station we are to occupy. I rejoice in that improved state of education, by which woman is prepared for intellectual companionship with the gifted of the other sex. Too long was she withheld from that rank among minds, which was hers by "divine right," by her inferior cultivation. But her duties are peculiar and appropriate; something besides the understanding must receive careful culture. The *affections must be softened and refined!*

Look at the darling of the nursery; how her every whim is gratified! How she is satiated with dainties! How gaily dressed; how studiously amused! Already she is the tyrant of her little sphere; her lip curls with pride; her commands are uttered with an authoritative tone, that would become an admiral. When is she to begin to learn submission? How can she be taught self-denying kindness? Emancipated from the nursery, the half spoiled pet is sent to school. Her mental culture assumes order and efficiency. Meantime, who cultivates the affections? Who calls forth her activity in "the sweet charities of life"? Is she constantly encouraged to render those offices of

kindness to her younger brothers and sisters, which elicit tenderness? Alas! no; her time is tasked to the utmost; she has always lessons to commit to memory at home. Peevishness and ill humor are excused, because "the poor thing has to study so hard." She is languid, and unwilling to make the slightest exertion to promote the comfort of those about her. Delicate health is pleaded as an apology. The confined air of the school room, and too little exercise, are the cause of this feebleness of constitution. Years pass on; she is at length released from the drudgery of the school-room, but music, drawing, French, Italian, &c. occupy all her time. Her mother is ill. The piano is stopped, because it is an annoyance; but where is the daughter? Watching by that fond mother's bedside, with anxious solicitude, anticipating every want? A hired nurse administers to her necessities. The young lady is in the room occasionally, but she sits with a book in her hand, or looking out of the window. Is this the "ministering angel, when pain and sickness wring the brow"? Mistaken mother! your daughter is intelligent and accomplished; she is *very* intellectual; but would not her sympathy sweetly soothe your sorrow? Would not her assiduous tenderness diffuse a living fragrance around your pillow? Her affections have not been cultivated. She would gladly do something for you, but she plainly does not know how. Mothers may say that the softening influence of religion will effect all that is necessary; and for this they constantly labor and pray. Hard and barren indeed will be the soil in which the heavenly seed must take root. You would not cast out a beautiful exotic to put forth its tender and delicate leaves upon the beaten highway. "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, &c." Mother! it is your task to prepare the soil for these precious fruits.

The physician who discovers and describes the symptoms of a disease, has but half performed his office, till he points out the remedy. With much diffidence would I suggest the following brief hints on the subject of the cultivation of the affections.

Begin right. Remember the end and object of your daughter's education, namely, *to fit her for time, and for* ETERNITY!

Begin early. Your sweet babe is not given for the gratification of your own pride. Let her dress always be neat and plain, her diet simple and wholesome. Call forth her affections as soon as possible by the kind of *reward* which you offer for good behavior. As soon as a little girl can be taught any thing, it should be the law of kindness. A mother may say, "Mary has been a good child; she may fold up little brother's clothes to-night;" or, "If Mary behaves well in the nursery, she may come into the parlor and see her father this evening." Such associations are very powerful.

Punishments should be of the same kind. The deprivation of some customary act of kindness from a mother, will often do more good than a much severer infliction. Even the denial of the kiss of affection is often most keenly felt. It is very injudicious to deprive a child of cake and sweetmeats, or its necessary food, by way of punishment. A volume might be written on this part of the subject, but I must forbear.

When your daughter is old enough to show decided mental superiority, do not manifest too much pleasure on that subject. When she practices self-denial for the good of others, or active benevolence, prove to her, by your decided approbation, that you set an equal value upon these attainments. That Being whose wisdom is infinite, does not characterize himself as a God of knowledge; but "God is love." The most prominent point in our blessed Saviour's character on earth was his "doing good." Make your daughter feel that all her intellectual acquirements and her accomplishments are designed to increase her power of conferring happiness.

Be careful that her sensibility is not expended upon fictitious subjects. The true feelings of the heart are often thus foolishly and wickedly wasted. The passive emotions are all weakened by frequent excitement. On the contrary the active emotions are increased by exercise. Many a bright eye, which has wept itself dim over scenes of fictitious sorrow, would turn away in disgust from real distress. Act efficiently and promptly, and the revolting circumstances which often attend suffering will be unheeded.

When your daughter is old enough for your companion and friend, allow *her to participate in your cares and duties.* It is the affectionate daughter and kind sister, who will make the self-denying wife, and devoted mother. A woman may be of the gifted few in talents; she may be accomplished and beautiful; she may be even pious in principle; but without affections strong and active, she is like an iceberg glittering in the moonbeams; none may dream of communion with its frozen sterility. T. C. L.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S OR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S EARLY LESSON.

My dear Madam—I have frequently been requested to send, for publication, some account of the fruits of instruction given years since to a class in a Sabbath school. If you think proper to insert it in the Mother's Magazine, I shall hope that those who read it may be induced to adopt a similar method, to impress on the youthful mind this important truth.

The little girls in my class were eight in number, from ten to thirteen years old, all belonging to poor families in a large city. One Sabbath I said to them, "My dear children, there is one lesson I wish you *always* to remember; it is this: 'Thou God seest me.' This is a truth that we all *know*, but we are apt to forget it; I wish you therefore to *try* to remember it. It will greatly help you to remember it, if you ask yourself, every hour, when you hear the clock strike, have I remembered the lesson my teacher gave me? Then repeat it to yourself: 'Thou God seest me.' If you remember it every hour, you will be likely to think of it much oftener; and if you think that God is looking at you, it will make you *afraid* to do *wrong*, lest you should *offend* God, and it will make you try to do *right*, that you may *please* God." They all promised they would attend to the lesson. The Sabbath after, I inquired, "Have you

thought of the lesson your teacher gave you last Sabbath?" One and all answered, "Yes, yes." "Now, my dear children, can you tell me if it has done you any good to remember that God sees you at all times?" Several of them replied that it had. "What good has it done you?" One held down her head, and began to weep, probably at the thought of confessing a fault; but perhaps she did not know that to be willing to acknowledge a fault is a most lovely trait in any character. I told her I was her friend, and she need not be afraid to tell me. She then said that her mother wished her to go of an errand, and she was unwilling to go, and even said she would not go. Then she thought of the lesson, "Thou God seest me," and she went immediately. Another little girl said, with tears, "My mother told me *not* to visit my cousin; but when she went to the country to spend a few days, I thought, *now* I will go and visit my cousin. So I laid on my hat and shawl, and went as far as the gate; but there I remembered 'Thou God seest me,' and I returned to the house, and gave up my visit."

Thus, in these two instances, the recollection of this truth produced *obedience*, the very fruit which was desired. I related these circumstances to another class in a Sabbath school, several years after, and requested their attention to the same text, which had the same happy effect in the case of one of them, who told me that "her mother had a *kid* of figs, and she went to take one of them; but thinking of the lesson, 'Thou God seest me,' she did not take the fig, and felt much happier than if she had."

Lately I endeavored to impress on the minds of pupils, at an infant Sabbath school, this truth, and induced them to repeat it with one voice, and told them that it would keep them from doing *wrong*, and induce them to do *right*, &c. The next Sabbath, I had the pleasure to hear one sweet little boy, six years old, say, "he went to take an apple from his mother's basket, without permission, when he remembered the text, 'Thou God seest me,' and did not touch it, but went and asked his mother if he might have one, and obtained permission, and enjoyed it very much. Two of the little girls were contending for the head of the seat, and her teacher could not for some time persuade either of them to relinquish what she considered her right; but at last this teacher said she feared they had forgotten the instruction given to them by Mrs. T. the Sabbath before, and immediately one of them moved down and gave her seat to the other, while the other looked ashamed of her conduct, and will probably be restrained in future by the fact that God's eye is always upon her. Many other cases might be named; but enough have been related to encourage every parent and teacher to enforce this truth.

Very respectfully,

SALINA, Oct. 1, 1833. Yours, L. B. F.

It is with pleasure that we insert a second piece under the title of "Motto for Youth," and for the sake of the *example* we mention that they were first inserted in a "FAMILY GAZETTE," prepared every week by the children of a friend's family, which was read every Saturday evening, after the family had assembled for their evening devotions.

It was the custom of the children, who were old enough, to furnish a piece every week for the Gazette. The three eldest alternately assumed the responsibility of editorship. For the encouragement and benefit of the children, their parents occasionally prepared a piece. By a little skill in managing, the faults and peculiarities of each child, either by delicate allusion or by voluntary confession, was pointed out and happily corrected. We recommend the adoption of a similar plan to every family where it may be practicable; and we hesitate not to say that all the advantages which might result from such a journal, may not at first view be conceived.

MOTTO FOR YOUTH. No. II.

It was the first command and counsel to my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God.

Carelessness was a fault of mine, which my affectionate mother took unwearied pains to correct. Like most children, I did not view its consequences as serious as she represented them to be; yet when she spoke to me of them, I felt as if I would try to do better, if it were only to please her.

I recollect that when between ten and eleven years of age, she one day gave me a shilling to purchase some trifling article for her, and as I ran out of the door, she followed me. "Carlos," said she, "you had better put it into your pocket-book, or you *may* lose it." "Oh! mother," said I, in my haste, "I *sha'nt* lose it;" so on I ran with it in my hand. Some music in the street attracted my attention, so that I did not go immediately; and when ready to go, my money was missing. I looked up and down the street, but it was nowhere to be found. "What shall I do?" thought I; for I knew that my mother would have just cause for being displeased with me. Just then it occurred to me that I had a shilling of my own, which my father had given me to buy marbles with. My first thought was to replace it with this, and conceal from my mother the loss. I drew my handkerchief from my pocket to get my money, and out fell a card, with something neatly written on it. It was my motto. My dear mother had, as she afterwards told me, been for several weeks apprehensive that I was forgetting my motto, and had, the morning before, unknown to me, put the card into my pocket. I took it up and read it; tears of affection and contrition bedewed it. I turned round and walked slowly home, resolving to tell my mother all. I told her, and offered to replace her lost money with my own. She permitted me to do it, that I might experience in my own wants the inconvenience of carelessness. She gently reproved me for my carelessness, and inattention to her requests; but said she could confide in me for my candor. "My dear Carlos," said she, "always comply with the most trifling requests of your parents, when conscience does not interfere. If, in doing as they wish you to, the result is not altogether satisfactory, you have this to console you, that you were fulfilling your duty as an obedient child, and honoring your father who is in heaven. If, as in the present case, *you* do as you like, all the blame rests on yourself. Go, now, my dear child, and may I never conduct so towards you, nor you be so hardened, that you will wish to conceal your faults from me." I went away happy

in her confidence, and thankful, I trust, for the blessing of *such* a mother. A fortnight after, I received from my mother the note which follows, and with it a neat and valuable little volume:

My dear Son—Buy with the enclosed shilling some marbles for yourself, and accept the little volume accompanying this, as a token of my entire approbation of your conduct for the two past weeks. Keep your motto near you, and read it daily. Be assured, my son, that the ingenuousness you displayed in the incident which occurred a fortnight since, has given me true pleasure; and, believe me, that no child who has not the confidence of his parents, will *long* have that of others. Your affectionate mother, C. S. E.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE INFIDEL HUSBAND.

"BUT SHE THAT IS MARRIED CARETH FOR THE THINGS OF THE WORLD, HOW SHE MAY PLEASE HER HUSBAND." 1 Cor. 7: 34.

A few days since, I was invited to attend the funeral solemnities of a deceased relative. I looked upon her lifeless clay with feelings of no common character.

Mrs. K. was united in early youth to one who was then considered a sober, honest, respectable man; and in truth he was so, having no outward besetting sin. In a few years after their marriage, they removed from Connecticut to New York, where Mr. K. purchased a farm, built him a fine house, and was at length settled to his entire satisfaction. Having no children, he adopted his nephew, a young lad, as a son. Mr. K. who was destitute of religious principles, (for he was an infidel,) was induced to do this, that he might have an heir to his possessions, and a support in his declining age.

But Providence ordered it otherwise. In consequence of the infidelity of the uncle, the nephew, as might have been expected, imbibed the same corrupt principles, was ultimately ruined for this world, and we have reason to fear for eternity! In the mean time, Mrs. K. a perfect model of devotedness to her husband, saw him a man much "looked up to" in society, filling the office of magistrate for many years, a perfectly temperate man, a good neighbor, friend, and husband, and was therefore inclined to think his principles were not, after all, so very bad; *perhaps* what he advocated might be true.

The "still small voice," however, would not be entirely hushed. Conscience whispered, the Bible may be true; it may be a revelation from God. But where, she would inquire, is the evidence that it is so? In itself, in your own soul, would reason and conscience answer; and many times was she "almost persuaded to be a Christian." In this way she lived, entirely unsettled in her religious principles, believing and disbelieving for nearly half a century.

At length death came, and found her, alas! I hardly dare say an infidel; but what is the difference? She was an *unbeliever;* and when I looked upon her cold inanimate body, I could not but exclaim, in the bitterness of my grief, Oh! husband! husband! her blood will be found in thy skirts! Ye wives,

who have infidel husbands, beware how you admit their principles into your own hearts. Do not sanction them by your silence, when they are advocated in your presence; for the souls of your children will thus be endangered, nay, led on to ruin. I am well aware that wives are often placed in very trying circumstances. Yet, by faithful perseverance in duty, they may be the instruments in the hands of God in bringing their infidel husbands to Christ.

In the case of my deceased relative, never was there a better wife, a better neighbor, or a better friend; would to God I could add, a better Christian. But, alas! she had not chosen that good part, which could not be taken away from her. O that I could stop here! My heart still bleeds at the recollection of the nephew. He might have been, and indeed promised to be, an ornament to society, loved and honored by all. What is he now? A sorrow, a living sorrow to his friends, degraded, despised, a slave to intemperance, an infidel, his wife and children beggared, and himself hastening to an untimely grave.

Who can tell how many more have been drawn into this vortex of infidelity? The day of judgment only will reveal how many have been led on, through the influence of this one infidel husband and uncle, to the ruin of their souls. Although he was a man of high intellectual attainments, beloved and respected in his social intercourse, so much the more was he to have been guarded against. Oh! how deplorable will be his condemnation in the day of final retribution!

DELIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE CONVERTED HUSBAND.

"FOR WHAT KNOWEST THOU, O WIFE, WHETHER THOU SHALT SAVE THY HUSBAND?"
1 Cor. 7: 16.

In a village in one of the New England states, some years since, at the commencement of a powerful revival of religion, among other individuals who came to converse with their minister upon religious topics, was a Mrs. B. the mother of a large and interesting family. Two of her children were already grown to maturity. She informed her pastor that she had entertained a hope of an interest in the Savior for sixteen years; but that she had been induced to defer uniting herself to the people of God by the remonstrances of her husband. By his great kindness, he had acquired such an ascendency over her affections, that to please him, had been, she feared, the chief object of her wishes and pursuits. Within a few weeks, her eyes had been opened to perceive the superior claims of the gospel. She now realized for the first time that her husband and children were traveling the broad road together. They had never reared a family altar.

Although from custom they frequented the house of God on the Sabbath, yet the truths of the Bible had never found a lodgment in any of their hearts. She now felt satisfied that it was her duty to take up her cross, and to follow Christ. "I have been deluded," said Mrs. B. "by the belief that my way

was hedged up by an insurmountable obstacle. I have substituted the good opinion of my husband for the approbation and the smiles of my Savior." "I advise you to converse with your husband on the subject," said her minister. Mrs. B. replied, "I have of late repeatedly urged my husband to yield his consent; but he says if I profess religion, he will never live with me another day. Though I fear the consequences of going forward in the way that my conscience dictates, may be painful, yet I fear still more the evils that threaten my family, if I continue to neglect a known and positive duty." Her minister promised to propound her for admission.

On returning home from worship, on the day that she was received into the church, Mr. B. told his wife, as she knew his mind on the subject of her professing religion, he should be consistent with his former declarations, and ordered separate lodgings to be prepared for him that night. His wife silently and implicitly acceded to his wishes.

The next morning he told his family that imperious business called him from home to be absent for a few days. His horses and carriage were soon in readiness, and he hastily and abruptly left his dwelling.

Mrs. B. now felt the necessity of exercising that faith which is as an anchor to the soul. But she said within herself, "Shall a man complain for the punishment of his sins?"

Immediately on Mr. B.'s leaving home, Mrs. B. requested her eldest daughter to manage the household concerns in the best manner she was able, that she might herself enjoy the privilege of retiring, with her Bible, to her closet. The day was spent in fasting and prayer, and in reading lessons of heavenly wisdom from the word of God.

To her great joy, every page seemed to be illumined as with a sunbeam. She now felt that she could endure the loss of all things for the sake of him who bore her sins in his own body on the tree. Her soul, though elevated above the perishable things of time and sense, was in heaviness at the thought of an eternal separation from him she so dearly loved—from the companion of her youth, and perhaps too from her beloved children. She upbraided herself as an accessory, if not the guilty occasion of their life of worldliness; for had she fulfilled the sacred obligations imposed by an early hope of reconciliation to God, her husband and her children might, long since, have been devout worshipers in the courts of the Lord.

It was nearly sunset, when the noise of rattling wheels arrested her attention. Till now, no external object had disturbed her thoughts. The door suddenly opened, and her husband stood pale and trembling by her side.

"My dear wife," he exclaimed, "can you forgive your misguided husband? I have learnt by sad experience this day, by the way side, that my opposition against you originated in hostility to the claims of God. Can you forgive me, and will you supplicate the forgiveness of God for me? for I have no cloak or excuse for the least of my sins."

Under an overwhelming sense of the goodness of God, in thus subduing and enlightening the mind of her dearest earthly friend, they prostrated themselves in the attitude of prayer, and wept, and confessed before the Lord their

sins of heart and life. Mr. B. informed his wife, that on leaving her in the morning, he went in direct opposition to the dictates of an enlightened conscience; that her silent and acquiescent conduct proved to him indubitably the efficacy of religion; and when contrasted with his own feelings, then "lashed into a storm," his soul was filled with shame and remorse. At times he expected to be dashed to the ground; twice he alighted from his carriage, and falling upon his knees, he would have confessed his sin and guilt; but his mind was dark and his heart was hard. He faintly ejaculated, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But on resuming his seat in his carriage, with an involuntary grasp he held the reins, as if his horses were hurrying him forward with uncommon velocity. His business was at M. sixteen miles distant from his home. At eleven o'clock he had progressed but eight miles on his way. Under a horse-shed he tried to compose his mind, but in vain; he found himself wholly incapable of attending to any worldly business. He endeavored to rid himself of such uncomfortable reflections as crowded upon his mind with a force which he was unable to resist. For several hours, he felt like the guilty murderer flying from justice. At length he perceived that his opposition to God had manifested itself by the indulgence of ill will towards his affectionate wife. He resolved at once to return home, and ingenuously confess to her, and ask her forgiveness. On doing so, the scales of unbelief fell from his eyes, and tears of gratitude and penitence flowed in abundance.

Mr. B. immediately resolved on a religious life, which he determined to commence by rearing a family altar. But he had a stammering tongue; and so slow was his speech, that he trembled, lest, in his attempt to honor God, he might expose himself to the ridicule of his grown up sons, and other adult members of his family. He hesitated and delayed. His business at M. yet unaccomplished, was really pressing, and demanded immediate attention. He retired to his closet to ask the Lord to assist him in the duty of family prayer on the following Friday. But his mouth was shut. How could he ask the Lord to assist him to do a duty on Friday, which he might not live to perform then, and which was manifestly a present duty? He saw the inconsistency of such a petition. He rose from his knees, went in pursuit of Mrs. B. and related to her the exercises of his mind. He then told her, that if she would bring out the little stand, and the great Bible, and would assemble the family, he would try to perform the duty of family worship, let the sacrifice of feeling be what it might. Mrs. B's emotions of gratitude and joy were indescribable. She hastened to execute this glad commission.

As this father bowed himself, with solemn awe, before the majesty of heaven and earth, a breathless silence pervaded the youthful spectators of this affecting scene, and for the first time in their life, they realized a present Deity. The Spirit of the Lord came down and sat upon their hearts, the effect of whose operations was like that of the refiner's fire, and of fuller's soap. Who can measure the extent of that change, which, within a few days, had been wrought in a family whose hearts had so long been wedded to their idols? The tongue of the stammerer, now unfettered, was employed in anthems of praise for redeeming love and mercy; and the exclamation rose involuntarily to the lips of every beholder, "What hath God wrought!"

Mr. and Mrs. B. were now, with one heart, as sedulously and as perseveringly engaged in their efforts for the salvation of their whole family, as they had formerly been to secure for them a portion in the perishable things of time; and their efforts were not in vain in the Lord.

On learning the subsequent history of this family, who will not rejoice in view of the timely *decision* of Mrs. B.? Both parents, and all the children except two, have in rapid succession paid the great debt of nature, leaving behind them satisfactory evidence that they had experienced the grace of God which bringeth salvation, in answer to the prayers of a *decided Christian* mother.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

In my desire to occupy a page of the Magazine, to say a few words to mothers, I claim to have no new plan to communicate, no particular defect to expose, and perhaps nothing further than merely to reiterate what may have been said by hundreds before me.

But I would exhort and encourage every mother, as she looks at the peculiar preciousness of her privilege, and the immensity of her duty. When the heart of the Christian is alive in grace, and fixed upon doing good, then the salvation of souls is the theme of his thoughts, and the burden of his prayers. Fixing the glory of God in his eye, Oh! how he pants to promote that glory, and swell the anthems of heaven, by becoming the instrument of the salvation of souls. Then every station in life, which helps him in that enterprise, though attended with many a toil and trial, becomes at once a station of unspeakable privilege.

In precisely that station I fix the mother. I know that the world is full of the theme of a mother's toils and griefs; and there may be points of view in which her lot is one of sorrow. Yet are not those toils and griefs surpassed by the high consideration of a *mother's privilege*, that peculiar privilege, to which I have alluded?

I am not writing an essay, and therefore shall not pause to dwell upon the nature and amount of her advantages in laboring for the conversion of her dear children to God. The pages of the Magazine have not been deficient upon that subject. It has become a truism, that none, like a mother, can feel for her child, can pray for it, can influence it, can take it, at the first dawn of intelligence, and lead it to the "babe of Bethlehem, and the man of Calvary." Nor need I pause to illustrate this by the powerful language of example. The time would fail me to speak of Samuel and Timothy, and a host of more modern worthies, among the departed; yes, and of a recently embarked missionary to China, among the living.

Mother, it is the *privilege* of your station which you ought to understand, prize, and improve. I may be enthusiastic, but I have so strong confidence in the promise of God, in relation to parental faithfulness, where it is main-

tained with constancy, that I believe it is, *without doubt*, your privilege to become instrumental in the salvation of every child you have. If, then, as a Christian, you are panting to obtain conquests to the Redeemer's cause, as a mother, the opportunity is placed in your hands. You, above all others, need not go to heaven, and, (if such a thing be possible,) there wear a crown without a star—there carry not one precious stone to place in your Redeemer's diadem. You can do good. *You can win souls to Christ.* Oh! there is a glory in the thought. It places you at a lofty elevation, perhaps the loftiest in the scale of privilege, and of duty too.

When will mothers awaken to a full sense of it! When will Christian mothers reflect, that, in an important sense, the destinies of the church are in their hands, and, may I not say it, with them, under God, rests the immense question, whether the millenium shall be delayed, or whether it shall come quickly? Will they meet the crisis by exclaiming, "Come quickly, even so come Lord Jesus"?

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever.

B. B. H.

HABIT OF PRAYER EARLY FORMED.

We would call the attention of mothers to a small pamphlet, entitled "PRACTICAL HINTS TO MEMBERS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS AND CHRISTIAN MOTHERS." We insert a brief extract, hoping to excite in every mother a desire to possess this invaluable little tract, assuring them that they may derive equal aid upon all the subjects therein suggested.

"I recollect the method adopted by a mother, who was anxious that the habit of prayer should be early formed, and rendered agreeable to her children. At the age of two years she commenced the daily practice of retiring with them as early as possible in the morning, before they were engaged in play. The habit of prayer was soon fixed, and it was their uniform choice to attend to it. As soon as they could read, the Bible was spread open, a very few verses read in turn, and one selected to be thought upon during the day, and for the last subject at night when she left them. She retired with them, to make the season as interesting as possible, and to prevent habits of inattention. As her cares increased, she at length permitted them to go alone, and still perceived the same cheerful attention to the duty. When a third little daughter was old enough, she was sent with the others, but manifested a decided aversion to it, often saying, "I don't love to pray." It was not difficult for the mother to perceive her mistake, and she hasted to retrieve the error. At this tender age the mother's presence was wanted to encourage and lead the infant child to God, by the same gentle steps she had led the others. She soon learned to "love to pray;" and that mother assured me that she was a thousand fold repaid by the happiness and serenity diffused over the minds of her children through the day. When she was sick or absent, their little oratory was never forsaken, nor the passage of scripture neglected; and the text selected for the

day was happily instrumental of good. In directing one of these children how to conduct when visiting, "Yes," said the little one with seriousness, "I will think of this, 'Thou God seest me.'" One illustration more shall suffice.

"The father of a family was accustomed at the close of day, when fatigued with labor, to refresh himself by taking a little one on each knee, and in those happy moments of reciprocal expressions of love, talk to them of Jesus and of heaven; and when their young hearts were full of every pleasing thought of God, he would lay them down in their little bed, 'safe under the wings of the Almighty,' and when those infants awoke in the night, it was always to talk of Him in whose tender care they fell asleep." Happy, happy mother, when the father of her children thus cooperates with her in these labors of love!

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE

FOR THE NEXT QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE UTICA MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

LESSON IV.—NOAH AND THE FLOOD. Gen. vi, vii, viii.

In what year of the world was Noah born?
Whose son was he, and what does his name signify?
How many sons had Noah?
Can you tell us their names?
Were all the people, who then lived in the world, good people?
Did God see all the wickedness of men?
What did God say he would do, because men were wicked?
Was Noah a good man, or a wicked man?
What was said of the character of Noah? v. 9.
What is it to "walk with God"?
What did God direct Noah to make?
How long was the ark? How much is a cubit?
How broad and how high was the ark?
Why was the ark made so large?
How many persons were saved in the ark?
What other living creatures were taken into the ark?
How many of each kind?
How long did it rain, to produce the flood?
How high did the waters rise?
Did the ark float upon the waters?
What became of the people who were on the earth?
How long did the flood continue?
How did God cause the flood to be diminished?
In what month, and on what day of the month, did the ark rest?
On what mountain?
In what country is this mountain?
How many days after this did Noah open the window of the ark?
What birds did Noah send out of the ark?
What became of them?
How did Noah know that the waters were abated?

How long after this did he wait, before he opened the ark?

What did God then say to Noah?

What did Noah do soon after he came out of the ark?

What did the Lord say he would not do again?

What gracious promise did the Lord then make?

Can you tell us of whom the ark was a type?

If Jesus Christ was represented by the ark, who are the people that will be saved by him?

What will become of all persons who do not trust in Jesus Christ as their Savior?

For the Mother's Magazine.

THOU ART THEN A MOTHER.

TO ————.

And thou art then a mother, thou,
Whom last I saw so wild and free,
With airy step and sunny brow,
And tones of mirth and glee.
A mother! and doth not thy face
Now wear a sweet and placid smile—
A chasten'd look, wherein we trace
A mother's love the while?

And thou art then a mother, thou,
Whose heart vibrates to every strain
Which breathes of love, and even now,
Such tones for thee remain.
A mother! ay! and on his head
Who's sent to make thee doubly blest,
Thy love, like heavenly dew is shed,
When waking, and at rest.

And thou art then a mother, thou,
Who look'st abroad with fancy's eye,
On dale and hill, on forest bough,
On ocean, air, and sky.

A mother! and what thoughts are thine,
When tracing, through the future years,
With fond imaginings, the line
He'll walk, in smiles or tears?

And thou art then a mother, thou,
Who lov'st to dream of beauty's spell,
And of that charm to which all bow,
That e'er with mind will dwell.
A mother! fair may be his form
And face, *but thine it is to mould,*
While yet 'tis plastic, fresh, and warm,
That *mind* of price untold.

And thou art then a mother, thou,
Whose spirit tends to One above,
Who heard long since, thy solemn vow,
Who's bless'd thee with his love.
A mother! oft thy fervent prayer,
Is pour'd for him, in mercy giv'n,
Thy happiness on earth to share,
But more, we trust in heaven.

STOCKBRIDGE, Mass. May, 1833. A. D. W.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MY MOTHER.

When dark frowns of fortune have over me thrown,
The gloom oft attendant on watchings and cares,
How sweet to the heart that is friendless and lone,
Is the thought of a mother's instructions and prayers!

How oft in the night, when the world is at rest,
And my mind is relieved from the toils of the day,
Do I fancy my mother her God has addressed,
For grace to direct me through life's stormy way.

Whenever temptation my heart shall assail,
And urge me to crime, that dear mother appears;
Her mild, beaming eye, o'er my passion prevails,
Her warning voice melts to repentance and tears.

When time o'er my locks shall have strewn his hoar frost,
And an exile I roam from the land of my birth,
Shall thoughts of her prayers, as I'm tempted and toss'd,
Illumine the pathway that leads me from earth.

UTICA, N. Y. August, 1833. O.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER, MDCCCXXXIII.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EFFECTS OF TIGHT LACING.

Mrs. W.—In the July number of the Magazine were some remarks upon "tight lacing," with which I was much pleased, and hope the important suggestions therein contained may not pass unheeded by a single mother whose eye they shall meet, and that all who sustain this endearing relation may be reminded of their responsibility in this matter, and of the influence which they may and ought to exert over their daughters; and of the diligence with which they should guard these "frail tabernacles," the abode of the undying soul, from any needless inconvenience; and of the weight of guilt that will rest on them, and which they will in vain strive to impute to another, if they do not so watch over the precious charge submitted to them, as to preserve not only the mind, but the body also, from an injurious influence. That this cannot be done, while children and young females are permitted to follow the cruel and unnatural practice of "compressing the vital parts" of the body, which are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and so easily displaced and injured, must be acknowledged by all.

It is indeed a lamentable proof of a depraved public sentiment, that such a practice has come to be considered in any way desirable; that it is so, is seen and felt and proved around us daily; proved too, in a melancholy way, by the hundreds of lovely young females going down to an untimely grave; who, but for the pernicious effects of *corsets*, might have lived to bless the world by lives of active usefulness in the cause of Christ. And shall this practice continue? Shall society be annually robbed of so many precious members? Will you, *Christian mothers!* still lend a helping hand in this work of destruction? Will you, for the sake of having the daughter, dear to you as your own life, admired by the gay world as a "beautiful form," "an elegant girl," wantonly expose her to all the distresses of spinal diseases, of nervous excitements, of lingering, untold agonies; and *more* than this, to a premature grave? Dear sisters in Christ, let us ask you prayerfully to look at this subject, and see whether you *have* been, whether you *now are*, faithful to the high and holy trust committed to you; and if you find that you have not been; if you see around you now daughters whose "suppressed sighs, labored respiration,

constrained movements," tell a truth that perhaps they may not be ready to acknowledge, rest not till you have done *all* that you *can do* to retrieve your past neglect; rest not till you have labored with them, and prayed for them, and set before them in its proper light the sin of thus complying with a fashion which tends directly to produce disease and death.

But it may be that these daughters have arrived to womanhood, and have chosen the Savior as their portion; (and in such case *conscience* will prove your powerful assistant) are themselves ready to forsake *all* and follow him, and in the ardor of their zeal have longed for an angel's strength with which to serve their heavenly Father; and when weary and exhausted with the duties of the sanctuary and Sabbath school; when trembling and faint with nervous agitation, after spending an hour or two as tract distributors, or in visiting the abodes of wretchedness, have *never thought* that their distress and weariness was in a very considerable degree occasioned by their manner of dress; have not been sensible that without the constraints which fashion has imposed, they might serve God better, and not so often "groan, being burdened." And yet it will not be strange if they cannot be led to acknowledge this; it will not be strange if they should feel as if your alarm for them was altogether needless; or, if they should be brought to admit that it is an evil, they will perhaps tell you that the *injury is already done*, and nothing can now remedy it; and the former part of this assertion may be very true, but the latter part *is not*, for much *may be done* to relieve them even now. Let the chest have *perfect* room to expand; let there be *no constraint*, and those delicate organs will acquire *new* strength and vigor, and will in a measure, though probably not entirely, regain the power which had been taken from them. And let me beg you, Christian mothers, be not easily discouraged; look at this subject in all its length and breadth, for it is of fearful extent; seek direction from him "who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," and then go and *do your duty*.

And to those dear lambs of the flock let me say, it is not a small matter how you treat these frail bodies, for "they are the temples of the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in you;" they "are not your own;" the body as well as the soul should be regarded as the gift of God; and think you that he will look with complacency upon a practice, which, by causing needless weariness and languor, renders you unfit for that more perfect service you might otherwise perform? Oh! no, he cannot; he has commanded us to "glorify him with our *bodies* and spirits, which are his;" and will you not hereafter remember, that although "man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart"?

M.

THE PARTING KISS.

A FRAGMENT.

"I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct in my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when

I erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me "to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love." I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But *I* could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, wont you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed; her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would remain with me. She was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impression which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her mild, tearful eye fixed upon me just as she used to do in life. And then when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of eternity her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for *me* once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my *excellent mother.*"

For the Mother's Magazine.

A SEASONABLE ADMONITION.

Of the dispensations of Divine Providence, which occur in this vale of tears, I scarcely know one, which, in point of tenderness, will compare with the death of a mother immediately following the birth of her babe. There is in such an event an annihilation of some of the fondest anticipations of life—a blight upon the prospects of future joy and felicity, in administering to the comfort of her dependent offspring, to say nothing of the sundering of those ties which bind kindred souls together. And the grief growing out of such an event is doubly heightened, should the little stranger survive, to shed its tears upon any other than a mother's bosom. It may have a father tender and affectionate; it may fall under the guardianship of friends, kind and sympathetic; yet who but a mother can adequately feel for the woes of infancy, or adequately administer to the oft recurring wants of that tender age?

It is occasion of gratitude to him who disposes of human events, that such sad dispensations are not common. Yet they do sometimes occur; and as they do, how desirable that those liable to them should be prepared to meet them, not only with Christian submission, but with a holy triumph. A preparation for a sudden summons is indeed of serious moment to all; but when that summons may come, when we are in circumstances which of themselves require our utmost faith and confidence in God, the importance of a full preparation is greatly enhanced. Nothing then will stand instead of an humble dependence upon an Almighty arm. Then is needed, more than in most other circumstances, a strong and overcoming faith, that will enable its possessor not only to commit herself to the guidance of God, while she goes down the dark valley of the shadow of death, but which can place her orphan babe in his holy keeping, amidst the sorrows and sufferings which it may experience in a cold and selfish world.

The writer of the foregoing paragraphs will make no apology for soliciting a place for them in the "Mother's Magazine;" for it cannot be doubted that the suggestion will be received with favor, especially if accompanied by the following affecting lines, the reading of which gave occasion to them.

K——N.

"Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears;
For she we lost was lovely, and we loved
Her much. Fresh in our memory, as fresh
As yesterday, is yet the day she died.
It was an April day; and blithely all
The youth of nature leaped beneath the sun,
And promised glorious manhood; and our hearts
Were glad, and round them danced the lightsome blood,
In healthy merriment, when tidings came,
A child was born; and tidings came again,
That she who gave it birth was sick to death.
So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy!
We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the throne
Of Mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks

Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven; and Mercy, in her love, refused,
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!
Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown!
The room I well remember, and the bed
On which she lay, and all the faces too,
That crowded dark and mournfully around.
Her father there, and mother, bending, stood;
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,
And brothers, and they wept; her sisters, too,
Did weep and sorrow comfortless; and I
Too wept, though not to weeping given; and all
Within the house was dolorous and sad.
This I remember well; but better still,
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
The dying eye! That eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached;
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell
Reflected from the thunder cloud, that soon
Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe; 'twas brought, and by her placed.
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't; and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate
The heavens, unutterable blessings, such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard
No more. The Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

POLLOCK'S COURSE OF TIME.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

LETTER IV.

My Dear Mary—Your last letter was to me one of deep interest. The story of poor Mrs. F. and her misguided family ought to make a pious mother tremble; and I am happy to find that your mind has been awakened to observe faults in your little ones, which by mothers are too often overlooked.

You tell me that the smallest injury done to Julia, or the slightest reproof, will make her weep immoderately; and that thus you are often induced to give up to her little whims and improper requests, fearing the consequences of this excessive feeling. You say further, that her health is delicate; that she often complains of headache; and for this reason, though now six years old, she cannot read. As to work, she can scarce ever be prevailed on to

touch it, falling into tears and complaints whenever any serious occupation is required.

Ah! my dear sister, I fear you have fallen into the common error of many very kind parents, I mean *indulgence*. This is often a source of bitter calamity to parent and child, and originates sometimes in natural benevolence and strong affection, under misguided judgment; sometimes indolence and selfishness. The first case, I am sure, is yours. Your maternal feelings are deeply moved when you see your darling daughter afflicted and in tears, and are ready to believe that her sensibility is more than common, and consequently that more than common indulgence must be shown. This is the usual judgment of a mother. Her child is like no other child, and requires treatment different from that of the common mass of children. But it is a painful truth, dear Mary, that your beloved one partakes of the fallen nature of our sinful race; and it becomes the duty of the Christian mother to watch the growth and prune the shoots of corruption, as they show themselves.

Are you sure that this sensibility in little Julia is not selfishness? She weeps because her favorite kitten is hurt by little brother; but is she not as much affected when refused a childish gratification, or required to perform a task? Does she not show passion when accidentally hurt by James, and insist that he did it purposely? When you reprove her, are you sure that her tears do not sometimes flow from anger? By careful watching, you may easily ascertain whether her complaints are not sometimes feigned; whether she is not naturally indolent and irritable. These are sad evils, and are greatly strengthened by habit. How deplorable to have your child grow up a sensitive, peevish, indolent woman!

You say she is now too young to reason, but you hope much from her when you can make her understand her duty. Ah! she already reasons, and every day of indulgence increases her perverse propensities. She watches your eye, and when she perceives in your face the indecision occasioned by her tears, the briny flood is augmented, and she weeps until her purpose is obtained. Be firm, be decided now, dear M. Some application to study or necessary restriction will never do such injury to her health as the indulgence of improper wishes, as the cultivation of wrong habits, indolence, petulance, and above all, deceit. These indeed are evils. How much less is to be dreaded a diseased body than an unhealthy soul! I would repeat it, for the subject deeply affects me, that on you, as far as human means are concerned, depends the future destiny of this dear child. If wrongly directed, this great sensibility will render her wretched, or, which is quite as probable, render others so. On this subject, I will, at some future time, if agreeable, relate to you a most affecting history, in which my own feelings, (being a witness to some of the scenes,) were painfully enlisted. But the tale is too long for my present letter. I cannot, however, conclude without one or two incidents in point, from my own experience.

After leaving the house of Mrs. F. I undertook a select school in the village of D. Some young persons of different ages and conditions in life were placed under my care, and the first observation I made in this novitiate

of my teaching, was on the great indulgence of mothers to the whims of their children.

A lady would enter the school room with her little daughter by the hand, and after introducing her as a future scholar, request me to treat her very mildly, as she was a child of tender feelings; and a word would make her cry. This I found to be true, and moreover, that the little one would weep oftener from passion than from any other cause. In several cases I found these tender hearted little girls perfect tyrants over their less sensible companions. Thus, in the indulgence of the misjudging mother was laid the foundation for passion, strife, and misery, in the future family of her unfortunate child.

Another mother, upon presenting her daughter, told me that the poor girl had not made much progress in study, owing to the great delicacy of her health. She had never been able to attend school long at a time, for study gave her a headache, and besides her eyes were weak, for she could not look much upon a book without complaining of a pain in them. "She is now growing a great girl," said the mother, "and I am ashamed she knows so little. I have come, Miss P. to place my Susan under your care; but I beg you will not give her many studies, nor long lessons."

Miss Susan, a fine looking young lady of fourteen, remained in the school room; and to begin her instruction, I placed her in a class of her own age, who were called to read. When her turn came, she faltered, colored, and burst into tears; I soon discovered that many a child of five years could excel her in the art of reading. I pitied the poor girl sincerely. Determining to teach her in private, I took an early opportunity to accomplish my design; but I found her quite averse to any extra instruction. Often, when she had a lesson to recite, she would lay her head upon the table, and complaining of illness, request leave to go home. Her eyes and head were continual excuses for deficiency in recitation, though I found no one more active at a game of romps, or more industrious in making bead purses and chains. When pressed much on the subject of lessons, she would weep or pout till school was dismissed, and the next day stay at home, alleging indisposition, though I understood the state of her health had not prevented the amusement of an evening party.

By this course of deceit, Susan continued to abuse the weak fondness of her indulgent mother, who at the end of the quarter withdrew her from the school, intimating that Miss P. was not a capable teacher. "For," said she, "my Susan has learned nothing with her in a whole quarter; but I am determined to place her at a fashionable boarding school, where she may become accomplished." This she soon did, and the young girl, who had learned from her infancy that she might deceive her mother, and should she ever be detected, her tears would produce indulgence, now determined to have her own way. She abhorred study, and despised moral obligation. Being long used to deceit, she eluded the vigilance of her teachers, formed an acquaintance with a dissipated young man, as imprudent as herself. They married without consent; and she who had not been a good child, was not a good wife. Her indolence and self-will completed the destruction of her husband; he aban-

doned himself to vice, and she—but your imagination can easily finish the picture. May you, dear Mary, never know the feelings of this wretched mother. Yours, most affectionately, ZELIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MOTIVES TO UNTIRING EFFORT FOR THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

My dear Mrs. W.—The cause in which you have enlisted excites so deep an interest in my heart, that my constant inquiry of late has been, "What can *I* do to promote it?" For several years past, I have been conversant with children of various ranks, ages, and capacities. I have seen the tender hearted child, who was almost persuaded to be a Christian, become a giddy, reckless youth. I have observed the hardening effect of that instruction which in common parlance is said to produce no effect. I have seen the children of Christian parents removed from under their influence, choosing their associates from among the worldly and vicious, with temporal and eternal ruin in prospect, and I have been compelled to exclaim, "Why did not these parents *take hold* of the promise which says, 'I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee?'"

Believing that *little children* can be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, I wish to present to mothers, through the medium of your paper, a few motives why they should labor for this object. I speak exclusively to mothers, not because I think the other parent has no responsibility, but because no person does or can have that influence over the mind and heart of a child, during the early age in which it ought to be converted, which the mother possesses.

The first motive which I mention to untiring effort for the conversion of children, arises from the fact that the *influence* of the child, as he ripens to youth and manhood, is of immense value. It may be the value of one soul multiplied by the whole number which a *wicked example* may confirm in habits of sin, and then again by the number which these impenitent souls may allure down to the shades of eternal death. Suppose that the mother were certain her child would be converted in old age; still, let her remember that his influence is worse than lost; that it has been devoted to the work of destroying souls. Many Christians have had their lives embittered by reflecting upon the ruin which they have brought upon others. I once heard a young lady say, in the bitterness of her spirit, when speaking of a friend who had entered the eternal world, "I have every reason to believe that I ruined that soul. During a revival of religion she was apparently just on the point of submitting to God. I diverted her attention by persuading her to mingle with her gay associates. The Spirit was grieved apparently for the last time, and now she is gone to the bar of God. Oh! the anguish of my soul, when I think of the fatal effects of my influence!"

Another young lady, who was afterwards converted, once refused to attend a convicted brother to a meeting of inquiry, and persuaded him to stay away.

Immediately after her conversion, she went to this brother, told him of the change in her feelings, and requested him to accompany her to a meeting for religious instruction. He in turn refused. He had lost his convictions. She intreated him with tears, saying, "Do, my brother, go with me, and give your heart to God. How can I live if you continue impenitent? Can I forever bear the thought that I prevented you from entering the kingdom of heaven?" Her tears and entreaties were unavailing. That brother still lives in impenitency; and wealth, talent, and influence, are successfully employed in alluring souls to death.

Mother, do you doubt whether your child possesses any thing of greater value than his soul? Oh! remember that his influence will affect multitudes of souls through eternity!

Another motive why little children should be brought to Christ is, they very early acquire prejudices for certain employments and professions, which constantly gain strength; and should the Spirit of God ever strive with them, their inquiry will not be "What *must* I do?" but what shall I *not* do? If I become a Christian, I do not wish to be a missionary, a minister, or a teacher. A short time since, in conversation with a little boy about the condition of heathen children, when his feelings were enlisted in the subject, he was asked whether he would like to be a minister? He replied, "I would rather be a merchant." He was told that as merchants were mostly confined to their shops, a minister would probably do much more good in instructing heathen children. He saw the force of the reasoning, and appeared to be in deep thought for some time, when with a countenance brightening with joy, he inquired, "Can I not be a merchant, and get some one to stay in the store while I go out and preach to the heathen?" Three years ago that child had no predilection for any employment. Now he is unwilling to say with regard to his occupation for life, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This unwillingness will continue to strengthen, and it may be the rock on which he will make shipwreck of his eternal happiness. To avoid the self-denying command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," he may reject Christ.

Again, children early show a propensity to indulge in some one particular sin more than in others. This sin, whatever it may be, is striking root into the soul deeper, and still deeper. Its dominion is becoming every day more absolute. But I will say nothing of the probability that this sin will prove the eternal ruin of the individual. Suppose he is truly converted? The ascendency which this sin has acquired will doubtless retard his growth in grace through his whole life. It may make him a weak, halting, doubting Christian.

Persons whose characters have been formed after the maxims of this life, when converted, from the force of wicked habits and early prejudices, seldom become efficient, active Christians. Their future lives are often more than tinctured with pride, vanity, avarice, evil speaking, and love of the world. Whatever particular trait characterizes the man before his conversion, will characterize him after conversion. Many daughters have had tears for their

meat during a whole life, in consequence of the love of vain show *nurtured in their hearts by the example and injudicious expressions of a doating mother.* "What beautiful proportions! What perfect symmetry!" said a professedly Christian mother, as she gazed upon the expanding form of a young daughter, who was also a professing Christian. The history of that daughter shows too plainly that this remark, and others of a similar nature, produced their full effect.

Mothers! it is the refinement of cruelty in you to foster these passions in the bosoms of your children, which will cause them years of future misery in this life, and it may be endless misery in the life to come!

F. C.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Dear Madam—In complying with your earnest solicitation to direct to you a few numbers on the physical education of children, I feel a weight of responsibility equalled only by parents who fully appreciate the importance of the subject.

Man is composed of a physical body and an immaterial spirit, the former of which is made up of a variety of lesser systems, all of which are curiously and delicately constructed, and so arranged, that the functions of each, in a physiological view, depend upon the regular performance of the proper and healthful actions of the rest. To this curious and wonderful machine God has added the soul—the immortal, the never dying soul, which after the lapse of a few revolving suns, will be separated from its "harp of thousand strings," and go away to God and judgment, there to render an account not only of its own independent volitions, but also of the actions of its physical body and its treatment of it. Our bodies are a treasure put into our hands to improve for the greatest possible good to man, and the highest glory to God. This is a reasonable and absolute duty imposed upon us, not only by the law of God, but from the very nature of circumstances in which we are placed. It is therefore apparent, upon the slightest reflection, that to enable us to perform the greatest amount of good on earth, we must possess not only a sound mind, but also a sound body. The body is the instrument, but the soul the agent of all our voluntary actions. If the instrument be broken or impaired, the effect must of necessity be proportionably lessened. Mothers, upon you rests in no small degree the responsibility of giving to your children sound and healthful bodies. We live in a country, the climate of which is most happily adapted to produce the fullest development of all the powers of human nature. If the people of the United States do not become the most powerful and vigorous race of human beings the world ever knew, it will not be for the want of local circumstances, but from a radical defect in the physical education of our children and youth. Patriotism, philanthropy, and indeed every high and holy consideration urges us to a patient and full investigation of this subject. Heretofore we have not paid sufficient attention to the physical man; for there, in

a certain sense, the moral man lies concealed. To develop one, while the other is neglected, is, in many instances, to ruin both. The powers of both should be harmoniously unfolded, and at the proper time. To cultivate one at the expense of the other, is to entail upon your children a lasting misfortune, if not a premature grave. What parents, in view of this, will not tremble at their responsibility? And who is able and willing to attempt to correct public sentiment upon this important subject? Nay, who dare refuse his influence, and the talents he may possess, to produce so desirable a result? If, in the course of a few numbers that I intend with the leave of Providence to send you, any thing can be contributed to produce in any degree the object in view, I shall be abundantly rewarded.

Respectfully, A. A.

Litchfield, Oct. 31, 1833.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A MOTHER'S PANOPLY.

Were I to propose any one thing as constituting a mother's "panoply," I would name a prayerful spirit. If she possesses this, all else will follow as its natural effects. And what mother, that loves to pour out her supplications at the throne of grace for her beloved offspring, but feels when she leaves that holy place, where she has knelt to her Father which is in heaven, an increased ability to discharge her duty towards them. We pray for our children frequently and earnestly; we doubt not that God *will* answer our prayers; but do we not often feel a vagueness about the mode of answer, which leads us sometimes to doubt whether we have yet been heard? I hear a mother say, "I have prayed earnestly for my children, but I almost doubt whether any petition is regarded; for I see no fruit; my children have not been brought to the Savior." Let me ask that mother, does she feel urged to *increased watchfulness over her own heart and life?* Is her love to God stronger; her wish to live for his service more ardent; her desires increased, that her children may be servants of the Most High? Does she cease to covet for them the wealth, the honors of this world, "seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," trusting that all else will be added to them? Then let her not be discouraged; *her prayers are answered;* God has given our children to us to form for life, to fashion for eternity; and he answers our petitions for *them*, by bestowing upon *us* the needful grace to train them for his service here, his rest in heaven. No mother, when she finds such an answer within her own breast, need wait for assurance that her prayers find acceptance in heaven. Efforts which God inspires, he will bless; and she who finds it not, though she prays for her children, has reason to fear that she has not sown the seed, while she is asking a harvest. *Let her search her own heart*, and see if she be not unwilling to have her prayers answered. Yes, I repeat it, Christian mother, are you not unwilling that your petition for your child should be granted? While you are devoting him to the service of the Lord, to go where

and to be what *he* wills, are you not casting, though hardly consciously, a longing, lingering look behind, where worldly honors and distinctions present all their allurements to a mother's love, a mother's pride? You must "fill your water-pots with water," if you expect the Lord to convert it into wine.

It lies not in books, it lies not in precepts, to educate our little ones, so much as in our example, our daily walk and conversation, which should be to them as line upon line, precept upon precept, to teach them the necessity, to show them the beauty of holiness. A mother must be "patient, gentle, apt to teach," giving instruction in meekness and kindness, ruling all by the law of love; and for this she has need to be much at a throne of grace. Let us up and be doing, we who are mothers in the church of God. Let us run the race which is set before us, with patience, and untiring zeal, feeling the high responsibility which the name of mother involves. Thus shall we fulfil the important end of our existence, and be enabled, when we stand at last before the throne of God, to say, "Here, Lord, are we, and the children thou hast given us."

New York City. C. L. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

My dear Son—Children are apt to believe that their parents are not only the best people in the world, but the wisest. In advanced life, however, they lose this exalted, and often incorrect estimation of their parents, and too frequently underrate their knowledge, as much as they at first overrated it. Now, as I wish you to avoid both these errors, I am willing to disclose to you a very pernicious influence on my whole life. I can make you apprehend it most readily by the following story, which I will not vouch to have occurred precisely as I shall relate it.

When I was a young man, and living in New York, I used to walk often on a public promenade, called the "Battery." One of its avenues was uniformly occupied by three beggars, an African, a cripple, and one who seemed to possess no infirmity but deplorable and squalid poverty. One dark summer night, after having walked till I was weary, I sat down on a bench near their haunt, not supposing that they were still at their station, when, during the quietness of the period, I unintentionally overheard a conversation of the following import, from three persons who were lying at a short distance on the grass, and who, I presume, were the same mendicants. They were rallying each other on the vagrancy of their lives.

"Why," said the African, "it is true, I possess my limbs; I can work; but what has a poor black to do? If I had only a white skin, as you have, I would soon become a merchant, though I were a cripple; and perhaps after a little while ride in my coach; for no one would be more diligent and enterprising; but now I must either be a miserable laborer, or a beggar; and as neither will do more than gain me a living, I prefer the easiest."

"Alas!" exclaimed the cripple, "you are mistaken in supposing that merely the possession of a white skin will enable a man to amass wealth. I admit, if I had the use of my limbs, I should need no man's charity; for I would be on my feet from morning till night; and, with proper economy, even hard labor would soon gain me capital enough to commence mercantile business as you have described; but the want of the use of my limbs, will always keep me a beggar; and I must make the best of my lot."

"Friends," exclaimed the third, "I discover that you both think I am to be blamed for adopting my present employment; but you are both incorrect. True, I possess the advantage of a white skin, nor am I crippled; but I have not a dollar in my pockets, and that is sufficient to prevent me from ever gaining one. I know I can work, but that would never make me independent, though it might possibly feed and clothe me. A man cannot acquire wealth without he has friends, either to furnish him with capital or credit; but I have neither, nor a prospect of any; and for me to think of changing my present mode of life without them is impracticable."

With these remarks, the trio departed, and probably ended the labors of the day by a fit of intoxication through the night.

Now you may perceive that each of these men refrained from exerting themselves, because some event beyond their control did not occur. The African would make no effort because he was not white; the cripple, because he had not the right use of his limbs; and the man who had his limbs, because he had no friends or capital.

A wise man, however, ought not to withhold his exertions till some improbable event shall occur, but he ought to use such means as he possesses, and do the best he can with them. If he wants a house, and cannot get stone, he must build of wood; if he can get no wood, he must find some other material. If Napoleon had resolved not to attempt acquiring the sovereignty of France till some impracticable event had occurred, he never would have been an emperor, and filled the world with his fame; and if our forefathers had endured the wrongs of Great Britain, till every difficulty in the way of opposition was removed, we should still be colonists. No, we must first resolve what we will be in life, wise, learned, eloquent, powerful, rich, &c. and then make use of the best means we can obtain. Means that we cannot obtain, must neither make us idle nor sorrowful. A mason that will not work because he cannot get a trowel, will never build a house, while another may build one, though he has nothing to work with but his naked hands.

But you may wonder wherein there is any part of the conduct of the three beggars that has any thing to do with me; yet I will confess to you that I have all my life had too much of the weakness they displayed. I have always felt that I did not possess that estimation in society which my talents, (whatever they may be) and my industry and property, might enable me to acquire; but instead of using the means which Providence has very abundantly given me, I have far too often forborne to act, because I did not possess something more, which Providence has withheld from me.

You, I hope and trust, will act more wisely, and always consider that although

you may not possess all the advantages which are desirable in the attainment of any object, yet, if you faithfully pursue it with the means you do possess, you will, I have no doubt, attain the proposed end. And that they may always be virtuous ends which you shall pursue, and creditable to yourself, your friends, your country, and mankind, is the sincere wish of my heart.

Your affectionate Father. ....

For the Mother's Magazine.

ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.

Mothers in Israel—Great is our privilege, and awful is our responsibility to God, in being permitted to live in the present age. The church of Christ is beginning to shake off her slumbers, and to realize that the great work of converting the world must be done through her instrumentality, in a little space of time. The mouth of the Lord hath declared that his gospel shall be preached to every creature. But by whom shall it be preached? From whence shall we look for these heralds of the cross? Mothers! Oh! mothers! your sons, your darling sons, are the individuals. God has only loaned them to you for the specific object of training for his service, in publishing his gospel to every creature. And now, do you want motives to stimulate you to faithfulness and vigilance in performing this duty? Oh! consider, then, the worth of a soul; consider the deplorable condition of millions who know nothing of Jesus and his salvation. Much has been published respecting their wretchedness, but the half has never been told. I assert this from what mine eye has seen, and mine ear heard. A slave they are to all the corrupt passions of a totally depraved heart. Oh! how galling the chains that bind them! A great portion of my life has been spent in their midst, and long have I been familiar with the heart sickening scenes of pagan superstition; and now that I am in the holy, though afflictive providence of God, separated from them, in what better way can I give vent to the fullness of my heart, than by imploring mothers to remember their never dying souls, and consecrate their sons to the service of Christ among the heathen? Those who are permitted to go in person, and live, and labor, and toil among the perishing pagans, are indeed those who are most highly distinguished in point of privilege; and next to these may faithful mothers be ranked. Come, then, lay your darling sons at the feet of Jesus, and with a prayerful heart tell them of those degraded groups yonder, who are shrouded in the darkness of ignorance; tell them too that they are waiting to hear the tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ; the great work is commenced; the morning has arisen in the distant east; the light of the gospel glimmers; every year the darkness of idolatry is scattered by its rays. With many tears, and in the sincerity of my heart, do I say, Oh! how I congratulate those who are permitted to engage in the work; how I long to taste again those choice drops of consolation that Jesus is so faithful to bestow upon his missionary servants.

What wonderful things hath God wrought for the poor heathen in the last twenty years! And now take hold of the promises of God, and encourage

your expectation from the signs of the times, and onward twenty years glance an eye; and Oh! where is the mother who loves the Savior, that would not feel subjected to a great privation in not having a son engaged in helping forward the triumphs of the cross among the heathen?

But, dearly beloved sisters, exhortation to faithfulness on this subject, from any source, will be in vain, unless your own souls are thoroughly imbued with it. Oh! let its amazing importance be most prayerfully considered, before you speak concerning it to your darling children; and when you have told them the story of redeeming love, and the miseries of those who are in total ignorance of it, remember that your duty is not done. You may be co-workers with God, in preparing your sons for missionary labor, by cultivating firmness of purpose, perseverance, sober consideration, and cheerfulness of temper. These qualities of mind are vastly important in a missionary, as well as the graces of the Holy Spirit, and they may be strengthened, or weakened, by the hand of maternal culture.

Perhaps some mothers pass over the missionary theme in conversing with their children, because it is a subject so great, and vastly momentous; those especially in the humbler walks of life, say, "I am unworthy, unlearned, and have no rank or influence in society; surely God does not call my sons into the missionary field." But consider more seriously, ye Christian mothers; is it not enough that the servant be as his lord, no matter how humble his origin? True, the office of a missionary of Christ to the heathen is honorable, and elevated; but if on that account you turn away from it, and plead unworthiness as an excuse, you may for the same reason turn your backs upon the glories of heaven, and deprive your sons of its glittering crowns.

Beloved sisters, another year of unfaithfulness and neglect of duty is about to close upon you. Oh! consider what stands recorded in heaven concerning you, in this momentous matter; and let mothers especially, on the approaching first Monday in the year, humble themselves before God for their criminal indifference and sordid selfishness in reference to the dying heathen, and awake, and repent now, Oh, ye mothers! who profess supreme love to the cause of Jesus, and redeem the time. The foundation stone of the great gospel edifice among the heathen is in your hands. Hasten, hasten, then, to roll it on, and lay it broad and sure, by resolving, at the feet of Jesus, that you will be more faithful in performing this part of maternal duty than you have been in times past; and in performing your vows, sure I am, the blessed consequences will be abundantly realized by the distant perishing heathen, as well as by yourselves.

Utica, Nov. 22, 1833. PHILOMELA GARRITT.

FEMALE VIRTUES AND PURSUITS.

"I would have a female qualified for her station as a wife, mother, and mistress of a family; but this is not all; for mental improvement should be associated with A CORRECT KNOWLEDGE OF HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. She who is to preside over a family, should be most intimately acquainted with

every thing that can preserve order or promote comfort. That must be an *injudicious* mother, who is not anxious to teach a daughter how to manage a family to the greatest advantage; and that must be a weak and silly girl who is not willing to be taught. *All* the time, therefore, must not be given to books; for *learned* ladies, without neatness, without order, without economy, without frugality,

'May do very well for maidens, or aunts,
But, believe me, they'll never make *wives*.'

"A husband's house should be rendered comfortable for himself and his children, or else they are both very likely to wander *from* home for comfort. Cleanliness, neatness, frugality, order, are all of great importance in the habits of a wife, mother, and mistress, for the want of which, no knowledge, however profound or extensive, can be a substitute. It is not requisite that a wife should be either an accomplished housemaid, or a perfect cook; but she ought to be able to judge of these qualifications in others; and the want of this ability has led many a man, who was blessed with a *learned* wife, to exclaim, with something between disgust and despair, 'I now find, to my cost, that knowledge alone is as poor a qualification for a wife, as personal beauty or external accomplishments.' "

HANNAH MORE.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

ALTERED FROM MRS. GILLMAN'S.

JOHN.

I mean to be a Christian,
And have a heart quite new;
And when I can read my Bible,
I'll be a preacher too.
I'll go into the pulpit,
With my Bible in my hand,
And preach the blessed gospel
Through all my native land.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! the preacher
Must have a holy heart,
And serve his heavenly Father,
And his right ous law assert.
What pleasure would this infant choice
To your mother now bestow,
If God accepts the offering
Of thy young heart's warm glow!

WILLIAM.

I mean to be an elder,
And visit all the poor,
And sick, and feeble, every day,
And call from door to door,
And read the holy scriptures
Wherever I may stray,
And try to bless this wicked world
With tenderness each day.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! thy childish voice
Is balm upon my breast;
May God approve, and guide thy feet
Where holy men now rest.
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust;
They never love his holy name,
Nor for his glory thirst.

W.....n.

LOUISA.

I think I love the heathen,
And long to tell them so,
And morn and eve among them,
Most gladly would I go.
'll teach their little children
Around my humble door,
And welcome to my Savior
The wandering heathen poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear! a useful child
'Tis beautiful to see;
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind, from me.
But, Oh! remember those who bear
The missionary name,
Must love the hallowed cross of Christ,
And *daily bear* the same.

CAROLINE.

To serve the cause of Jesus,
Where'er my lot is cast,
Shall be my bless'd employment,
While life with me shall last.
No heart shall ache with sadness,
My hand or purse can reach;
But the notes of love and gladness
To all around I'll teach.

MOTHER.

Oh, children! joy it gives my soul,
To hear your youthful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your youth,
With images of pain.
Your lot in life your God bestows;
Live like his own fair flowers;
Yield him in youth your fragrant thoughts,
In manhood all your powers.

MONICA.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELSEY.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Know this ark is charm'd
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employed,
With spells, that impious Egypt never knew:
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a prayer did every osier weave.
MRS. H. MORE.

Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works.
ST. PAUL.

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THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A VOICE FROM PRISON.

Much is now said and written respecting maternal influence on the mind of a child during its period of waxen tenderness. Some of the most illustrious men have been proud to refer their early blossoms of intellect, and promptings of virtue, and aspirations of piety, to the culture and prayers of a mother. How far the same agency may restrain the career of guilt, and silently operate even among the "children of disobedience," it is more difficult to ascertain. The vicious seldom make such disclosures: they are not always accessible to the recording pencil. But in this instance we have a case in point;—a voice from the regions of guilt, speaking of a pious mother.

In one of the prisons of New-England is a man, considerably past his prime, who has been a wanderer over the face of the earth, and a partaker in almost all its crimes: retributions of various kinds have overtaken him,—yet he has passed through all with singular hardihood and obduracy. He acknowledges that nothing among the punishments of men, or the teachings of God, has "*ever made him feel serious, but the words of his dying mother.*" When her last hour drew nigh, she sent for her son to her chamber. He was then a boy of twelve years old. He approached her bed, she took his hand, and said, "I am going to leave you, and return no more." In the most tender and earnest manner she besought him to love his Savior, and so to take care of his soul as to meet her in heaven. She continued to exhort him, and to press his hand, until both her lips and hand were cold in death.

For almost half a century, that son was passing through a course of crime too revolting for description; yet in his deepest, lowest descents, he confesses that he has never been able utterly to drive from his mind the words of his pious mother, or to think of them without emotion. May they not yet be made the instruments of his repentance? May not the seed which has so long retained life in an uncongenial soil be quickened, and bring forth fruit? *Who can define the limits of a mother's influence save the God of the mother?*

Hartford. L. H. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MODE OF CONDUCTING MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS

We frequently hear the inquiry, "How shall maternal associations be so conducted as to be rendered interesting and profitable to the members, and secure a constant attendance, and earnest attention to the subject? The fact that many associations have been formed, in different places, and have not flourished, has led me to believe that serious difficulties may be felt on this point where there is really an attachment to such associations, and a sincere desire to continue them. The original design of this institution was, if I rightly understand it, to awaken the minds of mothers to their obligations, and to aid them in the performance of their duties, by reading the best books, by mutual conversation and discussion, and, also, by unitedly seeking the wisdom which cometh from above. But it is apprehended that the object is imperfectly attained, when these associations are conducted *only as prayer-meetings.*

We have many facts to show that maternal associations may be conducted, through a long course of years, with interest, under many disadvantages. But we must remember that these institutions have their infancy, and childhood, and maturity, as do others, and not be so unreasonable as to expect to gather the ripened fruit, when we should look for the opening bud. The interest which we desire to see, must be produced by extended views of our relations toward God, and our responsibility for the trust He has committed to us: and such views can only be gradually attained by frequent contemplation of them, together and apart, under the enlightening influences of the Divine Spirit, usually granted to prayerful effort. Let the members of young associations never forget, that in "due season they shall reap" all the blessed fruit which they expect, "if they *faint not.*"

Some things are important to be attended to in the manner of conducting these meetings, if we would hope for success. I have noticed that in those associations which are really accomplishing the greatest good, the responsibility often rests chiefly on a single individual.

In the first place, be careful to select the most devoted and intelligent mother in your society for the directress;—one who will cheerfully assume the duties of her office, not "grudgingly." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

2d. She must not "be afraid of the snow," or rain, or suffer slight obstacles to prevent her attendance.

3d. She is supposed to have at her command most of the useful publications of the day, from which she can select, at her leisure, passages of interesting and profitable reading. She must never think of attending the meetings without previous preparation. She should, also, inform her mind with reference to the trust she has assumed. Questions will often be proposed, demanding a prompt and intelligent answer, and her mind should be a storehouse, filled with rich materials, anecdotes, incidents, &c., for thought and conversation. She will probably be sufficiently interested in the subject of

maternal duties, to hold correspondence with Christian friends, which would be valuable and interesting.

4th. She must endeavor, in every way, to bring forward the feelings and sentiments of the various members. This may very easily be done, by kindness of manner, and skill in conducting conversation, and a tender solicitude in the welfare of each.

5th. The *children* of the association, must hold a large place in her affections sympathies, and prayers. She sustains a singularly interesting relation to them all. Can she ever think of this delightful charge with indifference? Can she ever approach the throne of mercy for her own little ones, without embracing the whole number, so closely united together by the prayers and affections of Christian love?

6th. If she would always give animation to the meetings, and be instrumental of communicating to others right sentiments and feelings, she must go with her heart filled with melting considerations. Let her, in her retirement, take affecting views of future scenes, when the effects produced by these humble efforts of associated mothers, shall be felt by the third and fourth generation, as they enjoy in their beloved circles the "peace of those who are taught of God." But I need not multiply considerations. So abundantly can motives be gathered from Heaven, earth, and hell, that no excuse can be thought of for a cold, dull heart, in a maternal meeting.

Does any one hesitate to take upon herself these duties, as we have faintly portrayed them? No! A spirit warm with Christian love, which continually inquires, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" will not shrink from them. But, for her encouragement, let it be remembered, that *all* which she gives, shall surely be repaid; yes, her affectionate efforts for others will give vigor to her own faith, knowledge and strength to her understanding, and for every precious seed which she carries forth, shall she gather a harvest in return, of love, peace, and joy, in her own bosom.

"Is there not in the bosom of each of our Churches, *one mother*, ready to go forward in this work of Christian benevolence? Let her who has the ability, and shrinks from the undertaking, inquire at the door of her heart, on whom will lie the responsibility of neglecting special means afforded by the Savior, to bring his ransomed ones into 'the kingdom,' in the 'infancy of their days.'"

If, then, such are some of the labors and cares of the directress, the members will not be inattentive to the performance of their respective duties, but, by punctual attendance, will give aid and efficiency to her untiring efforts.

The practice of giving a subject for conversation at the next meeting, or a question to be answered in writing by one or two ladies, is sometimes adopted. Various experiments may be resorted to by young associations to render the meetings attractive. But it will be found, when the confidence and freedom of frequent interchange of sentiments, and the fervent zeal which is manifested in the maturer stages of such associations is attained, they will grow in grace and strength. The Holy Spirit smiles upon them; Jesus blesses them; and, receiving the promises, they then "run without weariness—walk without fainting."

B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE CHRISTIAN PARENT'S LEGACY.

I HAD a friend who was a rare example of the influence of religion on the daily deportment. He possessed quick sensibilities, gentle and very tender affections, a noble spirit, and with great ardor and energy united a sound judgment. These desirable native qualities were balanced and tempered by religion. The fear and love of God habitually governed his conduct. He had so cherished and cultivated tenderness of conscience that his standard of duty was high. He kept the sabbath in that quiet, solemn, yet cheerful manner, that shed a holy influence through his family, and made even the young children feel that it was a sacred day. So perfectly was his standard of duty understood, that his presence was a reproof visibly felt by the child that had done wrong, even though *he* did not know that it was in fault. His authority was not a grievous bondage, but the sway of love requiring, and habitually receiving cheerful, and affectionate obedience. In his dealings with mankind, he aimed so to act, that if all his pecuniary transactions were laid open to the view of the whole world, he would stand clear of the slightest delinquency. In regard to his obligations to his Lord, he seemed *intent* to please Christ, and strove so to rule both his body and spirit, as should best fit him for his service. To this end he was strictly temperate in eating as well as drinking; did not allow himself in the morning to pass the hour in sleep which should be spent in devotion; watchfully improved his opportunities for doing good to the souls and bodies of his fellow men; and when the cause of Christ and his own ease, honor or emolument came in competition, sternly put aside his personal interest as not worthy to be mentioned. In short, close and long observation of him convinces me that his ruling purpose was, *so to live that the world should be the better for his having lived in it.* Not that this friend was perfect,—he was not faultless; but the influence of religion was powerful and constant in him; and every one about him *felt* that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God he had his conversation in the world.

He is gone to the world of spirits, but his family and intimate friends, to say nothing of others, will feel the salutary influence of his example while they live.

The example of this man of God has led me to reflect much upon the importance of living in such a manner that mothers shall do good to their children after they are dead. There have been many Christians who, like Abel, though dead, yet speak, and will long continue to speak to the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. There have been many too, who we hope are in heaven, that shed but a feeble light while on earth, and whose inconsistencies, even now that they are gone, are stumbling blocks in the way of their children and neighbors. Are not such saved so as by fire? And is it not melancholy to think how little they honored Christ while here, and how injurious their example is likely to prove to those that come after them.

Every affectionate parent when she thinks of dying, is reminded of her

children; and with anxiety she considers what will be their situation, and how they will get along in this world of trouble without her. But the tenderest parental love, joined to the clearest foresight, and most consummate wisdom, cannot secure them from trouble, temptation, and sin. There can be no security for their welfare in either world except that which is found in the love and favor of God. His blessing "none can reverse." "His favor is life; his loving kindness is better than life."

Christian parent, what are you doing to insure the well being of your children when you are in the world of light? What are you doing by which, when dead, you shall yet speak? Will your memory be a treasury of useful recollections that will cheer, admonish, restrain, and guide them till they close their pilgrimage, and meet you in eternity? The thought sometimes, perhaps often, passes your mind that you ought so to live that the remembrance of you will do them good. But these random, occasional reflections produce no abiding effect. It must be your steady purpose to act every day in all the scenes of home and of business, in such a manner that when you are dead, the memory of your example shall be to your children like a wakeful conscience,—the very thought of you reproving them for sin and arming them with decision in the ways that are right.

If, though a professor of religion, you are living mainly for this world, regulating your dress, style of living, and conversation by its maxims rather than by the rules of the Bible, what do you expect will be the influence of this course upon your family when you are in eternity? Do you not deceive yourself in supposing that you are a Christian? and would not the minds of your children be more open to a conviction of the value of religion if it were not associated in their view with the inconsistencies of their earthly-minded parent?

If your life and conduct do not convince your children that your supreme desire for them is that they should "glorify God, and enjoy him forever," do not expect their conversion either while you live, or after you are dead. Let a worldly spirit in a parent take what form it may, no instructions, prayers, or reproofs can counteract its effect upon her family. 'Tis a vain hope,—and she that trusts in it will, in all probability, be disappointed.

Perhaps you are earnestly engaged in making money, not scrupulously just in all your dealings, availing yourself of opportunities to overreach in your bargains. Will your memory testify to your children's consciences that your treasure was in heaven,—that the universe would have been a blank to you without God, and that having him for your portion, you had all things? Oh, how much more would Christians do, both in life and in death, for the salvation of souls, did their behavior habitually say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on the earth that I desire beside thee!"

When your interest and the temporal and eternal welfare of men comes in competition, do you, heedless of the latter, take care to secure the former? Will not this teach your children to set lightly by the immortal soul? How can they be expected to care for their own salvation, when you esteem the eternal well-being of your neighbors such an insignificant concern that you will not relinquish that source of gain which is to them the seal of perdition?

Are you soon angry? Have trifles the power to disturb your spirit so that you speak unadvisedly with your lips? Such things inflict deep wounds not easily healed. You call yourself a follower of Jesus,—but he did not thus. Is the law of kindness upon your tongue, and your speech evil of others, thus violating the rule, which, if perfectly kept, would make this wretched world a heaven? These things perhaps seem small in your eyes; but every such violation of the spirit of the Gospel tells with fearful certainty upon the future character of your children.

Are the books which you purchase, and the associates whom you choose, such that you may safely resign your children to their influence when you leave the world? These are immensely important considerations; and it is of the highest consequence that our minds be firmly established as to the proper course for a Christian to pursue on these subjects; and that we adhere to the principles we profess.

Do your children know, without your telling them so, that you love the Bible, and esteem it more than all riches? or do they see you hastily read your one chapter to pacify conscience, and then find in the pressure of business or professional duties, a repeal of the law which commands you to teach its glorious truths "to them diligently." Deut. vi. 7. If they see that your "delight is in the law of the Lord," and that you earnestly seek to have "your ways directed to keep his statutes," when you are gone to heaven they will never take up the Bible without remembering you; they will read it with the more interest because you loved it; and as they read, will remember how you were governed by such and such precepts; and recollecting the tenor of your deportment, will perceive that the spirit of the Bible was infused into your whole character. Thus your influence will become one of the most powerful and sacred that can be brought to bear upon the soul of man. Such an influence, you may confidently hope, the spirit of God will own and bless to their salvation.

The manner in which the sabbath is kept by parents, takes a deeper hold of the character, future course, present and everlasting happiness of families, than perhaps any other part of their example. Are you careful so to arrange your affairs toward the close of the week, not only that your worldly concerns shall not encroach upon holy time, but also so that your children, laborers, and domestics, shall not enter upon it with bodies so wearied as to forbid all preparation of mind for its sacred duties? Do you not only avoid worldly conversation and books, but read the Bible much, and converse only on such themes as are adapted to quicken your faith concerning Christ and heaven? Heaven is the reality of which our sabbaths are the emblem; and did we observe them in that holy manner which we ought, each one would bring us nearer and nearer in the temper of our hearts, to our glorious home. Our faith concerning heaven would approach so near to sight, that all undue interest in temporal concerns would be overcome. We *could not* then be worldly-minded Christians.

Perhaps some parent, whose earthly heart shrinks from spiritual services will say, "This severe solemnity in keeping the sabbath, prejudices the minds of children and young people, and makes them dread the day." I

answer, a truly devout and heavenly frame of mind is inconsistent with severity or moroseness. God is love, and the more we commune with him, the more visible will be the sweet and mellowing influence on our behavior, and every heart in our family will feel something of its power. And after we have long enjoyed the pure pleasures and holy worship of the upper world, the memory of those sacred seasons which we observed on earth, will hold back our children, and through them succeeding generations, from a disregard of the day; and more than that—will keep them from those gradual departures from the spirit of the commandment, which are in the end fatal to the highest influence of the Sabbath.

Christian mothers, most of these remarks apply specially to you, for you can never be neutral. If you do not aid, you will at least paralyze the influence of your husband. Keep in remembrance the hour when death shall take you away, and your work for your children be finished. Remember that what you do now is done forever; for eternity is the only limit of your influence. As you would hope to meet them in heaven, rule your own spirit, let the law of kindness be on your tongue, repress parental ambition, keep the Sabbath holy, walk with God, live for the good of others. Then will your example be to your daughters a steady light, leading them into the path of eternal life when you are not here to watch over them. And your sons—nothing but religion can so powerfully guard them from the temptations of this evil world, as the remembrance of your constant love, your faithful instructions, your consistent piety, and your prayers.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

Having been a constant reader of the Mother's Magazine, from its first number, I feel a deep interest in its contents. Its object is one of prime importance, involving responsibilities and relations co-extensive with eternity. The work has, thus far, met my expectations. But there is one view of maternal responsibility, that is seldom fully apprehended: I refer to a mother's duty in the administration of parental government. I speak of a *mother's* duty, in this particular, because your Magazine is especially designed for her use. But one father, at least, has derived some instruction from your hints to mothers, and, I hope, more than one. To the united head of every house, God, for wise purposes, has committed the right to govern, with all its fearful responsibilities. All that is addressed to one parent, on this subject, is, therefore, equally applicable to the other.

God deals with his creatures as subjects of law. His will is their rule of action: and he requires instant, unconditional, and unquestioning obedience. Our views of the expediency of any of his commands, are wholly immaterial. Our business is simply to obey. Yet he sometimes tells us the reasons of his commands, and presses us with motives, addressed to the different capacities of our natures. But, in doing this, he never leaves us to regard him in any other relation than that of law-giver: and all our conduct is to be weighed in the scales of a prescribed and immutable standard.

Parental government is of so high a nature, that God has required obedience to parental authority under the tremendous sanctions of the divine law. To such an institution, we cannot, then, attach too much importance. In committing this authority to parents, respect was had, not simply to the temporal well-being of children, but, also, to the securing of their obedience to God. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not say that conversion is to be the result of corporeal punishment; nor that a child, through fear of the rod, can be made to submit to the terms of the Gospel. But a habit of filial obedience, may go very far towards removing one obstacle in the way of the sinner's submission to God, which is found to be almost universal. One principal reason why the sinner does not sooner yield to the influences of the Holy Spirit, is a fixed determination, on his part, not to be governed by the will of another. "Thy will be done," is a sentiment which we are all slow to adopt; and yet every sinner, if he would enter heaven, must come to this very point. The sinner's opposition to this requirement, is often greatly strengthened by a spirit of insubordination and by false notions of independence, acquired under the paternal roof. Conversions among that class of individuals, who have never been taught due subjection to the authority of their parents in early life, are believed to be of very rare occurrence. But let a child be taught uniformly to govern his conduct by the will of his parents—let him form the habit of instant, unconditional and unquestioning obedience to parental law, and he will find less difficulty in submitting himself to God. When the law and the testimony are brought to bear upon his heart and conscience, his filial habits will plead loudly for instant submission. On this point God has not left himself without a witness. He said of Abraham, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him;" and he then adds, as a consequence, that "they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and mercy."

The idea has extensively prevailed, that a family may be sufficiently controlled by the mere art of persuasion. To persons who adopt this opinion, my views may appear somewhat tyrannical. But, although I am free to admitt that ordinary motives may be so presented to a child, as to secure a right action and prevent a wrong one, it remains to be shown that a *habit of obedience* can be thus formed, of sufficient strength to secure its favorable influence when the *reasonableness* of the command is *not apparent*. He *may* thus be taught to obey such requirements as are approved by his *reason*. It would be quite an anomaly to find a child who would not yield to the dictates of his own will. But this is not the obedience which God requires; and the parent who has no other principle of governing, may be said in most emphatic language, to leave his children to *themselves*. The consequences of such a course are evident: they are recorded by the pen of inspiration: "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but the child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

If these views are correct, every mother is solemnly bound to form in her children the habit of unconditional and instant submission to her authority, authority, as a means of leading them to exercise the same disposition in

view of the authority and law of God. In many particulars there should be a perfect analogy between the parental and the divine government:

1. No appeal should be allowed from the will of the lawgiver. The child should see that union of feeling and principle in his parents which will satisfy him that the command of one is the command of both. In most families this principle is not sufficiently regarded. Cases like the following are not singular. A child asks its mother for some article of food. The mother, knowing that the request is not prompted by hunger, and being perhaps engaged for the moment in some domestic employment, replies, "No, my dear, you are not hungry, and you cannot have any now." The child rejoins, "I am very hungry, mother;" and this calls for another remark from the mother. The dialogue is often continued until the child exclaims, "When may I have some, mother?" By this time the attention of the father is arrested, and perhaps his mind is painfully diverted from some interesting meditation. He knows just enough of what has passed, to understand that the child is asking for food, and that he is unnecessarily disturbed. Without reflecting upon the consequences, and seeking only to end the discussion in the shortest way, he pettishly interferes. "Do give the child something to eat, my dear—it disturbs me." The effect of such a scene upon the child is obvious. He learns to appeal to the authority of the father, against that of the mother, who will thenceforth be regarded in the light of the vanquished. Her authority, after one or two such scenes, will cease to be regarded. Equally disastrous will be the effect upon the child if the scene is reversed, and the father vanquished by the interference of the mother.

2. Every requirement ought to be definite and unambiguous. Children will become adepts in the art of evasion at a very early age, unless great pains are taken to avoid furnishing the opportunity.

3. Parental government should be administered with a steady hand. When a child is commanded to do a particular act, the parent should see that it is performed, even if it be of small importance. This is not always possible; yet it should be done when the point can be ascertained without manifesting distrust. In case the child refuses to do it, some kind of punishment should be resorted to, not as a penalty simply, but as a direct means of coercing obedience. A parent directs his son to shut the door, and he refuses. What shall be done? It is a matter of trifling importance, and the parent dreads a contest with his child. But by giving the command, he has given to it the greatest importance so far as it respects his child; and it becomes his duty to compel unconditional obedience, even though it should require the labor of a whole day. Persuasion, in such a case, would be improper. The child requires coercion. Many parents, in view of such a case, would go and shut the door themselves, and then whip the child by way of penalty. But this would be yielding the point of obedience. I recollect the case of a son who was thus managed by his mother. When she required him to do any thing repugnant to his inclinations, he would exclaim, "No, I'll be whipped."—He died a reckless sailor. Punishment assumed the nature of a penalty only in case the child does an act which is prohibited. Every prohibition should be connected with an adequate penalty, which

should be rigidly enforced upon the transgression. A mother directs her child not to tear his book. Here she cannot compel obedience. This would be impossible, unless she confines his limbs, or takes away the book. Punishment for disobedience to such a command, of course, is a mere penalty.

THETA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PLANS OF BENEVOLENCE.

Mrs. W.—I was reading, a few weeks since, an article in your Magazine upon Education. I believe it is in the third number. The writer there speaks of this subject as divided into two branches—education of the heart and of the understanding. In treating of the latter branch, the expression "wisdom to devise" occurred. My attention was arrested, and such ideas forced themselves upon my mind, that I laid aside the unfinished article, and began to write them down. My essay did not suit me, and I laid that aside also. But the subject still presses upon me, and I feel constrained to obey the impulse.

With "wisdom to devise" plans, what good may not one individual accomplish! Let us suppose, for instance, that the object of Bonaparte had been the conversion instead of the conquest of the world. His invention, vast and active as it was, would have been turned to that enterprize. His benevolence would have achieved as mighty revolutions for the good of man, as his ambition has done for their injury. I say as mighty, but not the same. O no. Italy would not have bled under the hand of her son, nor Moscow smoked beneath his fiery desolations. France would not have been infidel, nor her youthful sons have fallen on the plains of frozen Russia. The field of Waterloo would not have been drenched with the mingled blood of England, Prussia, Austria and France; nor would he himself, the murderer of thousands, have died ingloriously upon those barren rocks. But that consummate policy which called forth the youth of his empire, and fitted them for his purpose, would have trained them for far different scenes. Instead of receiving their education in military academies, they would have been placed in theological schools, and been drawn forth to be scattered as angels of mercy over a benighted world. But *what* plans he would have formed, *what* means he would have called into requisition, I know not; but certain I am that *as* vast, *as* important movements would have been made for the glory of God, in the salvation of men, as were made for the sordid object of his own aggrandizement. And all the nations of the earth would at this hour have been blessing him, for the acceleration of the millennial dawn; while he himself, the author, under God, of this great good, might have finished his course with joy, and then have entered one of the heavenly mansions, to shine as a star of the first magnitude. But now——we drop the curtain.

What might have been done may still be done. But some one may answer, that to do all the good which Bonaparte might have done, the possession of equal power is necessary. Perhaps not. But if it is, are not our fu-

ture rulers still in their course of education? Their understandings will be cultivated, but let not their hearts be neglected. Because of such neglect, Napoleon was what he was, instead of what he should have been. But an elevated station is not always necessary to the attainment of much influence. "Knowledge is power;" and good feeling, when it prompts to action, is power; and great men may be influenced by their inferiors in rank. For the truth of these last remarks, witness the late Samuel J. Mills. Those who knew him personally say, that the good he accomplished was chiefly owing to his persevering love to God and man. His philanthropy moved him to "devise" wise plans, which he persuaded other men, of more extensive influence, to adopt and execute. It is, I believe, generally acknowledged, that he was the first man who "thought aloud" of several of our national benevolent societies. He finished his course with joy, having witnessed the progress of those plans which his love suggested, and his "wisdom devised." And when the cause of injured Africa shall pass in review before the Judge, then, we believe, will his servant Mills meet the welcome approbation "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." B. S. L.

Westmoreland.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

My dear Mrs. W.—Your monthly publication is greeted with special interest by mothers, who are assiduously inquiring, how they shall form the minds of their children for future usefulness. To secure this object, the mother should begin by subjecting her own mind to the most rigid discipline. In no department of domestic duties has she more need of self-possession than in the nursery. The expression of the countenance, the tone of the voice, the theme of conversation, and every movement of the body, rude or graceful, have their influence on the imitative little beings by whom she is surrounded. At a very early age they will assume all the unlovely traits of her to whom they are accustomed to look as their only model of imitation.

The most condescending and refined intimacy should be cultivated between the mother and her little ones. Gentleness, blended with Christian decision of character, should pervade all her intercourse with her children. In vain will she labor to fasten religious truth on the minds of her children, if her example is continually at variance with her precepts. She labors perhaps, to soften their minds and manners, by portraying in lively colors the sweet and lovely graces of the gospel, such as meekness, gentleness, patience, brotherly kindness and charity. The next hour, and perchance the next moment, while these important themes are falling upon the ear of the child, the latter is betrayed into some venial fault, and from the mere heedlessness of the moment. This is met by the undisciplined mother with a most impatient look and reproof; and thus the effects of her own instructions are wholly counteracted before leaving her seat.

The fretfulness of a child should be met by a gentle reproof, and, not with

any tokens of the same temper. Can it be necessary ever to exercise the authority that our Creator has endowed us with, in a spirit of impatience? If not, then let mothers learn the *first lesson in their alphabet, SelfDiscipline.* "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

H. S. M.

For the Mother's Magazine.

IMMORALITY OF TIGHT LACING.

Mrs. Whittelsey—I noticed with pleasure in your December number, an article on tight lacing. The writer seemed anxious to awaken the consciences of females on the subject in question; but I think we must first enlighten their understandings. I never met with a female, who did not condemn the practice of tight lacing, but I never saw a female who would admit that she was guilty of the practice. I must believe these declarations to be honest, and they prove that the charge of tight lacing is so vague, that every female makes the point of excess to commence at some compression beyond the degree, how high soever, which she is accustomed to endure. In this respect, tight lacing is similar to hard drinking. Every man admits excessive drinking to be a crime, but the greatest sot will never admit that he drinks to excess. The two vices admit of a farther parallel: they are both insidious in their approach—difficult to resist when once settled into a habit—both lead to the destruction of domestic happiness, the one by riot, and the other by disease;—both entail misery on posterity in various ways, and both lead to an untimely grave. Which destroys the greater number of human lives I cannot say, but it may be that the pre-eminence in this particular belongs to tight lacing. How shall we combat an evil of this magnitude? I know of no way so well, as that by which we combat intemperance,—by total abstinence. Whether females, especially Christian females might not, by some concerted operation, produce a reform of this great evil, equal to the temperance reform amongst men, is a thought that may be worth considering.

To banish tight lacing will accomplish little, unless the corresponding vice of tight dressing be banished also. I know many young females whose waists are entirely deformed by compression, and who never suspect that they can offend in this particular, for they have never worn corsets. The evil consists however in the compression, and not in the means by which the compression is produced. But I have said that no female will admit that she is unduly compressed. Let us then decide what constitutes an undue compression of the chest. I answer, any degree of compression. The chest, to perform its functions healthfully, must be wholly uncompressed. We must solicit nature to produce its expansion, instead of its contraction. A narrow chest and a vigorous constitution, are incompatible. The dress of most men will furnish us with an example of a covering of the chest without compression. So entirely infatuated, however, on this subject, are all mantuamakers, that I have never been able to obtain a dress for myself or daughters, that is

not grossly deficient in amplitude, though I reiterate injunctions to avoid all tightness. I have a little daughter, of not more than five years of age, and I am constrained either to make her dresses myself, or to see her frame compressed to a degree that is abhorrent to all my feelings.

I possess a husband, who is inclined to be cynical, and on one occasion, while we were conversing about the relative natural understandings of men and women, he remarked, that he at one time believed women were intellectually equal to men; but that he altered his opinion when he reflected, that in China women distorted their feet, so as to unfit them for the purposes of motion; that in Europe and America, women distort their chests, so as to unfit the lungs for respiration and the heart from pulsation; and that the thickest shoes which they wear, are such as the most imbecile man would reject as unsuitable for the purposes for which shoes are intended.

To profit by the reproaches of an enemy, is said to be the height of wisdom, and whether these harsh remarks of my husband, dictated I believe more by sorrow, than moroseness, may not contain some truth as well as invective, I will not decide. Men are not less obedient to fashion than females are, but they seldom permit their health to be impaired or comfort to be destroyed. Whether these facts do not contrast them with women most disadvantageously to the wisdom of the latter, is a question which females should consider. The evil in question possess a turpitude, which has never been fully displayed. The mild language with which it has been treated, is wholly unsuited to the magnitude of the offence. I never meet a female with her waist unnaturally contracted to a span, but I view her with the same feelings of horror, as I view a sot reeling with the effects of intemperance: both are alike destroying themselves, and at a bar where the pleas of fashion cannot avail, will alike be classed with suicides. We send abroad missionaries to convert heathen who practise infanticide; but few are the families in our own land where some child has not fallen a victim to the compressions to which we have subjected them, or to the thin shoes which we have provided for them. These practices are not less essentially murderous for not being always followed by death:—death ensues in a sufficient number of instances to establish their deleterious properties. Our temperance societies have lately solemnly decided, after full investigation, that the sale of ardent spirits as a drink is immoral. I would ask, whether the making and vending of clothes known to be pernicious to health and life are not equally immoral? Our consciences and sensibility are so sadly torpid to the true character of the dress of females; that possibly no considerations of duty or religion will correct the evil, till fashion comes to their aid. In view of this truth, I would suggest whether Christian mothers, Christian females generally, and indeed all females who are solicitous for the character, health and lives of their fellow beings, should not endeavor to oppose the present pernicious mode of contracting the chest and waist, by substituting, as a far better fashion, some artificial enlargement of the chest and waist, by padding their dresses, and thus rendering, in a short time, a conical waist, as repugnant to fashion, as it is repugnant to the natural beauty of the female form and to the health and lives of its victims.

MATILDA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE ELDER SISTER.

"Who is that graceful young lady, with the two little girls tripping on each side of her, my dear Mrs. Grey," said an elderly female to her compan ion, as they were walking up High-street. Mrs. Grey looked at the beautiful girl as she smilingly nodded in passing, and replied, "that is the oldest daughter of my dear friend, Mrs. Cleaveland. She is one of the most interesting females in the city, and I am often at a loss which to admire most, the judicious maner in which my friend has brought up her *eldest daughter*, or the excellent principles which regulate the minutest parts of Julia's conduct. She has been taught ever since she was quite a little girl, to regard her younger brothers and sisters, as the object of *her* peculiar and unvarying care. As she has advanced to womanhood, it has become more and more conspicuous, and she is now the most watchful, disinterested, tender being I know.

Her happiness consists in making others happy, particularly *her own family*. She is always ready to perform for her brothers and sisters, those little offices of love their tender age requires. She attends them when they rise in the morning, dresses them neatly, and never omits attention to their private devotions. When the bell summons them to morning prayer, many a little foot-fall may be heard following her to the dining room, where solemnity and decorum mark their behavior. At table, "sister Julia," has many a little pinafore to adjust, and when the hour for school arrives, every satchel is ready for their plump little hands to grasp the strings.

She attends to their lessons, mends their clothes, reconciles all their little differences, walks with them, plays with them, sings for them, and is the source and center of all their enjoyments. Whatever this good girl can do, either for their comfort or improvement, is to her well regulated mind, a source of unalloyed pleasure. Mrs. Cleaveland, unlike many mothers I know, taught Julia from her childhood, to subdue her natural selfishness, and to consider first, the comfort and advantage of her brothers and sisters. She was never permitted to assume that haughty air which renders so many elder sisters disgusting. She was never allowed to claim or receive undue indulgence on that account, and no favors were bestowed upon her, because of her station in the family. On the contrary, she was taught that whenever it became necessary for one to yield, she would conquer by yielding, and win by kindness, where she might provoke and irritate by contending

As she grew up she practised the most disinterested generosity, and when first impressed by religious truth, one of the most affecting considerations that presented itself to her mind was, "*I am the eldest sister!*" What has the Lord a right to expect from me? What do my parents expect? What do my brothers and sisters expect?" She told me one day, when conversing with her on religious subjects, that there was nothing which more deeply weighed upon her heart, than the responsible situation in which Providence had placed her in her own family. "To me," said the sweet girl, with tears in her eyes, "my dear parents look, to strengthen their hands in the govern-

ment of our domestic world, to enforce their precepts, to exhibit in my example what the younger ones should practice, and to aid in every way in training up a family for the service of God on earth. With my father and mother I stand connected, by every endearing tie, as the representative of my family, and I know I can do much to aid, or much to defeat them in all their plans for family usefulness, and personal holiness. To me, my little darlings look for a consistent example, a correct tone of sentiment, purity of conversation, and that *life* of religion which Christianity requires. Sometimes I am so overwhelmed with a sense of my responsibility, that I tremble at every step I take, and my daily prayer to my heavenly Father is, "for grace to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called."

Such was the language of Julia Cleaveland, when nineteen years old, and her *daily life* bears testimony to the sincerity of her desires. She is constantly aiming at the high standard she has set before her, and every day develops a growing conformity to it. It is not the mere expression of the lips with Julia, it is a *deep conviction of her duty* which constantly influences all her actions. Blessed is the mother who has such a child! and blessed is the family where such an elder sister dwells! She resembles some guardian angel ever hovering over the objects of her tenderest love, and gently expanding her protecting wing to shield them from the impending danger.

Mrs. Grey had been so animated in portraying the character of Julia Cleaveland, that she had not noticed the agitation which had affected her friend, and which now increased so violently that she abruptly stopped and inquired the cause. "Oh, my dear friend," she replied, "the account you give of this sweet young lady plants daggers in my soul. *My eldest daughter*, Emily, might have been all this to me: but, alas! she is now reaping the bitter fruits of what my own hands so abundantly sowed in her childhood, and I am enduring the reproaches of conscience, armed by myself with ten thousand stings!" Here Mrs. Grey's friend burst into tears, and the gush of feelings long struggled with, gave relief to her sorrowful heart. When a little composed, she continued, "You know that Emily was my oldest daughter. From childhood, she was arrogant and self-willed; always contending, that her station as the elder sister entitled her to more indulgence than the younger children. She insisted upon her brothers and sisters serving her, and when favors were to be shared by the little group, she claimed the first, and the best. As she grew up, she became selfish, proud, and unaimable. For a long time my blind partiality never discerned the dreadful consequences of my own foolish indulgence, and her faults 'grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength.' Disputes, and quarrels became common amongst my little ones, and when I reproved them, they would all reply, "Oh, mamma, sister Emily did this, and you said nothing to her! Sister Emily said that, and you never found fault! These replies opened my eyes completely to my folly. I reasoned, I expostulated with my oldest daughter, but, alas, it was too late. The usual reply I received was, "I am the oldest, it is my right, and I will have it so." Alas! my family soon presented a scene of discord, and confusion, which with all my efforts, I was unable to control. It is now but a few days since my poor misguided girl eloped

with a profligate young man, and in her eighteenth year has commenced a career which will terminate in misery in two worlds, unless Almighty grace interpose for her rescue."

Here the distressed mother was obliged to pause. Sighs, and sobs too bitter to be suppressed, almost overwhelmed her. Her sympathising friend, Mrs. Grey, hastened forward to her dwelling, and when she had seated the afflicted mother upon the sofa, she mentally exclaimed, "How much is in the power of the elder sister!"

Mothers, look at the contrast! Have you in your own dwellings no portraits which resemble these? Examine the likeness, and however unskilful the artist may have been in portraying the features, you may perhaps trace some resemblance which may rouse your apprehensions lest an *Emily* may be your child, and you may become the sad and sorowful parent, over whose simple tale your sympathy has just wept. Mothers, who have in your *elder* daughters a Julia, watch well the tender child! pray earnestly that she may be all, yea more than all here described; for much, very much depends upon the influence of the elder sister

MONICA.

Wilmington.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S RETROSPECT.

Look back, my soul; what hast thou done
Thy tender offspring to improve;
What, through the year, whose course has run,
To win them to a Savior's love?

While hours, and days, and months have fled
That never, never will return,
Hast thou thy children constant led
The paths of wisdom to discern?

Has discipline held fast the rein,
With prudent, firm, yet gentle hand,
Those infant vices to restrain,
That sought thy counsels to withstand?

Has kind instruction been distilled,
From morning's dawn, till evening's shade,
Were hours of relaxation filled,
With usefulness that ne'er betrayed?

And has thou thine own weakness felt,
Thy constant need of help divine;
And when in secret thou hast knelt,
Has faith declared each promise thine?

As Abram's daughter hast thou plead,
That gracious covenant—"I will be,
A God to thee, and to thy seed,"
Through time, and in eternity?

Hast thou besought the Lord to bring,
Thy tender offspring to his feet:
That they might own their sovereign King,
Confessing that his love is great?

Hast felt that they were not too young,
His pardoning mercy to receive,
And mingle in the convert's throng?
And feeling—couldst thou still believe?

Look back, my soul, impartial trace
The scenes of the departed year;
Implore forgiveness, seek for grace,
And heaven in mercy, heed thy prayer.

Look forward, too, lest days to come,
Still witness thine unfaithfulness;
Christ be thy hope and heaven thy home,
Thine offspring, a believing race.

H. T.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE:

FOR FEBRUARY, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EARLY HABITS OF INDUSTRY.

If, as a distinguished writer has observed, "Man is a bundle of habits," there is perhaps scarcely a subject to which maternal influence should be more unceasingly directed, than the early formation of right habits. And probably there is no one habit more important in a character formed for usefulness, than that of industry and regular application to business.

This habit should be commenced at a very early period; long before the little ones can be very profitable from the fruits of their industry. I know it is often alleged that the labour and care of teaching young children various useful employments, is greater than all the benefits which may be expected to result. But this, I believe, is a fact only in regard to a few of their first lessons.

I have a friend, who is both a gentleman and a scholar. For the sake of employment, his father required his little son, from the early age of eight years, to copy all his letters. I have often heard this friend ascribe his business talent, which, in regard to despatch, punctuality, and order, is seldom equalled, to his father's unremitting efforts, to keep him, at stated intervals, regularly employed.

In the formation of character, I had almost said, habits are every thing. Could the whole amount of knowledge, which a young man has acquired, just entering professional life, after nine years laborious preparatory study, have been at once imparted to his mind, without any effort on his part, the value to him would be immeasurably less than the slow process by which it was acquired. The *mental discipline*, the *intellectual habits*, are worth even more to him than the knowledge gained.

But the importance of a habit may perhaps be best ascertained by its practical result. We refer mothers to the annals of great and good men, in all ages of the world, who have been the benefactors of mankind. By attention to their early history, it will be found, that their learning and talents are not merely the effects of genius, as many suppose, but are the precious fruits of which industry and persevering application were the early bud. The

Bible furnishes impressive examples on this subject. Adam in a state of innocence, was required to "dress the garden, and to keep it."

The glorified beings in heaven rest not day nor night. It is said of the great exemplar of the Christian, that "he went about doing good." We are both instructed and warned by such scripture passages as the following: Ex. xx. 9. Eccl. ix. 10: v. 12. Prov. xxiv. 30—34: xx. 4. Ezekiel x. 49. Rom. xii. 11. 2 Thess. v. 10—12. Rev. vii. 15.

When habits of industry and personal effort have been faithfully cherished, it will not be difficult to cultivate those of benevolence and self-denial. Children should be early encouraged and induced to contribute to the various institutions of benevolence in our country; but let it never be done without an effort, and a sacrifice, on their part. They should be made to feel, with David, that "they will not offer to the Lord a sacrifice which costs them nothing."

It is a principle which they may easily apprehend, and one that will be of great value in forming their future characters. At a very early age they can be made to understand something of the wants and woes of the heathen world; and when their sympathies are excited, instruct them in what manner they may begin to aid in sending abroad the blessings of salvation.

Mothers may encourage their little ones to resolve how much they will endeavour to earn in this way, and for such purposes in a year. Let a little book of accounts be prepared for them, in which all their little earnings shall regularly be entered, and as soon as they are able, let them keep these accounts themselves. In this way, several useful habits may be associated,—children may be thus early taught that money is valuable, rather as enabling them to do good, than as a means of selfish or sensual gratification.

The want of suitable regular employment for children, particularly for boys, is an evil extensively felt and deplored, especially by men in professional life, and the inhabitants of large cities and populous villages. Perhaps there is no one class of persons in our country, so highly favored in this particular as *farmers;* and it is one of the peculiar blessings of their condition, of which I fear they are not sufficiently aware, to be suitably grateful.

But in respect to others, a remedy must be supplied, or their children will be ruined. If all other resources fail, it is better to consider a regular portion of each day as "a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together," to be again dispersed for the same object, rather than indulge or connive at habits of idleness.

At one of the most respectable colleges in New-England,* the President and Professors have had the wisdom and precaution for a number of years, regularly to send their sons, during a considerable portion of each year, among their friends in the country, to labor on farms. The boys themselves are delighted with the plan, and all the judicious commend it, as affording the most healthful, improving, and pleasant employment. And probably even greater attainments are made in their studies, than if constantly confined in school the whole year. And perhaps not the least advantage which

* Hanover, N. H.

way result, will be found in giving to them an athletic frame, and a sound and vigorous constitution.

But in respect to daughters, the evil cannot be so great. The *domestic duties* of every family furnish sufficient employment to give a habit of industry to our daughters. And with these duties, it is disgraceful for any young lady to be wholly unacquainted; not less disgraceful, certainly, than to be ignorant of her alphabet; if the value of knowledge is to be estimated by its practical utility.

Whenever a young lady becomes herself the mistress of a family, no matter how elevated her station may be, "looking well to the ways of her household" is her *profession*.

What would be thought of the physician, or the pastor, who should enter upon his profession, ignorant of the duties it involved, because he was rich enough to employ a substitute? A knowledge of domestic duties in its various branches and operations, are indispensable for females, and mothers are held responsible, that their daughters acquire it, by a systematic and thorough course of training. D. M. L.

For the Mother's Magazine.

RESOLUTION AND REPORT OF NEW-YORK MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

"RESOLVED, That the Secretary of the N. Y. M. A. be requested to open a correspondence with the Editor of the Mother's Magazine, give her notice of the association, and propose to furnish her with an annual Report, containing a concise view of the Societies in the several churches, and such facts respecting them as may be calculated to render the report useful and proper for insertion in the Magazine."

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION CONNECTED WITH THE WEST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

This association was organized on the thirteenth of November, 1832, consisting at that time of eight members. The constitution they adopted was similar to that of the N. Y. M. A.* with the addition of one article, namely: "That the children at their quarterly meetings should each contribute a small sum to be appropriated to religious purposes." The meetings have been usually well attended, and during the past year there have been

* This association was instituted in February, 1818, by seven ladies, from four different churches in the city. In 1824 it was divided into several societies, each church forming its own Association on the model originally adopted; still recognising its connexion with the Parent Society, and meeting together twice a year under the name of the New-York Maternal Association.

There are many interesting and important facts connected with the earlier years of this society, which the members wish to make known for the encouragement of more youthful associations, as soon as they ascertain with whom the books were left by their former Secretary, who is now in England. M———. Sec'y. N. Y. M. A.

eleven additions to the society, which numbers at present nineteen mothers, and sixty-five children, a large portion of whom are fully grown, and many are members of the church. With regard to the spiritual interests of the association, it is to be feared that we have not increased in Christian graces, and in faithfulness proportionate to the Lord's goodness, in adding to our numbers, and in sparing the lives of our dear children. We have no conversions to record in our families at the close of the year; and in view of this fact, it becomes us to examine our own hearts, and to ask ourselves if we have been doing our duty as Mothers? If we have been always mindful of our solemn obligations as members of this society, to pray *for* our children daily, and *with* them as often as circumstances will permit, giving them from time to time the best religious instruction of which we are capable? I cannot forbear to mention in this place a circumstance which recently passed under my own observation, for the encouragement of Christian Mothers in persevering prayer, not only *for* but *with* their children at a *very early age*. A little boy of two years and three months, had acquired a habit of scratching his brother two years older, whenever he displeased him in any way. His mother tried various methods of punishment in vain, and at last resorted to whipping, this too proved ineffectual; she then took the child with her to the throne of Grace, pleading for him in his presence, and making him afterwards repeat the words as well as he was able. This she did after each repetition of the fault, and the gracious hearer of prayer, was pleased very soon to bless the means which he had put it into her heart to use. In the course of two days the habit was almost subdued; and about a week ago, the child came to his mother voluntarily and kneeling down by her, said, "say pairs mother." He then in his own broken accents whispered a few words, and she distinctly heard, "scatch bother." When he raised his little head from her lap, she asked him what he had prayed for, and he said, "me scatch bother." Since then, he has only once been guilty of this offence, and then seemed very much ashamed.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

NEAR the close of a pleasant summer's Sabbath, said one sister to another, as they were reviewing the conduct and privileges of the day, "I fear that all our conversation has not corresponded with the sanctity of the day,—it has not been exactly worldly, but it has not been serious." "Do you," replied the younger with surprise,—"I have not thought of it; for I always feel *safe* to do as you do."

What an acknowledgment of a sister's influence! How magnified her responsibility! how solemn her accountability, if others will thus tread in her footsteps! What powerful incentives has she for doing right! Are there any that *she* has not? Will adverse circumstances deprive her of the

love of those who claim her as their sister? or distance sever the ties that unite them? Neither then can a sister's influence, though unnoticed, be *unfelt.*

But my special object is to speak of the influence of the eldest daughter of a family. I once heard a mother, who has been very successful in the education of her children, remark, that when she had trained her eldest daughter, and made her what she wished, she felt that the task of educating the others would be comparatively easy. Would that every mother so correctly estimated the influence of her elder children, in the formation of the character of the younger! If this were the fact, would not the scenes of discord now witnessed in some families, be exchanged for those of love and harmony?

The eldest child of a family, especially if she be a daughter, usually enjoys peculiar privileges. Generally, her parents are less engrossed than ever afterward in family cares; and she is the special object of their solicitude, their instructions, their prayers. They delight in her society, procure for *her* the advantages hereafter to be shared by several; and as she advances in years, she is a prominent member of the family. Her parents confide in her, and they, to a much greater extent, are *her* confidants, than those of her sisters at the same age. There is a respectful familiarity on her part which is never experienced by the others, especially in reference to her mother; for she confides to her mother, what her sisters will confide only to her. A sort of dependance is placed upon her, which early leads her to reflect, matures her judgment, develops her powers of mind; and thus her character is formed at an early age. What a helpmeet to her parents is she capable of being, in the education of her brothers and sisters! How much has she in her power!—either to retard or accelerate the machinery of family government.

The influence of companions is proverbial; it often prevails over that of wiser friends. Consequently in comparative trifles, a sister's opinion is often more regarded than a mother's; and this may be true, without in the least detracting from the authority and respect due to the parent. But in all important subjects, the daughter's sentiments are but the echo of the mother's. Hers are the little rippling streams oft unnoticed, but increasing greatly the waters of the mighty river. The eldest daughter, to her parents, should be as an unstrung bow; to her brothers and sisters, as one ever ready for action. Being as she should be, she may prove an invaluable aid in the right nurture of the other children. Hers is aid not to be purchased with silver, is more choice than gold, more precious than rubies. Her winning attentions to their comfort, her gentle tones, her sympathy in their childish troubles, her interest in their innocent plays, as well as their harder lessons, bind her with a tenfold cord, to their affectionate little hearts. In authority she is readily obeyed, in the mother's absence; but in her presence never assumes the prerogative of a parent. Hence, as she never exercises it without occasion, she is not considered as wishing to domineer over them; and as a consequence, they are ready to acquiesce in her wishes, without her demanding, or appearing to require obedience.

An elder sister's government should consist in influence, rather than in authority. She should prevail by reasoning, or gentle persuasion, not by severe threatening. If she succeeds by the latter method, because the children dread the performance of the threats, there is a reaction at the expense of affection.

A short time since, I visited a family, from which the mother had been removed by death about a year before. At the close of the evening, as we entered another apartment to take our hats, &c., we observed some of the children sitting around a stand. "I sent the boys in here to get their lessons," said the elder sister, who had charge of the family. "You did not send me," replied one ten years old, in rather a low tone, but one which I distinctly heard as he passed by to leave the room. She was a very kind sister, but the boy did not like this *show* of authority; and to see them so quietly seated, would, to us, have been sufficient proof of her good management.

"Ma," said an eldest daughter, as the mother was about to leave her family for a few days; "wont you tell M. she must mind me when you are gone?"—"I shall just mind my cousin," quickly replied the child to her sister, "You are — —" repeating her name very sneeringly, "and always will be." It is evident that the elder sister had neither the respect nor affection of the younger; and for her sake, I am sorry to add that M. to her other friends was an uncommonly amiable and affectionate child.

"Ma, shan't William stop?"—"Ma, shan't Jane do as I want her to?" asked an elder sister in a very unamiable tone. Said the same sister to me, "Our children take away all my comfort at home; and they dont love *me* any more than I do them. They are always glad to have me gone, and never care about my coming home, only because I bring them some present. All but *our family* say I have a good disposition, and I really believe our children are worse than other children. Little did this sister suppose that those younger might be won by kindness,—that self-control was to be necessary for *herself*,—that home develops the true character, the real feelings of the heart.

I have spoken of the aid an eldest daughter may render her parents if rightly and successfully trained by them;—but if the contrary is the case,—if she exhibits an uncontrolled temper, evil dispositions, and a disregard to their feelings and wishes, she is a dead *weight* to their exertions, and none but a parent so tried, can know how it paralyzes effort. Her influence is a constantly counteracting one; and her parents are like a ship at sea with wind and tide opposed. It may accomplish the voyage, but exertions must be doubled. But I will not dwell longer on so painful a picture,—for I hope there are few to recognise it as their own.

One word to mothers. In the moral education of your older children, let it be *evident to them* that you are not educating them for themselves *alone*, but that you expect them *in every way* to co-operate with you, in *rightly* educating those younger. Impress upon them their obligations and *responsibilities* thus to do, and you know not how happy may be the result.

I knew the daughter of a family, in affluent circumstances, whose mother

sent her 100 miles from home, to an excellent school, at the time she was in a very low state of health, that she might be the better qualified to take the charge of several younger brothers and sisters, if she should not recover.

And now, elder sisters, if by your kindness, your gentleness, your consideration, you have acquired the desired influence over the loved olive plants which grow side by side with you, how infinitely important is it, that the channels be *pure*, into which this influence is directed! They will copy your manners, encourage the dispositions they see you exhibit, imbibe your sentiments, possess your prejudices, and will think themselves justified in doing whatever you do. Your principles of action will eminently become theirs. Does love of admiration excite you? so will it them. Are you trifling in your deportment and conversation? They will imitate you in this. Are you indolent and inefficient in the performance of your duties? They have an excuse for being so. But if you are swayed by high and holy motives,—if the love of God influences you,—if energy characterizes your movements,—if self-denial to you is not a *name*, but a *deed*, you will have the same, nay, greater reason to believe your example will be imitated, for your *prayers* will accompany it.

Be stimulated then to renewed exertions for the improvement, the perfection of your own characters. You have animating motives; the affection of your brothers and sisters, the honor of your parents, the approbation of One above. The duties of an elder daughter rightly discharged, will fit you for any station and duties in life. Constantly strive to relieve the beloved guardians of *your* youth, who watch with the same solicitude all their offspring. Allow them to confide in you, to *lean* upon you. They will appreciate the privilege,—they will be *grateful* for it, as one of the richest of blessings.

Said a mother, in an elevated station of life, to her daughter of 14, as they one day received from a friend an invitation to tea, we cannot *both* go; the children are so much happier with one of us with them when studying their lessons in the evening, that in future, I think it will be best for one of us to remain at home with them. I will stay this afternoon, or you may." "I will, mother," replied the delighted daughter; more gratified with the compliment implied in being thus allowed to take the mother's place, than she would have been with twenty visits.

Next to your Heavenly Father, your parents should receive your love and reverence. Yield them then the honor due; so will you realize in your own consciences, that the fifth commandment *is* a "commandment with *promise*."

M. C. E.

THE mariner may safely guide his ship without knowing the principles upon which his compass is constructed, and the mechanic at the power loom, may produce the fairest fabric, yet understand little of the philosophy of the steam engine which propels it. So the mother assisted only by her own experience, may guide her children wisely. But does it follow that she would not be more skilful, should she avail herself of the experience and knowledge of others? The experience of an individual must be comparatively limited. How can her deficiencies be supplied but *by reading*.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"Lo! they haste to every nation,
Hosts on hosts the ranks supply,—
Onward! Christ is your salvation,—
And *your Death is Victory.*"

THE MOTHER OF A MISSIONARY

Is an honoured woman. Is she not a happy woman also? True, she shall no more see the child of her love, on earth. The sea, it may be, rolls between them, and their bones will be laid in different lands: but, notwithstanding all this, *is she not a happy woman?* If she love the Redeemer she must be so. For to him has she given her child; and in his blessed presence they shall meet, when the "work of faith and labor of love" shall have been accomplished.

Christian Mothers, a word to you on this subject. We need more missionaries. The valleys of the East and West are full of dry bones. Birmah cries aloud—China lifts up her mighty voice—Africa will take no denial. Although the field is the world, yet, wide as it is, *the field is ripe.* You have prayed for the heathen—"Lord, send forth laborers," and now we call upon you to test the sincerity of your prayers. We call upon you in the name of Christ, and in the name of a world, to train up your children for the high honor of becoming ambassadors of the King of Zion *at a foreign court.*

Do your bosoms, Christian Mothers, tremble,—or do they kindle at the thought? Are you willing and desirous, in submission to the will of God, that the child which is even now smiling upon you, and upon which you cannot look without feeling a tide of love and hope gushing from your hearts, are you willing that that young immortal shall one day stand where the sainted Martyn stood, or become the meek helpmeet of some second Judson? Is this your desire: would it be to you an honour, and a happiness; and do you inquire, "what can I do, thus to train up my child for Christ?" I answer

I. *You cannot convert the soul. Yet* "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." You have all the promises, and the multitude of souls converted through maternal instrumentality, for your encouragement. Your example may point the road to heaven. Your instructions may be constant. Your prayers may be fervent and unceasing.

II. *You can awaken the sympathies of a young heart, by pourtraying the condition of the heathen world.* This may prove the means of your children's conversion. It will display to them the condition of all who are without God in the world. And should the Holy Spirit change their hearts, this knowledge of heathenism this sympathy in the condition of those who are born but to perish; and the consequent habit of contributing, which you will be careful to cherish in them, will be as seed sown in good ground. This knowledge, this sympathy, and this habit, will exert a most important and happy influence.

III. *You can communicate to your child, your wish and hope under God,*

in reference to his future course: That you would feel honored and blessed of God if he should become a missionary.

Such a declaration, when coupled with the simple story of the love of Christ, which is the foundation of your wish, and poured into a young soul, will, by the blessing of God, exert an influence which could scarcely be believed! the earliest and most deeply impressed recollections of such a soul would be a mother's sacrificing love to the cause of Christ, the prayer of that mother that he might become a missionary, and the love of the Savior as a motive to self-devotement to his church.

We forget not that all these means are *but* means. But we also remember that among them is included humble prayer through a prevalent mediator.

And now, Christian Mothers, we leave this subject with you. When you bend over the cradle of your beloved babes; when you gaze, with a mother's eye, and a mother's heart, upon those whom God hath given you, and your souls swell with a parent's love till they are full to overflowing;—oh, then think of the *perishing heathen!* think of Jesus Christ; of all that he has done for you; and ask, "Am I ready to say '*thy will be done?*' Am I willing that this young immortal shall become a missionary to the 'benighted ones?'" Will you not pray that God would, if such be his holy will, confer upon *your* child this high honor? And will you not tell that child, when able to comprehend it, what you have thus done? Christian Mother! *that child may lead a multitude to Heaven!* And you, YOU WILL BE HELPING TO CHRISTIANIZE A WORLD. C.

Princeton, December, 1833.

THE following Discourse, recently preached by a Pastor, to the people of his own charge, is inserted in the "Mother's Magazine" by the kind permission of the author. We are persuaded that it will be perused with deep and thrilling interest, especially by Mothers.

HANNAH AND SAMUEL:

OR,

THE PIETY AND USEFULNESS OF CHILDREN TRACED TO PIOUS MOTHERS.

I. Sam. 1; 27, 28.

THE history of Samuel is one replete with interest and instruction. In whatever light we view him, as a Christian, a minister, or a statesman; whether in childhood, manhood or old age, he is alike the object of our veneration and love. At a very early age, just after he was weaned, he was carried by his pious parents to the house of God in Shiloh, and there left to minister as an assistant to Eli the priest, according to his mother's vow when she asked him of the Lord. Very soon after this, and while yet a child, he was consecrated, and became a prophet of the Lord. "And

Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord. Besides attending to the spiritual concerns of the kingdom, as the prophet of the Lord, it is said that he judged Israel all the days of his life. And as a judge, his character for uprightness and integrity was without reproach. Few public officers can say as did this man of God, at the close of his life, "Behold now I am old and grey headed; and behold my sons are with you, and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold here I am. Witness against me before the Lord and before his anointed; whose ox have I taken, or whose ass have I taken, or whom have I defrauded, whom have I oppressed, or of whom have I received any bribe, to blind my eyes therewith, and I will restore it. And they said thou hast not defrauded nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." Thus in every relation of life, we find this man alike distinguished for his eminent piety and unimpeachable morals; next to our blessed Savior, the most spotless human being whose history is recorded in the annals of the church, or of the world.

In considering the character of this wonderful man, we are naturally led to inquire into the causes which combined to produce it. In this investigation we shall be able, I trust, to arrive at some degree of certainty. And happy shall I be if I can throw such light upon the subject, as shall, by the Divine blessing, be the means of giving to the church and to the world more such men as Samuel.

In this discourse I shall endeavor to select from among the causes, what appears to me to be most prominent—*His Mother.*

If I mistake not, I think I can distinctly trace to this pious Mother, under God, the origin of all his goodness and all his greatness. Let me call your attention to the following facts.

I. God created Samuel in answer to the prayer of his pious Mother. We read that for years after her marriage with Elkanah, she was childless; that she, with her husband, went up on a certain festival occasion, to worship the Lord in Shiloh, and that here, after the sacrifice was offered, she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore. And she vowed a vow and said, "Oh Lord of Hosts, if thou wilt indeed look upon the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thine handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then will I give him unto the Lord, all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head." (Num. 4: 5.)

The Lord answered her prayer, and she called the child Samuel, which means, asked of the Lord. Here we find the first intimations of the future greatness and goodness of this wonderful man. He had a mother of such eminent piety, that she could move God, to put forth his creative energies, and give to the church and to the world a man, a saint, a prophet, and a judge. It was for this her holy soul wanted to be a mother. Not merely that she might feel the thrilling gladness of a mother's heart, but that she might have a child to give to God.

Well were it for the church and for the world, if every Christian Mother

could, with equal propriety, call her child Samuel—asked of the Lord. Well too were it for the church and the world, were there more Hannahs.

Then would the bitterness of the curse, which rested upon woman at the fall, be removed, and the terror which now agitates her, be allayed, by the prospect of giving to the world one who would bless it. And then too would the promise, 1 Tim. 1: 25, which ought to be translated, "Notwithstanding she shall be saved, in raising children, if they continue in faith and charity, and holiness, with sobriety," be fulfilled.

II. Samuel's mother, with great self-denial and sacrifice, fulfilled her vow When she had weaned him, she brought him to the house of the Lord in Shiloh. "And they slew a bullock and brought him to Eli. And she said, Oh, my Lord, as thy soul liveth, my Lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition, which I asked of him. Therefore also have I lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth shall he be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there." The parents then returned home, and the child did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest. How does this self-denying act of Hannah show the vigor of piety! Here she leaves her little son at an age when most he needed a mother's care, and when most he was entwined around a mother's heart. She leaves him never to claim him again. Methinks that blow which sundered him from her arms, and separated her from his sweet infant loveliness, must have almost sundered the strings of life. As she turned away from Shiloh, to her home, how must the mother's heart have bled, and a flood of tears dimmed her eye, as she imprinted the last kiss upon his infant cheek, and resigned him to God forever. She left him to see him but once a year, and then only to renew her weeping and her dedication.

How touching the short note of her annual visit to Shiloh. "But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child girded with a linen ephod. Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." In these two facts, of the birth and dedication of Samuel by his mother, we have the most undoubted evidence of *her* eminent piety, and the most undoubted origin of *his*.

Very little is said of her husband, although enough to lead us to believe, that he too was a good man. But the word of God has thrown upon the sacred page a flood of light, as it regards Hannah, and perhaps for this very reason, to show us how much the future destinies of the child, are involved in those of the mother.

How few mothers are there at the present day, who make such an unconditional surrender of their children to God, when they pray for their existence, or their salvation. How few are there who feel, when converted, that they belong to God.

The glory of God, seems not to be their object when they pray.

(To be Continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES.

I WELL remember, when about nine years of age, returning from school one day, with a request to my mother that I might attend a children's ball, which was to take place the next evening. One or two had been held before, at which most of my companions were present; but myself and my sister, who was still younger, had received no invitation, as it was well understood that our mother was "very strict," and probably would not permit us to attend. But on this occasion a note was handed us, as we were returning from school, requesting our company for the next evening; and as we entered the parlor where our mother was sitting, our little hearts swelled with desires, to which they had, until then, been strangers. We asked her permission to attend, which she gently, but firmly denied, giving us, at the same time, some of her most important reasons for so doing. We felt the propriety of her objections, and in fact had little inclination to enter into an amusement with which we were wholly unacquainted; but the dread of the sneer, and ridicule of our companions, and their remarks upon the unnecessary *strictness* of our dear parents, overcame every other feeling; and we begged that we might go, at least once, in order to show them that she was more indulgent than they supposed. I shall never forget the tone of seriousness my mother assumed as she represented to us the responsibility incurred by Christian parents, in giving up their children to God. "You, my dear children," said she, "are consecrated children. Your parents have covenanted with God to train you up for his service. How can I, without a fearful violation of that covenant, permit you to enter a place where every thing you see and hear will be calculated to divert your minds from serious things. Would not God be justly angry with me, and could I expect his blessing in my endeavors to train you up for Him? Now which do you prefer, that I should displease God, or your companions." This was enough,—we were entirely satisfied, and were able to meet our companions the next day without shame or fear; indeed, shall I say it, we felt a secret pride in the integrity of our dear mother's principles. Though afterward invited on one or two other occasions, we felt not the slightest inclination to accept,—the question was settled, and settled forever; and how often, since having reached a mature age, have we looked back to that period with indescribable interest, and with fervent gratitude to our parent for the firmness and wisdom she then manifested. How much inconvenience and expostulation did she thus avoid, and from how many temptations and conflicts secure our youthful years. Much of the indifference with which we have ever regarded amusements of this kind, even since the formation of our own principles, may doubtless be traced to the impression thus early made upon our minds. And might not every parent, by a similar course, throw the same safeguard around the future welfare of her child? Surely *such children* will ever have cause to bless the honored name of mother!

FILIA.

While taking an airing one day in a chaise, says Mrs. E. with my mother and my little brother, we passed a circus.

"Mother! mother!" said Thomas, with anticipations of joy beaming in his young face, "If papa is willing, may I go to the circus to night?" My mother replied with emphasis, "No, my son; when I dedicated you to God, I promised not only to train you up in the way you should go, but to restrain you from every evil way. If I should permit you to go to such places of amusement, I should violate my promise. Would you have me displease God?" I have heard my mother say, that a similar request was never afterwards made to her, by my little brother.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EVELINA.

AN ADDRESS OF A TEACHER TO HER PUPILS.

My dear young friends: When this Magazine first appeared, I thought it was designed only for mothers to read, and that others would take very little interest in it. But soon teachers began to read it. They found that it contained much which they ought to know; and I have often seen little girls and boys take it from their mothers' work table, and sit down and read whole pages of it. I hope you all read, not simply to pass away time, or to amuse yourselves, but for the better and more commendable purpose of learning something which will be useful to you, make you more intelligent, improve your moral character, and thus increase your capacity of doing good to others; for we cannot live in this world, without increasing the misery or the happiness, of those who are associated with us. We cannot live long in this world without making others better or worse, by our example. In proportion to the degree in which we affect their characters, will be our power over their minds; and this power we call *influence.* Now even a little child has influence at home and at school; and this influence is felt when you do not think of it, and others are often affected by it, when they do not know it. I will now give you some account of one of my pupils, which will illustrate what I mean. Evelina is the child of pious parents, who often told her when she was very young, that they desired nothing so earnestly, as that she might love God and serve Jesus Christ, in the days of her youth. They loved to pray with her, and to tell her how much the blessed Savior has done to save sinners, and what he says of those who seek him early. She was so well instructed that she knew her duty when she was very young, and when she did wrong, could not plead that she did not know it. She was amiable in her disposition, kind in her deportment, attentive to her studies, and acquired a degree of intelligence, not often possessed by children of her age. When she was eleven years old, there was a very solemn season in the Church to which her parents belonged. A large number of people in the congregation

young and old, became anxious about the salvation of their souls. The Holy Spirit seemed to pass from one to another, telling them that they were sinners; that if they did not repent, they would not go to Heaven, and that Jesus Christ was able and willing to save them, if they would only be sorry that they had sinned against God, and give up their opposition to him. Evelina felt that she had an interest in these scenes. She had learned that her heart was wicked, and she knew that with such feelings as she now possessed, she could not be happy in this world, nor even in Heaven, if she was there. She knew that God is angry with the wicked every day; and that while she continued such, God could not take any pleasure in her. She could not sleep at night, because she remembered so many of her sins, and knew that they were not pardoned. Her Parents and her Pastor prayed and talked with her, and tried to induce her to come to Jesus Christ immediately, who is always able and willing to save those who are sorry for their sins, determined to forsake them, and willing to give their hearts to him; for his blood cleanses from all sin. She went to the conference meeting, and while there and with her pious parents, she thought she could love God, confess and forsake her sins, and take Jesus Christ for her Savior. When she was with these good people, she was willing to be a Christian; but when she thought of her school-mates, who were all thoughtless and careless about their souls, who did not know any thing about such feelings as she had been the subject of for some days, and of her teacher who was not pious, she drew back from her purpose; she did not wish them to know how she had felt, through fear that they would think she had been more wicked than any one else. She knew there were some things done in school in which she could take no part; some amusements in which she could not participate, if she gave her heart to Jesus Christ. She did not care about the pleasure she derived from them, for she felt they could not make her happy; but she was afraid that they would laugh at her, and think her very foolish to mind such things. She made every effort to conceal her feelings, and to appear as gay and trifling as ever; and soon became quite contented to live without having a new heart, and knowing that her sins were pardoned for Jesus' sake. The Holy Spirit was grieved because she was ashamed of Christ, and I am afraid that this blessed agent has left her heart to grow more wicked every day. When she came to my school I found she did not love to read and talk about what Jesus Christ has done for poor sinners, as well as some of my other children, and I tried many ways to interest her mind in these subjects; but she appeared restlesss and uneasy, and would try to turn the subject to something else. All her duties were hurried, and her countenance often anxious, as if she was not happy. Here I must leave Evelina.

You now see who influenced Evelina to reject Jesus Christ. If all the children, who read what I have written on this subject, will think of it, I have no doubt they will desire to do right, that they may influence others to do right. Love God and keep his commandments that your example may induce others to choose the path of wisdom, which is a pleasant one, and the end of which is peace.

IOTA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE:

FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Lesson V. History of Abraham. Gen. xii. xiii.

Who was Abraham's Father?

In what place did his Father dwell?

Why did Abraham leave his Father's house to go into a strange land?

Did Abraham obey the Lord *immediately?*

What blessing did the Lord promise him?

Did Abraham believe that God would fulfil his promises? Heb. xi. 8.

How old was Abraham when he left his father's house?

Whom did Abraham take with him?

To what land did they go?

At what place, in Canaan, did they stop?

Who appeared unto Abraham at Sichem?

What promise did the Lord there make to Abraham?

What did Abraham build there?

Why did Abraham and his family go down to Egypt?

Of what sin was Abraham guilty when he came near to Egypt?

Is it ever right for children to deceive? Prov. xxiv. 28.

In what manner did the Lord protect Sarai, in the house of Pharaoh?

When Abraham and Lot returned from Egypt, in what did his riches consist?

To what place did they return?

What is the meaning of Bethel?

Should not every little child have a place that he can name Bethel?

Why could not Abraham and Lot continue to dwell together?

What did Abraham propose to Lot?

What lesson should children learn from the kindness and condescension of Abraham?

What place did Lot choose for his residence?

What is said of the men of Sodom?

Is it dangerous to live among wicked neighbors?

Where did Abraham dwell?

To what place did Abraham remove his tent?

Why did he build an altar there?

For what purpose was the altar used?

Should every family imitate Abraham's example?

EXTRACT from the "Eighth Annual Report of the Prison Discipline Society, Boston.

"*Causes of Crime.*"—Neglect of family government, disobedience to parents, Sabbath breaking, &c. An opinion has existed extensively, and whether it is becoming more or less frequent, we cannot tell, that the rod may be dispensed with in the government of children. Now we wish to say to all parents, that we learn no such thing from the history of crime. On the contrary, we find prisons tenanted with those who were not resolutely and thoroughly corrected in childhood; and if there is any one truth impressed upon our minds, by a laborious examination of many persons who have fallen in crime, it is this:—"***He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes.***"

For the Mother's Magazine.

A MOTHER'S TEAR.

EARTH has no eloquence so strong,
Deep, soul-afflicting, yet so clear—
That wounds far deeper than the thong—
As a kind mother's *melting tear.*

Oft when a stubborn, wayward child,
I've scorned reproof, despised control—
A *tear* has made me tame and mild,
And bowed with grief my inmost soul.

Oft, when I broke her gentle laws,
And turned regardless from her frown—
A *tear* would advocate her cause,
And break my will, and melt me down.
New-York.

Say, reader! hast *thou* never mourned
When *thou* hast made a mother weep?
On anguish's pillow never turned,
And sought in vain for soothing sleep?

Proud one! whose heart is cased in steel,
Hast never own'd an earthly fear—
Tell me if *thou* didst never feel
When thou hast caused a mother's tear

If not thou art of stygian stain—
Go, hie thee to another sphere!
No heart should dwell in earth's domain
Impervious to a mother's tear.

C. W. E

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON DEVOTING AN INFANT DAUGHTER TO CHRIST

LORD accept my infant child,
Thou the offering wilt receive;
Thou hast oft on children smiled;
Help a mother to believe.

Cleanse her infant soul from sin,
Holy Spirit—on her shine,
Now the blessed work begin,
Which shall seal her ever thine.

Lord that heavenly wisdom give,
Hear a mother's ardent prayer,
That her children *all* may live,
Sheltered by thy tender care.

Mothers with young children blest,
Daily clustering round your board,
Rest on God's sweet promise, rest,—
Faith will meet a rich reward.

When with agony you pray,
And the dew-drop dims your eye,
Then the truth divine display,
Lead the little wanderers nigh.

Jesus, oh! how rich the blessing,
He your offspring will receive,
If while Hannah's love possessing,
You with Hannah will believe.

Mothers, infants, lend your voices,
Join the sweetest song to raise,
Hark! the angelic host rejoices,
Tuning hearts and harps to praise.

A. S. E.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE OPENING FLOWERS.

Dear Madam.—With no common feelings did I hail the announcement of your Magazine; I hastened to become a subscriber to it, and have read it with increasing interest and pleasure. Your object is one which claims the support, encouragement, and prayers of every Christian mother throughout our union. It is most intimately connected with the honor of God, and the happiness of man.

The efforts which are making at the present day, to correct the numerous errors and mistakes of parents, in the education of their children, and to lead them to attend, with equal care, to their spiritual, mental, and physical culture, I cannot but regard as an important era in the history of the church. The seed sown in our nurseries will take deep root; and in a few years, will produce corresponding fruit, in the parents, the teachers, and the statesmen of our country.

And shall this seed be scattered by a careless hand, without culling and examining, lest possibly some tares be concealed among it? Shall those on whom our Creator has laid the responsibility of training up the dear children he has given them in the way they should go, leave them to the blind guidance of ignorance and superstition? Or shall they, from a weak and foolish tenderness, refrain from imposing those restraints which they sometimes need, and from resorting to such salutary discipline as they need at other times? These evils have existed, and still do exist, to an alarming extent; but the eyes of parents begin to open; and we hope and believe that the time is not far distant, when we shall see those apartments which have too often been emphatically nurseries of pride, passion, self-will, anger, and disobedience, converted into nurseries of love, peace, and piety. But while so much is said and done to assist in training those precious tenants of the nursery, let us not forget the tender flowers which have just been transplanted from it, tender and immature, to the open field, where they are exposed to many a rough wind, and many a rude hand. There are few objects whom I view with more opening solicitude than these; especially of the female sex; they are beset with dangers and snares on every side—they have neither wisdom

nor experience to guide them, and are often unwilling to be guided by others, whose experience may have taught them some severe, but salutary lessons. And is it not too true that many of these, have in fact, none to guide them? Is it not a fact that multitudes of young females, from twelve to fourteen years of age, are permitted by their parents to spend their time just as they please? —to visit when, and where they please?—to dress as they please, and all without even consulting with them, or looking for their approbation? And is it not also true, that mothers, *Christian mothers*—filling prominent and important stations in life, and looked up to, by great numbers, as examples, do allow their daughters in such a course of life as this, not requiring of them the least care, even of their own clothing? nor the least assistance in any domestic avocations, however oppressive their own labor and care may be? Surely all this, and much more, is true; and many who will probably look into this Magazine in the hope of finding some useful hints, will acknowledge it. Now let me ask, what can be expected from daughters so educated? Allow me to tell you what may not be expected. First, gratitude may not be expected, for it will never be awarded. A kind, affectionate deportment, will seldom be witnessed; and when it is, in all probability it will be assumed with a view to accomplish some selfish or sinister purpose.

Many mothers, thus foolishly indulgent, and blind to their daughter's best interest, are obliged to labor early and late, in order to perform all the duties requisite to keep their families neatly attired, their houses in order, to meet the claims of society, and the various obligations devolving on them as Christians. The daughter, who should be the companion of her toil, her nurse in sickness, and her comfort and solace in sorrow, returns from her long protracted walk, and enters the parlor where every thing is arranged with the utmost care; she throws herself listlessly into the rocking chair, or upon the sofa, her bonnet and shawl upon the table, while her gloves and handkerchief fall upon the floor. Thus seated, she sees one of her associates passing, runs to meet her, and having whiled away another half hour in idle, or perhaps mischievous conversation, re-enters the house, and goes to her chamber, and throws herself upon her bed, perhaps to read some novel, leaving her poor mother to put away her bonnet, shawl, &c., and to gather up the wilted wild flowers, and green leaves, which were also scattered by her in the parlor. Having rested awhile on the bed, she rises and seeks for her mother; she finds her busily engaged in some useful employment. Mother, she exclaimed where is my muslin frock? It is not ironed, my dear, says the mother, it has not been possible for me to do it; your brother has been much more feeble to day, and has required most of my time, and Cloe has had no time—Not ironed! *well*, I *do* wonder what you and the girl have been doing—I think, you may be ashamed of yourselves, you might have known I should want it. Why I'm going to the fair this evening, and what am I to do, I should like to know?

Reader, do you say this must be fiction? I wish it were so, but alas, it is a frightful truth. I will not say that the very scene here described ever occurred; but scenes of very similar character do occur daily. And where is the parent who can look upon such conduct, in a child naturally amiable, and who might have been taught to exercise the most benevolent feelings,

instead of exciting the keenest anguish? Where is the father or mother of such a daughter, who would not wish they had begun long since to lead her in the way she should go? But parents, will you look upon such conduct even now, in silent sorrow? What if she is grown up, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age; will you spend your time in idle or fruitless wishes or regrets, and suffer her to pursue the broad way to ruin,—ruin for time and eternity? It is not too late for you to *begin* to do your duty. Resume, I entreat you, your long lost authority: take the reins of government into your own hands —converse freely, faithfully and affectionately with your child; acknowledge your own mistake, *your criminal negligence*, and try to convince *her* that she is rebelling daily, yes, hourly, against the God on whom she depends for life and all its blessings. Pray for, and pray *with* her; and teach her, late as it is, that she *must obey* you.

I would endeavor to throw out some hints respecting the conduct of young ladies, when beginning to go abroad into the world, and to mix in society; but a letter from a father to his daughter, which I have in my possession, expresses my own views better than I can pen them myself; and if you think proper to give that, as well as what I have written, a place in your Magazine, I hope they will tend to advance the object you have in view, and one which lies very near my heart. L.

LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Daughter.

"It is one piece of advice which I think I have given you before, always to go freely to those, older than yourself, for advice, and do not be afraid that their experience has taught them too severe a prudence. Too much prudence is much safer than too little. Among your superiors too, much respect and deference is better than too little. Among your equals, too much reserve, and too little disposition to put yourself forward, will be much safer than the opposite error. For a young lady to talk too little, is much more lovely than to talk too much; to laugh too little, is better than to laugh too much, and too loud The most difficult matter of all, is for young persons of the two sexes to behave well in each other's presence. With regard to your deportment in this respect, you will probably find much erroneous sentiment, both among ladies and gentlemen. It is no unusual thing for young ladies to entertain sentiments in the highest degree dangerous to themselves, and especially to the other sex. I can give you a few rules, such as I should have been glad to receive when I was young, and which I have always intended to give my daughters freely, when they arrived at an age to need and appreciate them. One rule of no slight excellence, and yet difficult to maintain, is, not to be moved by the presence of gentlemen. To converse with them freely and without excitement, as if the company were all ladies. Too much reserve and timidity, as well as too much exhilaration, betrays an excitement on account of the presence of gentlemen, which a lady had better not indulge, and should never exhibit.

With regard to your more retired intercourse with gentlemen, as possibly

you may sometimes be left alone with one, neither take any liberties yourself, nor allow any to be taken with you, which you might not with propriety permit, were you in the presence of a room full of ladies and gentlemen. You may always feel secure, if guided by this rule. If gentlemen wish you to violate it in the slighest degree, your approbation will be at your own cost. Obedience to this rule will secure to you much more, than any less exact care, and the esteem of all men, good or bad, be their sentiments what they may. It is no uncommon thing for gentlemen to go by ladies' rules, and push their familiarities as far as they can. Let your rule be understood; and if ever an attempt is made to infringe it, resent it, but not pettishly or rudely. Cultivate a high and noble feeling of female modesty and self respect, and let these feelings shine out on all occasions. firmly and decisively, if necessary.

HANNAH AND SAMUEL:

OR,

THE PIETY AND USEFULNESS OF CHILDREN TRACED TO PIOUS MOTHERS.

I. Sam. 1. 27, 28.

CONTINUED.

HAVING thus briefly traced the origin of the eminent piety and usefulness of Samuel, I proceed to show, from the subsequent history of the church, that similar results may ordinarily be expected, from similar maternal piety. Of course, in the investigation little can be said about the exercises of godly mothers, prior to the birth of their offspring—as these are among the secret and sacred things which rarely find their way beyond the retirement of the closet. We may however take it for granted, that when the mother has subsequently displayed the spirit of Hannah, she might with equal propriety have named her child Samuel.

After entering upon the investigation of this subject, I examined the biographies of several men, eminent for piety and usefulness in the Church, and could not help being struck with the fact, that in every instance their piety was traced to their mothers. I will refer you to a few. The Biography of that excellent man, Dr. Doddridge, who wrote a commentary on the New Testament, the Rise and Progress, &c. which have been so useful, says, "I have heard him relate that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testament, before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat, and her wise and pious reflections upon the stories, were the means of making some good impressions upon his heart, which were never worn out. And therefore this method of instruction he frequently recommended to parents."

The biographer of that eminent Christian and minister, Dr. Payson, thus writes—"To the Christian fidelity of his parents there is the fullest testimony in the subsequent and repeated acknowledgment of their son, who habitually attributed his religious hopes, as well as his usefulness in life, under

God, to their instruction, example, and prayers; *especially to those of his mother.*"

She appears to have admitted him to the most intimate, unreserved and confiding intercourse, which was yet so wisely conducted, as to strengthen, rather than diminish, his filial reverence. His recollection of her extended back to very early childhood, and he has been heard to say, that she was very solicitious that he might be liberally educated, and receive every accomplishment which would increase his respectability and usefulness in the world: the supreme, all absorbing concern of her soul respecting him was, that he might become a child of God. This manifested itself in her counsels, expostulations and prayers, which were followed up with a perseverance that nothing could check. And they were not in vain. He was often known to weep under the preaching of the gospel, when only three years old. About this period too, he would frequently call his mother to his bedside to converse on religion, and to answer numerous questions, respecting his relation to God and the future world. His mother believed that he was converted in childhood.

Samuel J. Mills, the father of the A. B. C. F. M. himself a man of eminent piety and a missionary, had such a mother. His biographer writes thus—"Could we without sacrilege, enter the sanctuary of a mother's bosom, we might whisper a tale, that would account for the distinguished usefulness with which God has condescended to favor some of the best of men.

Many a godly mother can say, I had peculiar solicitude concerning *this* child. Even before its birth I dedicated it to the Lord, and then engaged that it should be unreservedly devoted to his glory. And when the little immortal was committed to my arms, with many prayers and tears did I renew the engagement, till it was strongly impressed upon my mind that God had heard my cry and accepted my offering. This is something more than fiction in relation to Mr. Mills. It is almost impossible to read the memoir of any minister eminent for piety, without observing that his earliest religious impressions had their source in the instruction and prayers of a pious mother."

I have in my possession two or three facts, which go to prove that when mother's have, like Samuel's, consecrated their children to the special service of God in the ministry, or as missionaries, he has not disappointed their hopes. During a recent journey, I was introduced to a lady, remarkable in the village where she lived, for piety. She had a son whom she dedicated to God, to be his minister; and with this in view she educated him.

He passed through college, unconverted. Having finished his college course, she sent him to a theological seminary, determined to give him an education, which, if he was converted, would fit him for the ministry—and thus do all *she* could to qualify him for the office to which she had devoted him. He became eminently pious, and is now in the far west, one of the most eminently useful missionaries of the Home Missionary Society.

From a letter received by a young lady, in one of the villages I visited, and who has since gone on a mission, I was permitted to make the following extract. It was from a pious mother in Massachusetts. "But to the missionaries of the Cross, I feel a twofold tie, not easily broken. About twenty

four years ago, I had my heart touched, and my zeal kindled to a flame, that has never yet been extinguished, by reading of the trials and labors, the patient endurance of Carey and his associates. Oh how I longed to be a missionary. How I longed to do something for the heathen. I asked the Lord in all the fervency and sincerity of my heart, 'What wilt thou have me to do.' The Lord whispered by his word and by his Spirit, 'Thou dost well in that it was in thine heart to build me a house, nevertheless thou shat not build the house, but thy son that shall come forth out of thy loins, he shall build the house to my name. Train up children to bear my name among the Gentiles, and make up thy lack of duty towards me.' Immediately, I conferred not with flesh and blood, but fully, freely, and deliberately consecrated my infant to the Lord. How often I knelt by the cradle and told my Savior she was all his own. And when I had a son, a Samuel, entrusted to my arms, I made a full and free consecration of him to Christ, to labor among the heathen. That son has as fully and as freely given himself to the same work, though utterly ignorant of my feelings on the subject at the time. God added another, and yet another daughter, to my little family and they too are the Lord's, when and to what place he points out to them duty."

One more anecdote of a kindred character will suffice for the present. In one of the villages of Vermont, lived a pious mother, whose heart was greatly affected in behalf of the heathen, by reading the life of the missionary Harriet Newell. She was poor, and had neither gold or silver to pour into the treasury of the Lord. In her distress because she had nothing to give, it was deeply impressed upon her mind, that she had children whom she might devote to God, to carry the Gospel to the dying heathen. She immediately retired to her closet to pour out her soul in prayer, and to intreat the Lord to prepare and send her children into the missionary field. And what think you was the result? Already one son and two daughters are missionaries among the heathen, and another son is now longing to go, and is only detained by providential circumstances.

1. From the foregoing facts, we are furnished with one reason why there are so many more pious women than men. Various causes have been assigned for it, and among them one, pre-eminent for its untruth. I mean the common one that women are weak-minded. All that is necessary to disprove the inferiority of the female mind is to enter our schools, where they have equal advantages.

Our subject, however, gives us the true reason. The salvation of the world, under God, is intimately connected with the faith of these godly mothers.

The man is made in the nursery; and there the impressions are made which form the character, and mould the destinies of the world.

To the mother is committed the delightful and important task of giving the first impulse to the mind, which in its future progress is to guide the church or state. Now if the foundations of society are laid in holiness, what may we not hope for the superstructure?

2. Of what amazing importance is it that mothers should be women of eminent piety? To them I would say, what a minister once said to the

sculptor Bacon, when he saw him putting up the monument of Lord Chat ham. "Take care what you are about, you work for eternity." Mothers, take care what *you* are about, *you* work for eternity. Yes, what you are now doing will affect the interests of unborn thousands, in heaven or in hell. If you draw on the souls of your children the lines of salvation, you may send forth a Samuel, a Mills, or a Payson, who shall turn many to righteousness, and shine as the stars forever and ever. If unfaithful you may send forth a son or a daughter to rivet the chains of damnation on untold thousands, and be conspicuous in eternity only for his deeper despair.

3. With care ought mothers to educate their daughters. Instead of sorrowing that they have daughters instead of sons, let them rejoice that they may educate their daughters to be the mothers of Samuels.

4. Let not Christian mothers who are poor say we can do nothing. Remember the mother in Vermont and Massachusetts.

For the Mother's Magazine.

GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

Mrs. W.—By publishing the following extract of a letter from an aged and highly respected clergyman to his daughter, on the GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN, you will oblige some of your subscribers, and confer a benefit on the community of mothers. Yours, &c., F. L. S.

——"I have not time to go into a full treatise on family government, but will lay down the following rules for your daily and prayerful examination.

1. Exercise your authority as seldom as possible, and instead of it employ kind persuasion and deliberate reasoning; but when you exercise it make it absolute and irresistible.

2. Be careful how you threaten, but never lie. Threaten seldom, but never fail to execute. The parent who is open-mouthed to threaten, and threatens hastily, but is irresolute to punish, and when the child is not subdued by the first threat, repeats it half a dozen times with a voice of increased violence, and with many shakes and twitches of the little culprit, will certainly possess no authority.

3. Avoid tones and gestures expressive of agitation for trivial matters indicative of no depravity, and indicating only the heedlessness of forgetfulness of children, or perhaps nothing more than is common to all young animals, a love to use their limbs. In all such cases the tones should be kind and persuasive, rather than authoritative; and the severity and even the gravity of authority should be reserved exclusively for cases of disobedience or depravity, or for the prevention of *serious* evil. A perpetual fretting at children for little things, will inevitably harden their hearts and totally destroy parental authority and influence. There never was a fretting parent, who often threatened and seldom performed, that had a particle of efficient government.

4. Establish the unchanging habit of not commanding a child but once.

Cost what it may, break the child down to obedience to the first command. And when this is once done, if you are careful *never* to let disobedience escape punishment of some kind or other, and punishment that shall be effectual and triumphant, you will find it not difficult to maintain your absolute authority."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

We give the following extract a place in the Magazine from a conviction of importance. In the physical education of their *little children*, as to diet, most mothers, it is to be feared, pursue a course diametrically opposite to that prescribed by the writer of this journal.

Before subjoining the extracts we would state that, a few years since, while on an infant school committee, we had opportunity to make our observations upon the different treatment of children, by their mothers, in the article of food.

It was revolting to the feelings of humanity, as well as of common sense, at the time of their dinner to see their infant board loaded with confectionaries of all kinds, cakes and fruits and candies of every variety and in frightful abundance. The committee made several attempts to substitute, in their place, a bowl of simple bread and milk, but in vain. Mothers actually seemed to vie with each other, in furnishing their little darlings, dressed like butterflies, with the greatest variety of dainties. Had Dr. Brigham and others, in their severe animadversions upon the early precocity of children, by means of infant school instruction, examined further into the causes of the evils reprobated, and levelled some of their heavy artillery against the practice of *gorging* children and infants with such unsuitable regimen, we believe they would have found that the evils referred to, originated, partially at least, in improper diet and over-heated rooms, instead of being solely the effect of infant school *instruction*.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM A MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

Our little daughter S. W. N., was born January 5th, 1832, at which time we solemnly dedicated her to God, and at the age of three months we did it publicly, recognising as parents the following obligations.

Having received her from the hand of our Maker only as a lent blessing, we endeavored to realize our responsibility to bring her up for Christ, promising to pray for and with her daily; to instruct her in the doctrines of Christ; to teach her that she is a sinner; constantly to seek for her the influences of the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify her heart; and to consider her not as our own, but the Lord's property; in all our instructions, to keep distinctly in view the important end of qualifying her for a useful life, and for glorifying God, which is the chief end of man.

* * * * * * *—In the management of this child, we have endeavored, though in much weakness, to bear in mind the foregoing obligations, and to feel that she is given us in trust, that we might bring her up for the Lord. Knowing the intimate connexion between the body and the soul, and being sensible that the animal feelings have a direct influence upon the heart, we felt the necessity of directing our efforts towards her physical, as well as moral and intellectual education. From her earliest infancy, therefore, we paid particular attention to her diet and regimen. Her food has consisted chiefly of milk, and bread and milk. For the first eighteen months, she scarcely tasted flesh; and since that time, she has had it very seldom. All kinds of rich food have generally been denied her, and her only drink has been cold water or milk—either of these satisfies her; and if offered tea or coffee, she will not drink it; thus showing that the appetite for stimulating drinks is not natural, but acquired.

We have had an opportunity of testing the influence which this course will have upon the disposition of a child. Although we have already abundant evidence of the existence of native depravity in the heart; yet, we believe, from the experiment we have made, that, by avoiding exciting causes, the development of latent depravity, may, in a great measure, be prevented. From the most careful observation, we are satisfied that her temper is seldom if ever ruffled, except when under the influence of uncomfortable bodily feelings; and we are persuaded also, that these uncomfortable feelings in children more frequently arise from the improper quality or excessive quantity of their food, than from any other cause. With these views, we have endeavored, so far as practicable, to confine her to regular and stated meals; and not to indulge her in the propensity which most children manifest, to be constantly eating; nor to permit her to eat all kinds of food indiscriminately. And we think we have reaped a rich reward in the general sweetness and cheerfulness of her temper and disposition. We have noticed, also, that, when, through inattention, she has been permitted to eat improper food, or to eat it excessively, it has had a perceptible influence upon her temper, rendering her peevish and fretful. And when, from any cause, she feels uncomfortable, we find her temper more obstinate, and more easily irritated. Indeed, most of the correction which we have been under the necessity of administering, has been while she was under the influence of such feelings; from which we draw the conclusion that, when a child is sick, or in any way uncomfortable in body, the utmost care should be taken to avoid all causes of irritation. We have also to record the happiest influence of the course we have pursued, in relation to diet, &c. upon her general health. She has never had any sickness except from teething and colds; and these have been less severe than is common with full fed children. Her appearance is far from indicating any want of nourishment. She is the very picture of health: and although of a full habit she is sprightly and active. This course has also afforded us an early opportunity of moral discipline. At a very early period, she was brought to the table in her mother's arms; but, as she was not indulged with any food from the table, she never expected it; and after she began to be fed, not being allowed to take any thing except what was placed before her, she was

satisfied with her portion. But, we have paid dearly, when on any particular occasions, we have given her articles of food not proper for a child, and which she is not in the habit of receiving—the next time we denied them to her, we could not make her understand why she might not as well have them at one time as well as on another. When first brought to the table, she would lay hold of the dishes, and every thing within her reach; but at the age of six or seven months, we undertook to correct her by frowns and marks of disapprobation. In this we succeeded beyond our anticipations. In a short time she was so completely broken of the habit, that the most enticing articles of furniture might be placed within her reach, and she would gaze upon them with exclamations of admiration, and yet not presume to touch them. About this time, we administered the first correction. We had never been in the habit of giving her things for which she cried. On this occasion, she was permitted to take a time piece in her hand for amusement; but another child being present, and wishing for it, it was taken from her, and given to him. She appeared angry at this, and set up a loud cry, with convulsive struggles in her father's arms, manifesting great obstinacy of temper. No efforts were made to pacify her—she was frowned upon, and presently laid in the cradle, where she was suffered to lie apparently neglected. After giving vent to her temper in furious cries for some time, she at length ceased crying, and appeared subdued. For a long time after this, she would permit things to be taken from her without complaining; and since that time, she has very seldom cried when either her father or mother has taken things from her, or denied her things which she wished to have; and her mother has made it her practice frequently to deny her things which she might innocently have, when she was in a particular happy mood, for the sake of teaching her practical lessons of submission and self-denial. This has been attended with the happiest effects, in teaching her to subdue her feelings, and submit her own will to that of her parents. Before she was quite a year old, we began to correct her for crying. This has been a severe but wholesome discipline. It has taught her a command over her feelings, which we trust may be of great service to her in subsequent life. Now, when she is grieved or displeased, unless she is in a bad humor from bodily suffering, she will suppress the disposition to cry, often with a very perceptible struggle and effort. But, even when she is unwell, and bursts into a loud cry, we generally correct her, until she suppresses it. Our efforts should be directed towards producing a correct state of moral feeling in the heart of the child; and patience under suffering is one of the brightest traits of Christian experience, and most needful in the walks of real life. And, although we may not expect by such measures to produce holy emotions of heart, until it is regenerated by divine grace, yet we may form a habit, which will render the practice of this virtue easy and pleasant. In this discipline, we sometimes used the rod; but more frequently shut her in a room alone, till she became quiet; and when her temper is subdued, she will come to the door and knock; and when either of us opens the door, she will rush into our arms, clasp hers around our neck, and embrace us, in the most affectionate manner; and this she uniformly does when subdued by correction, manifesting greater affection than before. We have had to chastise

her more frequently for *disobedience* than for any thing else; and have no doubt this is the grand point upon which the enemy of souls concentrates his efforts with children. If we were to give way at all, and neglect to enforce obedience with a uniform and even hand, we can very readily see that we should soon lose all parental authority. Hence, we never fail to correct her till she is subdued, when she refuses obedience; and this, in some instances, we have been obliged to repeat several times in the course of a single day; but now, when she has become convinced that she cannot have her own will, she seldom refuses prompt obedience.

(To be Continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

About eighteen hundred years ago, the angelic observers of Divine Providence might have beheld at Lystra in Lyconia, a little group often gathered around the unrolled parchments of the Holy Scriptures. A lad, scarce weaned from his mother's arms, is leaning upon her knee, and as he spells out the holy word, turns from time to time, to look up into her face, and hear the explanations which renders it intelligible. With earnest affection she regards her child, and strives to find words and illustrations adapted to his infant mind. Nor is she alone in her happy, though anxious duty. Seated by her side is that faithful parent, by whom her infancy had been hallowed unto God. Age has softened but not dimmed the lustre of her eye, and time has but deepened upon her brow the impress of benevolence, as she beholds her maternal care renewed in her pious daughter and her gentle boy. She too watches the progress of the lesson, and shares the mother's task. The little one reads of Abel's sacrificed lamb, and the rescued Isaac, when God provided his own burnt offering, and then pauses, to hear of *Him* the promised, who comes to find the ransom for Abraham's seed. Again, he reads of Salem's former splendor, now the prey of the Gentile spoiler, but he reads also of the virgin-born, the Immanuel, who comes the Shiloh from among the descendants of Judah, to rebuild her ruins and bid her dust arise, when God, who dwelt between the cherubim, shall again dwell among his people, and "the throne of David be established forever."

The lesson ended, the lispings of the child, the rich voice of woman, and the tremulous accents of age, blend together in one of the songs of Zion. For awhile, they dwell in plaintive strain upon the fallen glories and the moral decay of the chosen nation; and now they swell into lofty praise, as they anticipate the coming triumph; "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, oh! Zion. Put on thy beautiful garments, Oh! Jerusalem, thou Holy city, for henceforth there shall no more come unto thee the uncircumcised, and unclean."

Nor is the pious duty onded. Together they kneel looking toward the Holy temple, and the child responds to the mother's prayer. The shadows

of the night have gathered around them while they worship. The child is laid upon his pillow, and as he sinks to peaceful slumber, the mother and the grandmother invoke the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, to bless the son of their seed.

Happy mother! Happy woman! Happy child! Let others flaunt in gorgeous apparel at the public spectacle. Let others smooth with down the couch of the infant hero, or flatter into imperial tyranny his youthful pride. The angels of God watch that lowly bed. The God of Jacob pours out his blessing upon that infant heart. Obscure and unknown among the proud ones of the earth, they are the objects of heaven's observance, and Jehovah's care.

. . . . . Years have rolled away. There is an unusual movement among the people of Lystra. The streets resound with the cry, "The Gods have come down unto us in the likeness of men." They prepare the garlanded victims for the sacrifice. They surround with acclamations two strangers, who regard their homage with horror. One of them humble in stature, but of noble countenance answers their cry: "Sirs, why do ye these things, we are men of like passions with yourselves, and preach unto you, that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God." Among the astonished crowd is that infant son, now grown to early manhood. With breathless interest he listens to the message of St. Paul. He hears the anouncement that the Messiah promised to his fathers hath appeared—that the Lamb of God, the reality of Abel's sacrifice and Levi's types, hath been slain—that the IMMANUEL, the Virgin Born, hath dwelt among his people. His heart, cultivated by his mother's piety, receiving the word with joy. The Holy Ghost descends upon his soul. He returns gladly to his home, and *his mother Eunice*, and *his grandmother Lois* rojoiced in the faith of Christ with their son Timothy, whom "from a child they had taught the Holy Scriptures."

They prepared for the blessed work, Timothy could be no ordinary Christian. He joins himself to St. Paul. He becomes his own son in the faith, and the love of the Gospel. He kindles with a zeal imitative of his masters. Thousands of souls hear the gospel gladly from his lips, they in their turn tell to thousands more the glad tidings of salvation, and the circling influence of him, who first stirred the waters, enlarge from generation to generation, until they break upon the shores of far eternity.

Who can estimate the number of souls that now rejoice, and that will rejoice in heaven, through the influence of that young apostle, who finished his course in martyrdom amid the mob at Ephesus. How bright does he shine amid that starry host "who have turned many to righteousness!"

But will no reward through grace be found for those holy women, who trained him from his infancy to the work? Has his mother Eunice, and his grand-mother Lois in the trophies of his apostleship? Oh! who will say, that woman hath no sphere of glorious achievement in the estimation of God, though the eye of public favor reach her not, in the recesses of domestic duty? How will the blood stained Semiramis, the wanton Cleopatra, Russia's flagitious Catharine, or England's haughty Elizabeth compare with Eunice and Lois, the mother and grandmother of Timothy the apostle? Eternity will roll on,

"pouring shame and everlasting contempt" upon those who sought the favor of men rather than that of God; but eternity, as it rolls, will develop fresh glory to Christ from the souls of the redeemed brought to the cross through their faithful instrumentality. G. W. B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE WAY TO TRAIN UP MISSIONARIES.

Mrs. W.—I am not myself a mother, but I am a constant reader of your Magazine, and stand in the place of a mother, to a little girl of the age of four years. Under the same roof, and somewhat under my influence is a lad between the age of five and six years. He has a pious mother, but his father until recently, has been an opposer to the truth, and although he ardently loved his little son, he had never felt the necessity of giving him any religious instruction.

One day after reading from the Magazine the article "The future defenders of the faith," I was reflecting upon the influence which mothers are to exert upon the destinies of the world, especially in the conversion of its inhabitants to Christianity. I was led to have some conversation with the two children upon the necessity of early piety. As they were apparently interested in my conversation, I was induced to ask the little boy, if he would like to be a Christian and become a minister? He seemed surprised, and replied that he did not know what it was to be a minister. As he was very attentive, I extended my remarks. I told him if he should live to become a man he might, and perhaps it would be his duty to become a missionary. Possessing an unusually inquiring mind, he asked many questions as to "what he must do" to be a minister and a missionary. I mentioned several things that he would have to do by way of study and preparation, but that first of all he must give his heart to God. I explained to him some of the difficulties, attendant upon missionary labors. He seemed not in the least disheartened by any privations or dangers I had set before him, frequently saying that he had never before thought of being a minister. The little wayward girl appeared solemn and deeply interested, and even gratified when I told her that she too might become a teacher of the heathen. After a silence of some minutes, Henry inquired "has Susan made up her mind yet to be a missionary?"—saying that he had. Now I am aware that this was only childish talk; but I mention it to show how early and easily the minds of children may be biased by repeated conversations of this nature. A word spoken to a child, at a favorable moment, may give an impulse to the mind, and affect its decisions, so as to bear upon the future destinies of the man. Is it wildness—is it enthusiasm to suppose that this boy, followed up by such repeated lessons, accompanied by prayer, and attended by the blessing of God, may follow in the footsteps of Martyn, Judson, or Newell? Or that the little girl, under similar training may tread upon the shores of India, Siam, or China? Why may it not be true

in regard to missionary effort, as in other things, that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." I must believe that upon mothers rests in an extended sense *the conversion of the world.* Children are close observers of their parents, not merely of their actions, but of their motives. To illustrate this, I might refer to the same boy. His father, as I have before intimated, has but recently tasted the good word of life. The morning previous to his conversion the opposition of his heart rose so high, that he refused to be present at family worship! The next morning, his mouth was opened and his heart enlarged, while he led himself the devotions of the family. All this Henry appeared not to notice at the time, but a few weeks after, he related to me the circumstance, in a manner which satisfied me, that he had not been an uninterested spectator of the scene, but had observed it all, and made his own comments. With the same scrutinizing eye are mothers observed by their young children, and their most trivial words and actions, are not without their influence. Children will perceive the bias of their parents' affections, and upon what they are chiefly placed, and will imitate them. If they see their mother *indifferent* to the wretched condition of the heathen, they will believe themselves to be justified in being indifferent. Mothers, in this respect see to your example. While there is such a demand for missionaries, if you withhold your little ones from this self denying service, these children that you have consecrated, will not the zeal of pagan mothers, in offering up their infants to appease their imaginary duties, rise up in the judgment and condemn you?

A Breckenridge or an Eddy, may do something to bring young men into the missionary field. But had the mothers of the young men, whom they are endeavoring to awaken to missionary zeal, done their duty to their sons, in their childhood, these able advocates for education societies might have been spared this labor. Instead of calling upon *young men of full growth to prepare* for this great work, they might themselves, have long since been laboring on missionary grounds—and by their hallowed example and influence, have brought many a precious youth into the field of missions. Upon woman will forever rest the foul blot of having been the first in the transgression; but O! when shall her daughters become enlightened to perceive their superior privileges and advantages for ushering in that long predicted day of millenial glory, by giving their sons and daughters to the service of the church. Then shall be fulfilled the blessed declaration, "where sin hath abounded grace shall much more abound." MARIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MADAM.—The following is a question of a serious nature. It is asked by one who is truly desirous to know.

Is the influence of corsets more detrimental to the human frame, than a confirmed habit of stooping?

Boston, 1834. MARIA.

Will some one of our correspondents have the goodness to reply to the question proposed? ED.

THE following article was written by the wife of a clergyman in one of the Eastern states. Had it been intended for *us*, delicacy would have induced us to suppress it; but as it was designed for our *readers*, we do not choose to take the responsibility of refusing it a place upon our pages. The bare intimation that the Magazine possesses one half the good influence which our unknown friend has ascribed to it, must serve to encourage our correspondents, to increase their efforts to render this little publication still more useful.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

Is there in our American Israel, a Christian mother, who is ignorant of the existence of such a periodical as the Mother's Magazine? Probably not one, where an efficient ministry is sustained. Can there be one, at all acquainted with its nature and designs, who does not regard it as an invaluable treasure? and can there be one who would not make any reasonable sacrifice, rather than part with its instructions; certainly not, would be the spontaneous answer of every feeling heart; and to that answer would the writer cheerfully respond, had she not painful evidence to the contrary. Strange as it may seem, there are parents, and those blessed with an abundence of wordly good, and those too who profess to be educating their children for God, who yet shut out from their families, the precious light which beams from its pages.—It has arisen and shone perhaps only for a season to illumine their habitations. Languid must be the flame which beams upon the domestic altar, where the Mother's Magazine has been banished. And not unlikely those parents will be heard complaining of their ignorance and of their unfitness to train up their families for Heaven, and perhaps they wonder why their children are so far from righteousness. But is it strange? The parent who from worldliness or indifference, excludes from the family this storehouse of instruction and encouragement, we fear will be heartless in the performance of duty, if not in a great measure ignorant of what is to be done. Will our blessed Savior say of such parents, "They have done what they could!" Ignorance of duty will not be accepted by him as an excuse for neglect, when information may be so easily procured.

The Mother's Magazine, beloved sisters, costs only one dollar a year, besides a little postage. Do not for a sum so insignificant, compared with what you annually expend for the food and the dress of your children, perhaps for their useless and sinful decoration; do not, I entreat you, deprive their precious souls of the wholesome food, thus furnished for their benefit. I believe you cannot do it and be guiltless. If its influence be allowed to bear upon you, it must make you better mothers; then of course, will your children be better. It is rich as well as cheap.

The writers appear to breathe the pure air of benevolence. It comes to you with a message of mercy for your children. Beware then how you treat it. Turn not from your dwellings this friendly visiter. The responsibility of doing so is great—do it if you will; but forget not that soon the Savior will require at your hand, those priceless souls, which he has entrusted to your care, to train up for usefulness and for Heaven.

In every community there are mothers who know not the value of "the Mother's Magazine;" and others still who appreciate its worth, that are destitute of the means of obtaining it. Highly favored of the Lord, whom I now address, "do good to such as ye have opportunity." "Having a price put into your hands to get wisdom, see that ye have a heart to it." And having obtained wisdom for yourself, impart to those around you, more ignorant and less favored than you are. "How much better is it to get wisdom than gold." Especially is this true of that which maketh wise unto salvation, and remember that "the wisdom which cometh from above is full of mercy and good fruits."

And now, mother, I would leave this matter with your conscience to decide. Hear its warning voice and obey its dictates—It will determine in favor of your children's immortal interests. Act then with reference to eternity, and in view of undying souls. V.

For the Mother's Magazine.

DEVOTIONAL SINGING IN FAMILIES.

Mrs. W.—*Dear Madam*,—Among the many advantages that arise from the increasing cultivation of music in our country, there is one which I wish to see more extensively realized. I allude to devotional singing in Christian families. In primitive times, this subject was not undervalued, and a paragraph in favor of it, would perhaps have then been as unnecessary, as it would have been to recommend the general adoption of family prayer where it already prevailed. But times have changed. The scenes of family devotion are now too seldom enlivened, by the solemn, yet joyful hymns of praise. Many families appear to know nothing of the sweet privilege of pouring out the soul in united song; and not a few seem erroneously to suppose, that the God of nature has placed it beyond their reach, among the things that are physically impracticable.

But it is not my object to examine such an opinion. I only wish to take advantage of the appearance of a new and interesting publication to recommend to musical families especially, a fresh experiment of the sweet influence which is to be derived from the office of social praise. The work I allude to, is the one recently compiled by Messrs. Hastings, of New-York, and Mason, of Boston, entitled "*Spiritual Songs for social worship.* It is no catch-penny affair. It has evidently been compiled with much labour, and is got up in the best style. The songs, both as to music and poetry are such as may be safely recommended to Christian families without further comment. Most of the psalmodic specimens that are so effective in church, are of too heavy a character to have a corresponding influence in private families and familiar circles: but the work here mentioned is calculated to obviate this difficulty, and I hope that your readers will be sufficiently interested in the subject to give this little manual a place in their library, and at the family altar. Yours, &c. A READER.

P. S. The piano forte will find, here and there, a choice movement, adapted to its powers.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE:

FOR APRIL, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine

SAILING IN THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Dear William.—When I saw you, more than two years since, you were then small; but two years make a great difference in children and youth of your age. I remember that I felt interested for you, as I always do for young people of your age, who are forming their characters, and are anxious that the rising generation should grow wiser than their ancestors; which they may do, by avoiding what they see amiss in others, and by improving the means, which in our day, are presented in every enlightened community.

The first question William, which I would ask you is, do you sail in the temperance ship? I will tell you an interesting story which will explain the reason of my asking the question. A few years ago there lived in our village an amiable little boy, about the age of my little son. They were educated in the same school, mates of the same class, until about seven years of age, when a change in the school seemed necessary that excluded little ones, and from that time we knew less about him. His parents are wealthy and respectable, and among the leading members of our society. The father not being pious, and thinking it proper to rear his family according to the course of this world, sent his son to dancing schools, cotillion parties, and fashionable circles, all of which the father would sometimes attend, and in some would often take the lead. Wine and other palatable liquors probably circulated freely—the boy tasted, loved, andwas spoiled: and the first time I heard of his complete overthrow was at a dancing party.

His father was often solicited to join the temperance society, but like many others who are not sensible of the influence they exert over their children, thought it not necessary, as he made but a temperate use of ardent spirits. Mistaken parents are they, who thus trifle with the destinies of their children; surely it may be said of them, "they know not what they do." This once lovely little boy has become a profligate young man; by the combined influence of indulgence, bad company, and a depraved appetite, he is, probably, ruined for ever. His roving mind took a turn to go to sea—His parents remonstrated, but all in vain.

Last summer he went to New-York, and while waiting for an opportunity

to get on board a vessel, he plunged deeper in vice than before, and his father who had about discarded him, sent friends to get him well off. They were so fortunate as to find a place for him on board a temperance ship, bound to China. All the comfort his anxious parents now have about him is, that he sailed in a temperance ship. O thought I, had he sailed in a temperance ship when a child, and had his father been captain and director at the helm, what a mercy it would have been for the dear child. This is a little story. I will now tell you a greater one.

In a small house in this vicinity lives an unfortunate family. The head, the father of seven sons, was for many years given to the inebriating cup, and his family was consequently reduced to penury. About the time I moved to this place, I was told (for I did not then know the family), that a surprising change had taken place in Mr. ——'s manner of drinking—that he drank, but moderately, and was becoming industrious. This was true, and what was very singular, he set up a grocery to deal out to others that poison of which he partook rather more sparingly himself. In this way his family became more comfortably supported, but the mischief was still at work. An atmosphere so tainted with poisonous effluvia became infectious. Some of the sons who were fair and promising began to tipple. O how my heart has ached as I witnessed the approaching change in one, and another, and another of these children.

One poor simple boy broke into his father's grocery on the sabbath, and drank so freely that he was brought home sick and laid upon the bed from which he was never removed until he was carried out a corpse. One would have supposed this would have been a warning to the surviving brothers—not so.—The two next have long been pests in society. Not long since, one of them in a rage at a neighbor of his, took an axe to destroy him, and, as he supposed, left him dead. It was thought by every body for some time, that the author of this tragical deed must come to the gallows; but the mangled man eventually recovered, and so the doom of this unfortunate young man was State's Prison. When my son and I were travelling some months since, we called at the prison, and among the wretched inmates, saw our neighbor making chairs. As we were walking past the workmen, he raised his eyes and looked at us, then cast them to the ground, probably to be sure that his neighbors stood before him, he raised them again, then turned his back. I had not seen him look so sober, so calm, so much like himself, for many years. O what a pity that this undone young man did not early sail in the temperance ship.

Now I will tell you another little story, not to boast, for the orphan's Friend has been my helper. When my son was about fourteen years of age, he went to live for a short time in B——. While there, temperance societies began to be formed in that region of country, and he joined. Afterward a society was formed exclusively of young people, and he was selected as one of the committee to draft a constitution. As new means and measures for doing good are generally opposed, he with his associates, of course, were sneered at and ridiculed. Notwithstanding the opposition, they marched forward and formed a youth's society of nearly one hundred. This society has pros-

pered and now numbers more than four hundred members. Although there are yet some sad tales that may be told of us in this country, the good cause of temperance is gaining ground, and many a youth will by this means be saved from ruin. My son is now teaching school a few miles from home, he comes to see me once a week, and I often think with grateful emotions what a favor it is that he sails so near home, and that too in the temperance ship.

Now William, as you are about to set sail on the ocean of life, let me advise you to see to it that your little bark be properly ballasted, by sound principles derived from the word of God. Nothing that I could hear from you, would afford me so much joy, as to know that you were sailing in the ark of safety, having that faith in Christ which will be as an anchor to the soul, to keep it sure and steadfast, through all the boisterous storms of this weary life.

Young people are prone to anticipate a pleasant voyage; yet be assured that storms are ahead, as all persons of age and experience will tell you, and it is wisdom to prepare, while in youth, by a counterpoising force, to prevent upsetting in the day of temptation.

I hope some day to see you in this country, but whether I ever see you again or not, I would now say—Let the sails you set on the ocean of life be inflated with the purifying breezes of heaven, and let your Saviour be the pilot; that your soul may at last be wafted to the port of peace and safety.

For the Mother's Magazine.

GOOD EFFECTS OF EARLY DISCIPLINE.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

There is a practical illustration of this truth, which I have often noticed in my daily professional occupations. It is founded on the different effect upon disease, by a mind tumultuous and agitated by the fears of death, and a mind at peace with God, resting in faith upon his promises, and prepared to enter the eternal world.—The power of a fearful imagination to induce, or protract disease, is familiar to all physicians, as they can mark its baneful influence; but some, perhaps, may not appreciate the benefits of an opposite state of mind—a spirit quieted by divine grace. So strongly does the passion of fear sometimes operate, as to turn the scale against life, where peace of mind would have reversed the issue. In one instance, which my memory furnishes, the fear of death induced a fatal issue, even where there was not sufficient disease to warrant any alarm.

But there is a more particular illustration of the truth, that religion brings with it a blessing in this life, which as it bears upon the moral education of the young, I shall offer to the notice of fathers and mothers.

Not unfrequently has my solicitude been increased, and sometimes my expectations disappointed, by an inability on the part of indulgent parents, to induce an obstinate child to take the potions prescribed. I do not doubt that there are early victims to the want of good parental government. I shall

illustrate my position by presenting a picture, which is the happy reverse of this, for the encouragement of pious parents, and is worthy the imitation of all.

In the summer of 1830 I attended the only child of a father and mother, who, having given themselves to God, had also taken the resolution to rear their offspring for him. I remember, that at the birth of their first-born, a son, of whom I shall speak, who was immediately committed to God in prayer by his father. When one year old, that child was attacked with fever, after the abatement of which, he became the subject of a dangerous and protracted dysentery. From earliest infancy, the parents had exercised a steady and united moral discipline, the happy fruits of which, they were now to reap. During the whole of the child's sickness, there was a fixedness of purpose with the parents, and a resolute prosecution of my directions, which greatly alleviated my anxieties for the event. The disease pressed with unusual violence, and threatened from week to week, and from day to day, to conquer the constitution of the child, and to baffle every attempt to rescue it. But each new invasion of disease was met by the parent with prompt and steady purpose. The medicines were brought to the little sufferer, with a manner which prompted a ready acquiescence on his part to take them. They were never declined, although sometimes presented with great frequency. When the child was suffering from pain, he was carried about in the untiring arms of his father, or soothed by the fond caresses of the mother; but the first symptom of impatience or fretfulness was promptly checked as alike subversive of their authority, and tending to the injury of the boy. On one occasion, I remember that I found the child in his father's arms, restless, and incapable of being pacified by all the soothing attentions bestowed upon him. His father said to me, on entering the chamber, I am glad that you have come Sir, I am at a loss to understand whether it is from bodily suffering, or from wilful dissatisfaction, that my child cannot be appeased—What do you think? After a short observation, I replied, I believe the boy is trying to avail himself of your uncertainty, to establish his authority. His father immediately arranged his cradle, and kindly laid him in it, with the remark, "My son, you must now lie still and go to sleep." The tone of voice was one which he had learnt to obey, and the direction was immediately complied with. I was at the time struck with the physical benefit of the moral medicine, and I have since thought, that perhaps this very discipline may have held the tender thread of life from rupture. At all events, the continued action of this species of government, so controlled the affections and feelings of the little sufferer, and so effectually husbanded the strength and nervous power of the child, that he was sustained under a disease, which, with other management, I think must have proved fatal. That boy is now under the same guidance, a child of promise. Parents, would you add to the probability of your child's being spared to your affections, and participate in the certainty that if spared, he shall be your crown of rejoicing. Then, in the fear of God, and in perfect confidence of the divine blessing, kindly, but firmly, in *sickness* and in health, *govern* him.

A PHYSICIAN.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO MOTHERS OF YOUNG FAMILIES.

THE subject of Christian education is universally acknowledged to be one of *paramount* importance, and the station of a Christian mother, one of the highest responsibility, and yet I fear it is not felt to be such by most mothers, especially by such as have the charge of *very young* children.

Some of the common errors of *early* education, I would respectfully submit to the consideration of Christian mothers.

1. It is to be feared that mothers are not sufficiently prayerful. Daily, fervent, *earnest* prayer should be offered for the blessing of God upon our infant families. "Oh! that" our children "may live before Thee!" should be our unceasing petition, never faltering in faith or in fervor. Without thus urgently imploring the aid of the Holy Spirit, all efforts are worse than vain: they are presumptuous.

2. Obedience, implicit, filial, loving obedience, is not strenuously enforced during the early years of a child's life. Many mothers very erroneously suppose that it is impracticable to exact strict obedience from a *very young* child; and those who would not hesitate to enforce obedience from a child of six or ten years of age, shrink from exacting it from a child of two. *This*, I conceive to be a *fundamental* error of education; for obedience is the foundation, the corner stone of all the other virtues. Form then habits of early obedience in your *infant;*—let it consider a parent's command as an irrevocable law, from which there is no appeal, and you can mould it as you will. A mother's laws should be formed and given, only after prayer and mature deliberation; but *once given*, she must permit no entreaties, not even the most persevering supplications, on the part of her little one, to induce her to relent. She must be as unyielding as a *rock*. I know, by sad experience, how difficult it is to remain thus firm,—how hard to turn a deaf ear to the winning accents, and beseeching tears of infancy; but I can give one infallible recipe to aid mothers in their resolutions. Lift up your hearts in inward and fervent supplication to your Heavenly Father, and He will give you strength to triumph over every struggle. Some will call you harsh, if you persist in this firmness. Heed it not. Be invincible. You will be indeed cruel to your child if you do *not;* and worse even than this; you violate a solemn, sacred duty to your God,—for it is the duty of every mother to *insist* upon obedience from her child, as early as it is capable of yielding it;—and that is much *earlier* than most mothers imagine.

When my little girl was sixteen months old, she began to join words. Her first attempt was "Dear mamma!" She had been able to say it for a week or two, articulating distinctly. One day, her father asked her to say it for him. She shook her little head; "Oh, no, papa!" she said. We unitedly entreated her to say it, for half an hour. She obstinately persisted in refusing to obey. Her father said, "You should conquer this obstinacy." I led her by the hand into an adjoining apartment, and closed the door. She stamped

with passion, and screamed loudly for about ten minutes. I then asked her if she would say, "Dear mamma!" "No,—no," was still her reply. I then whipped her. She still continued perseveringly obstinate, crying "no, no," to every command to obey. She put up her lips for a kiss, but I refused to kiss her unless she obeyed me. Upon reiterating her refusal, I alternately whipped, and shut her up. It may be thought incredible, but this contest for supremacy actually lasted *four hours!* At last, I gained the victory. The rebellious spirit was subdued, (I fully believe in answer to my silent prayers during our struggle,) and the little sobbing penitent called, "Dear, dear mamma," and repeated it several times, at her father's solicitation. I was encouraged to persevere, by recollecting the anecdote related in Mr. Abbot's "Mother at Home," of the little boy, who would not say A. Most mothers will probably recollect it. I thank Mr. Abbot from my heart for his valuable book, but particularly for this anecdote. It has been of great service to me and my child. She is now nearly two years of age, and *generally* obedient. She knows that her mother is not to be trifled with. Sometimes, but *rarely*, she is sent into the corner of the room for disobedience, but is easily subdued. In a few minutes, she says, "I will be a good girl,—always obey my own dear mother."

Now it was of no consequence that this child should say, "Dear mamma;" as regards the act itself, it was a thing unimportant; but it was of vital consequence that she should know that she *must* obey. *This* was her first lesson in obedience, and I believe it has been an impressive one.

3. Another reason why mothers do not insist more strenuously upon obedience from their *little* ones, I fear, has its origin in the fact, that *very young* children are *too much* left to the care of servants. I do not mean *unprincipled* servants,—for no Christian woman would *knowingly* trust her children with *such*. But even granting the nurse's excellent character and principle, yet she is not endowed with a mother's authority, or a mother's love. Thus, how many little gusts of passion, how many fits of obstinacy, how many traits of vanity, are passed over *without correction*, to say the best of it; or *worse*, perhaps, laughed at as affording amusement. And why? Mothers, mark well the reason! Because the mother is away,—away from her post,—a post which requires unceasing vigilance, and untiring watchfulness. Yes, young mothers, your homes are in your nurseries,—nurseries of immortal fruit, and unfading blossoms! If you do not assiduously sow the good seed, which will bring forth the golden "fruits of the Spirit," the adversary will not neglect to scatter his tares in wild profusion on the fertile and rich soil of the heart of your little ones. You must check, and if possible, destroy the growth of noxious weeds, and strive to introduce in their stead, the tender plants of purity and holiness. Be much at home, and have your children about you. This will furnish you many opportunities for storing their young minds with divine truth, and of disciplining their hearts and tempers, by the strong, but gentle sway of maternal influence. You have more power over your children than any other human being possibly can have. You are intimately acquainted with their different dispositions and habits, and *you* must "train them in the way they should go." I would recommend to

all parents the attentive perusal of two excellent works by Caroline Fry,—"The Listener," and' 'Scripture Principles of Education." They will make every one wiser and better.

Above all, dear Christian mothers, I implore of you to cultivate, both in your children and in yourselves, a humble spirit of prayer, and a spirit of submissive dependance upon the goodness of our Heavenly Father, together with a firm reliance upon the efficacy of the love and intercession of our blessed Redeemer and Mediator. ZILLAH.

Philadelphia, 1884.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM A MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

MORAL DISCIPLINE.

Should any parent ask how soon moral discipline should be exercised over a child, we reply without hesitation, as soon as, in any way, the child can be made to understand what we mean; and that, we believe, is at a much earlier period than many imagine. When parents leave their children to themselves, until all their evil passions have acquired a sturdy growth, they only accumulate their own labour, and the sufferings of their children under chastisement; if indeed, they should ever be able to subdue them. The effectual way to kill a weed, is to nip its first growth, as soon as we perceive it; and as often as new shoots spring up from the old root, nip them also; and in this way, its growth will become more and more stinted, until it will finally disappear. Many families of children are so noisy and turbulent that it is almost impossible to maintain family worship with any comfort. Before our daughter was a year old, we taught her to fold her hands, and remain quiet while blessing and thanks were pronounced at table. It is now several months since we have succeeded in teaching her to be quiet during family worship. And, although only about twenty-two months old, she will kneel regularly as any of the family, and generally remain quiet, until the exercise is closed.

But the trait of character which we discover to be most conspicuous; which we suppose to be common to children; and which becomes an object of increasing solicitude as she grows up; is the disposition to imitate: to do whatever she sees others do. This impresses upon us the importance of having our own example, as well as that of every member of the family, such as she may with propriety copy; and of having all the family regulations decent and orderly. We have never allowed any of the family to talk *baby-talk* to her, nor to speak incorrectly in her presence. She was perhaps longer in beginning to talk than she otherwise would have been; but for six or eight weeks past, she has improved greatly. She will now, with conside-

rable distinctness articulate every letter in the alphabet, and repeat most words which she hears spoken. One trait of character we discover, which is somewhat singular; and which we are anxious to cherish and cultivate; when she sees any thing in the house out of place, she will not be easy until it is adjusted. On one occasion she came into the family room after it had been cleaned—she took a minute survey of every thing, and appeared pleased, but, seeing the poker standing against the bureau, she immediately removed it to its proper place. These seem like small matters; but they show what minute observers children are, and how careful and watchful we should be in their presence. Many interesting incidents occurred, in the management of this child, before we thought of keeping a journal, which we cannot now recollect. We record these, with the hope that they may be of some use to us, in our subsequent endeavors to fulfil our vows. It may not, perhaps, be improper here to record also, that in all these measures there has been a cordial union and co-operation of both parents.

From the foregoing facts and considerations, together with our general experience and observation, we draw the following inferences, and maxims, to guide us in the discharge of parental duties:—

1. The intimate connexion between moral, intellectual, and physical education.

2. The necessity of union and co-operation between the parents, in the exercise of authority.

3. Avoid giving needless occasion for the exercise of authority, by bringing the disposition of the child to unnecessary trial, especially when it is in an irritable frame, from bodily infirmity, or any other cause.

4. When authority is exercised, let it be in a cool, dispassionate, tender and prayerful spirit, yet in a firm and decided manner.

5. Commence the moral discipline of the child, as soon as it can be made to understand the wishes of the parent.

6. In this discipline, every effort should be directed towards producing a right state of moral feeling in the heart.

7. Unconditional submission to the will of the parent should be the first lesson taught; but as soon as the child is capable of understanding them, the reasons of the parent's conduct should be explained in a spirit of tender expostulation. It need scarcely be remarked, that the child who is accustomed to surrendering his own will to that of his parent, will be much more easily brought to exercise the same feeling toward God, than the one who has been allowed to grow up self-willed and obstinate; and the earliest measures of instruction and discipline should have an ultimate reference to conversion.

8. No act of disobedience should be suffered to pass unnoticed; and correction should be administered, not as a punishment, but to enforce obedience.

9. When correction becomes necessary, such means should be used, and such a degree of chastisement inflicted, as will produce submission. Less than this will only tend to harden. More, would be cruel.

10. Correction should never be administered in a hasty and inconsiderate manner. This will only provoke the child to anger. When circumstances

will permit, first retire and seek the direction of God in prayer, and ask the aid of his Holy Spirit to subdue the heart of the child. When this cannot be done, lift up a silent prayer for the same object. If the child is old enough to understand what it means, retire and pray with it.

11. Endeavor to suppress the first risings of depravity, and guard against little offences, and great ones will seldom be committed.

12. An even handed, firm, and decided course, will prevent the necessity of frequent chastisement.

13. Never speak angrily to a child.

14. Never punish for accidents, unless accompanied by inexcusable carelessness.

15. Early accustom the child to the practice of self-denial

16. Never give it any thing for which it cries.

17. As soon as the child is capable of making known its wants in any other way, do not suffer it to cry.

18. Suffer no incorrect, ungrammatical, or low language to be used in presence of the child. This will save much trouble in the early stages of its education.

19. Let every thing within the range of its observation be kept neat and orderly, and it will learn neat and orderly habits.

20. Have no person about the child, who is addicted to habits which you would not have it learn.

21. Strive to make every thing about the child comfortable and pleasant, so as to promote a cheerful temper—so as to give to the recollection of parents and home, the power of attraction, in all the subsequent stages of life.

22. Suppress the first appearance of selfishness; and accustom the child to share its good things with others, and to exercise a generous disposition.

23. Having thus prepared the ground, during infancy, as soon as the child is capable of understanding the simple truths of the gospel, with an humble reliance upon the grace of God, labor directly for its conversion.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MINISTERIAL INFLUENCE ESSENTIAL TO THE PROSPERITY OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

It is with no small degree of diffidence that we presume once more to solicit the attention of the watchmen on the walls of Zion, to the subject of maternal associations. As to the practical utility of such institutions, we beg leave to refer our clerical friends to the testimony of mothers themselves, furnished by extracts from the reports of these associations published on the cover of the 12th number of the Magazine, vol. I. and also in our prospectus for vol. II. To which might be added more than one hundred similar reports.

It is presumed that the propriety and expediency of encouraging the formation of such associations, cannot be questioned by those who reflect that

the whole mass of human mind, in its most ductile form, reclines upon the bosoms of mothers. It is the mother who must break up the fallow ground of the heart; it is her hand that scatters, most profusely, those seeds whose fruit is for immortality. Where shall be found the Christian mother who does not tremble, in view of such responsibility?

And why should not the same facilities be afforded to her, which have ever been enjoyed by the other sex?

Associations among men, have not been wanting to promote the general diffusion of knowledge, and to bring to maturity the more liberal "arts and sciences." Professional men frequently meet together. They investigate—they compare—they reflect—they analyze. It is only in the way of *exercise* that their mental and moral powers become invigorated. It is by means of facts and deductions, the fruits and labors of other minds, as well as their own, that they acquire the wisdom requisite to a faithful discharge of their appropriate duties, in a manner creditable to themselves, and useful to others. We might safely make the appeal, whether for the faithful discharge of maternal duties, women possess any superior qualities of mind or of heart, which supersede the necessity of those methods of improvement deemed indispensable to the other sex.

If there is no fallacy in our reasoning, then mothers should not only be invited, but, if possible, *persuaded* to use similar means, for similar improvement. The sympathies of our nature may be wisely improved for all the practical purposes of redeeming a perishing world. The wisdom of providence in opening, in the mother's heart, a perennial fountain, where all the best affections of our nature are concentrated, is we fear too often over-looked by the ambassadors of Christ. By agitating this fountain, how powerfully might these ambassadors act upon the sensibilities of the husband, the father, and the child, and by means of this single influence ultimately lead those to holiness, who but for this influence might remain unsanctified through life.

Let us present this subject, in another point of light; and here an important lesson may be drawn from the method adopted by the grand adversary, in seducing our race from their allegiance to God. He did not wait until they had increased in number, for he well knew that every accession to the human family diminished his chance of success—for some might be found who would persevere in their obedience to their Maker. But could he infuse the poison into the original fountain, he knew full well, that his grand purpose of ruin would be at once, and he trusted, for ever accomplished—the descending generations in all future time would be as polluted as the fountain whence they should proceed.

Such was the principle adopted by the great enemy of God and man, and with what success the universal apostacy of the race but too well declare.

It is an ancient maxim that it is lawful to learn wisdom, even from an enemy; and hence the principle upon which Satan proceeded in ruining the race may be, and should be, employed in restoring it to its primeval condition. To effect this, the fountains must be first purified. In vain is it that efforts are made to purify the streams while the fountains continue impure. We apply these observations, in a single word, to our purpose, the work must

begin with mothers. It is their influence and example, which, beyond all other causes, exerts a salutary or malign influence upon children. If that influence and example be such as these associations inculcate, it becomes almost morally certain that their children will, by the blessing of God, be trained up in that good way, from which they need not depart.

And now we would return to ask the ministers of the land, whether they have considered this subject as its importance demands? Of the principles here alluded to, they cannot indeed be supposed to be ignorant—but are they impressed with its practical importance? Do they not too often overlook the fountains, while they direct their efforts chiefly to the purifying of the streams? Might not their labors be greatly abridged, by instructing and encouraging mothers to do their duty. Ought not this to be a frequent theme of discourse from the desk? Might it not be well to make it a subject of recommendation from day to day? And if these suggestions are of any weight, where should we expect to find more zealous advocates for maternal associations, than ministers of the gospel? We doubt not, that such institutions might be speedily organized in every church, would ministers give to them that recommendation and encouragement which their acknowledged importance requires. We cannot but feel that a great responsibility in this respect, rests upon every minister in the land, and through no other channel could they convey a more benign, important and lasting influence through the families which belong to their charge, or more certainly train up a generation of youth, eminently devoted to the cause of Christ, For

1. By means of these associations, mothers become acquainted with each other, and their amazing responsibilities to their offspring.

2. They have the motive arising from the example of such as are doing their duty to their families.

3. As union is strength, they have the additional motive arising from the feeling that as they act in concert there is encouragement to expect success.

4. By means of these associations, it becomes obvious in what way the conversion of the world can be speedily and effectually accomplished.

Every year sheds new and increasing light upon the Christian's pathway, in respect to his duties and responsibilities. The nineteenth century has ushered in a glorious era, having given birth to the noble plan of furnishing a Bible within a given period, to every family in the known world, and that has been succeeded by one of still greater magnitude, that of commencing operations for evangelizing the world.

This can only be effected, in the way of faithful, unremitting, and systematic efforts. We have already our Missionary, Bible, Tract, Sunday School, Education, and Temperance Societies; and yet it is obvious to every reflecting mind that the great work of evangelizing the world cannot speedily be accomplished by the combined influence of all these goodly institutions. Every one feels that something else is wanted.

It is often asserted from the sacred desk, that centuries must elapse before this work is completed, unless some more decisive and efficient plan is adopted. And why may not this plan be the universal establishment of *maternal associations*? It is frequently stated that ten thousand missionaries

brougnt into the field annually, would not be more than an adequate supply for present demand.

But how are these missionaries to be provided? Certainly not by means of Education Societies merely. The process of training *soldiers of the cross*, must be commenced in childhood and youth; else how shall they possess that untiring zeal, that spiritual mindedness, those habits of self-denial, that love and knowledge of the holy scriptures, which can alone fortify the mind in the hour of conflict, and which might be found in those early consecrated and instructed by the faith and prayers, and ceaseless efforts of their godly mothers, as were Samuel and Timothy.

If these associations promise no hope to the church, how shall the awful indifference of the great body of Christians to the wants of the famishing heathen be successfully removed?

The Macedonian cry, wafted upon every breeze, is in fact a direct appeal to every Christian parent; why cannot parents be made to feel, that the souls of the poor pagans are as precious as the souls of their own beloved children?

If, in every family in America, an only daughter, or a favorite son, had been wickedly enticed to a pagan land, and was now under the bewildering influence of idolatry and superstition, would not this fact, in the estimation of parents, enhance the value of missionary labor and enterprise. Under such circumstances, no sacrifice of ease or comfort—no amount of money, would be considered too costly, to redeem their souls. A far more costly sacrifice has been paid for the redemption of whole pagan nations; and His language, who shed his rich atoning blood, is to every parent—"he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me;" "and whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

If Christian parents set so high a value upon their children as to refuse to consecrate them to the missionary cause, these very children may become the victims of parental indulgence and selfishness, and ambition; and the withering curse of heaven, may make their eternal doom seven fold more intolerable than that of the benighted pagan. A mother a few days since, on hearing read "The Christian Children's Choice," in the 12th number of the Magazine, burst into tears. Here, said she, is, perhaps, the secret I have so long been trying to discover. When my children were small they had a missionary spirit. Their young hearts were tender and susceptible to the truths of the Bible, and the wants of a perishing world—and especially that of my little daughter. She would always reserve a part of her pennies for the missionary box. On one occasion, in particular, I recollect, when she had manifested unusual zeal in this cause, denying herself a very favorite object, my selfish heart, secretly exclaimed, "how do I know but that my *only daughter*, may be taken from me and employed as a missionary." So little did I estimate the privilege of having such an offering to present to my Redeemer. This mother mournfully added, from that time the hearts of all my children have grown callous to the truths of the blessed gospel of Jesus; and I doubt not that I have suffered tenfold more anxiety, than to have had all my children become missionaries. If you think, said she, that my example would prove a warning

even to one Christian mother, you are at liberty to insert it on the pages of the Magazine.

While our hearts often mournfully exclaim, "Watchmen, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are;" at this eventful crisis, when infidelity abounds, and the enemy are coming in like a flood; when, of those in the midst of us, who wear the ephod, one is saying, "I am of Paul, and another I am of Apollos, and another I am of Cephas;" to whom shall we direct our beloved children to look, as wearing the only badge of true discipleship, if mothers in Israel are not encouraged to raise an ensign, upon which may be seen legibly inscribed, "Behold how these Christian *sisters* love one another."

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE NEW DRESS.

As I was lately sitting in the nursery of an old acquaintance, she exhibited to me a dress just completed for her infant. After I had duly admired it, the mother turned and displayed it to her child, exclaiming, "Ann's new dress! Sweet little Ann's new dress! Little Ann's pretty new dress!" while the little thing clapped her hands, and jumped, and crowed, testifying, assuredly, her admiration of gay colors,—if not the joy of her sex, in the prospect of becoming the possessor of such a prize, as a gay dress. I, too, participated in the pleasure afforded by the animation of the little one; but as I turned my steps toward my own quiet, and perhaps, at times, lonely home, (for I have no daughters to enliven my fireside,) I fell into the following train of thought:

The incident which I have this day witnessed, may exert an influence upon the character of this child, through time,—perhaps through eternity. She will soon understand the language of the lip, although she now only comprehends that of the feature; and from both will she learn, that to her mother, her dress is important. She will be arrayed in the new dress, to visit grandmamma, and the pride of displaying it, will supersede the gratification which arises from the indulgence of the affections of the heart. When her mamma has visiters, she will be told to be very good, as she is to wear her new dress to see the ladies, thus making propriety of deportment, simply an appendage to dress; and connecting for life the idea of displaying herself, with the gratification of seeing her friends. The new dress will be prepared for the Sabbath, and the child will feel, that to display it, is the primary object for which she is taken to the house of God; and even upon her first entrance within the sanctuary, she may be taught a lesson of pride and vanity, rather than of humility and reverence. She must indeed have made an attainment which has been found too difficult for many now no longer children, if she can bow with devotion, when within the temple, although the adorning of her person had been that which most occupied her heart until she entered the sacred door. Children are apt scholars in the school of vanity, and she will soon become as vain, as heart-

less, as fond of display, as the most sanguine mother could wish, were it her only object to infuse pride, vanity, and the love of show into the heart of her child

But although such may be the effect of my friend's mode of education, such has not been her design; and when the long cherished vanity of the daughter becomes too glaring, and visibly oversteps the rules of propriety and good breeding, I do not doubt the mother will be both surprised, and grieved. She will wonder that one so young should attach so much importance to personal appearance, should think so much of dress; that a child so religiously educated should be so trifling on the Sabbath, so heartless in the sanctuary, so occupied in noticing the dress of others, so eager to display her own. She will feel it necessary solemnly to reprove her. She will say,—"Your personal appearance is of no consequence,—your Creator looks at the heart, and it is impossible for you to render the homage of the heart, while all your feelings are absorbed by your personal decoration; such vanity degrades you, both as a rational and immortal being,—and let me see no more of it."

My Sisters, which will most influence the heart—The early habits, or the casual precept? Which lesson has this child most thoroughly learned, and which will she longest remember? M. E. D.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A HINT TO THOSE WHO NEGLECT MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Dear Madam.—The friends of humanity will cordially greet every wise design and effort to reform existing evils in society, and will rejoice to see them crowned with success. Among the many benign plans and enterprises of this interesting and vastly responsible period of time, in which we are permitted to live, adapted to diffuse correct moral principles, and excite to corresponding practice, maternal associations occupy a place of no small importance. Their object is to enlighten the mind, and impress the conscience, with a just conception of maternal duties and the solemn responsibilities of maternal influence. In no department of the social compact has there been greater or more obvious necessity for reform than in this. Involving as it does the formation of those first mental and moral principles, and physical habits of our race, which are most enduring, its aim is to correct the evil in the bud, or to lay a sure and permanent foundation upon which may be reared in future life, a suitable and well proportioned superstructure. All with one accord acknowledge the object good, noble, blessed! and yet nothing more clearly evinces its primary importance, than the indifference and even reluctance manifested toward these association by many mothers, who make such concessions. In their benign and widening influence, maternal associations are commending them-

selves to the affections, the confidence, and the cheerful co-operation of the wise and good through the whole extent of our own country, and receiving a cordial welcome across the Atlantic. And it is passing strange, that any mother possessing intelligence enough to read and reflect, and especially one professing godliness, when informed of the object of these associations, should hesitate to join one, and avail herself of its advantages, and aid its high and interesting designs. The deficiencies and errors of parents, with respect to the education and government of their children, have long been a subject of universal remark; and of regret and lamentation, almost as universally vain and ineffectual. While a very few of our sex have deeply deplored, and with their pens, have ably exposed the multiplied evils of parental delinquency, in the moral culture of their infant offspring, and have given to the public many valuable lessons of instruction upon this subject; yet their productions have been *seen* by comparatively few mothers, and *heeded* by a still less number, so that very little has hitherto been effected, that has served as an antidote to prevailing errors. As numerous moral essays have been published, generation after generation, upon the subject of the wide spread and desolating evils of intemperance, while all continued to drink, and multitudes annually became drunkards, regardless of warnings, and tears, and unutterable sorrows, and nothing was effected in the way of reformation, until Temperance Societies were formed and multiplied. So with reference to the evils in question; it has but recently been discovered, that mutual counsel and associated efforts are necessary to excite interest, give character and decision to half formed purposes, and carry into practical results correct principles for reforming the criminal negligence of parents in training up their children. Yet it is truly astonishing, and more so in reference to this subject, than to intemperance, that there should be so many found ready to acknowledge and deplore the evil, who are nevertheless unwilling to join in efforts to correct and remove it. We should suppose that every pious mother, would joyfully hail a maternal association, as her best friend, under God and his holy word, to counsel, encourage, and sustain her, in the solemn and momentous duties which she owes to her beloved children, with reference to the present and future world. Will not mothers who refuse to walk in the light which is thus thrown across their path, have occasion to lament, sooner or later, their neglect to improve this price put into their hands, to get wisdom for themselves and the objects of their tenderest regard? It is to be feared that the want of interest manifested toward these associations, is but a sad indication of a similar misimprovement of other means of grace, designed for the same high and sacred purpose. If this be the case, with what degree of confidence can such mothers pray for, or expect the salvation of their children! What consolation can such mothers hope to enjoy, if called to close their children's eyes in death, or how will they dare to meet them before the judgment seat of Christ! These few hints are respectfully offered for the consideration of all those to whom they apply, in the hope that they may at least impress some mother's heart with a deeper sense of her responsibility as a mother, and induce her to use the *means*, if she would expect the salvation of God to come to her house.

Lockport, 11th Feb, 1834. H. H. M.

NEATNESS AND ORDER.

"NEATNESS and order are enjoined, not only by economy, but by comfort. Every negligent mother resigns one of the choicest pleasures within her reach,—that of seeing her house and home surrounded by the marks of neatness, industry, and taste. She brings up her family amidst confusion, and presents to her children an example of negligence, the most unpardonable. Can she wonder if they follow her example? They will go further In their partialities, they will have a vicious preference, for what good taste, good sense, and sound economy condemn. They will regard with less respect, the decencies of life, and be more likely to abandon the paths of virtue and morality. There is much meaning in the old adage, 'Have a place for every thing, and keep every thing in its place.'"

"Let order o'er your time preside,
And *method* all your business guide,
One thing at once be still begun,
Contrived, resolved, pursued, and done;
Ne'er till to-morrow's light delay
What might as well be done to-day."

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

WRITTEN AFTER BEING PRESENT AT A QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE ROCHESTER, MASS., MATERNAL ASSOCIATION

THEY'VE met, thou seest, this is where
They always love to meet;
The chosen room, well known to prayer,
The Mother's mercy-seat;
They've met—in beauteous eyes, the tear
Of stirring thought is dim;
For each, this hour, her sweet ones here,
Leads up in prayer to HIM.

Is't not a holy place?—look round—
Unto these bosoms given,
Are hopes, not by the wide world bound,
They look away to heaven;
And think not Heaven, as side by side,
Are child and mother bowed—
Between itself and this deep tide
Of prayer, hath flung a cloud.

Oh, no! if ever broken speech
May audience find above,
'Tis when the mother's heart would reach
Down blessings for its love;
And though in tears each Hannah long
May tarry near the throne,
She knows that here the faith is strong
That is so faint alone.

And firm the faltering step, for then
The altar place is trod;
And rises timid woman, when
She gives her child to God;
Yet not for self is given the sigh,
The earliest tear is shed;
But that rich mercies from on high
May fall upon *his* head.

Oh woman! to whose forming touch
Is given the plastic mind,
Thou need'st the frequent prayer, for much
Hath heaven to thee consigned;
Still in thy weakness there is power
Before thy King to stand;
With him there is a hearing hour,
A sceptre in his hand.

'Tis wise, while fountains fall below,
To lead those thou dost love,
Unto the streams that brightly flow
In fairer worlds above;
To furnish, ere 'tis thine to fall,
These dear ones for the strife;
And Oh, to see them peril all
For crowns of endless life!

W. B. TAPPAN.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE:

FOR MAY, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CONTROLING THE CONSCIENCE.

Mrs. W.—*Madam.*—You ask me, Where lies the secret of a mother's control over the conscience of her son? And you encouraged me to answer from experience, as far as I can recollect, wherein lay the secret of my mother's control over my conscience in my boyhood and youth.

I can assure you, Madam, that if you had not furnished me the inspiration of this suggestion, I should not have sent you a single line. But as you permit me to talk about my mother, I cannot be silent. There never was any theme that waked up the inspiration of my soul like this. But you have left me the task of analyzing your question, and this I consider quite Herculean. I will attempt an answer however, if you will allow me to begin with the negative. I say then,

It *did not* lie in the fact that *she was my mother.* Just such a woman as my mother was, would have controled me if she had not stood in that high relationship. If I had been picked up from the street, cast out and abandoned of my *real* mother, and been committed to her who *was my mother*, and she had swathed me and named me; and my infant ears had been filled with the story of my having been a foundling, and that she who soothed me and nursed me, was not my mother, this fact would have made no difference in my feelings towards that blessed woman. The young mind formed its close and deathless attachment before it cared about the relationship, or could know its meaning; and if not secured before this question is analyzed, it is lost forever.

I put my young eyes upon many a mother, who was attempting to regain authority over the wayward child in its frolics, by pleading a mother's relationship; but I never saw the case, when a mother, by that plea, gained a mother's affections, or a mother's control. I have seen the child strike the face of that mother, while this plea was upon her lips, without any more emotion than if she had been a monkey or a cat; and from that moment onward, that mother, under that plea, gained no ascendency, till the ruined child would at length curse her to her face, and let her serve him when toil and old age had worn out her nature. And I have seen those children vaga-

bonds invariably, into the bargain. I never struck my mother; and if my hand should wither up before I reach my grave, I shall have no such recollection to torture me. There never was that moment since I slept on her bosom, and she lifted my little chin to make me smile, and sung to me that soft sweet lullaby that soothed me to rest,—since then, there never was a moment when I could have been angry enough to strike my mother. And when I heard that she was dying, I fell on my knees and asked the Lord that I might see her alive, or be permitted to die with her.

Excuse my wandering, and I will go on to talk about my mother. In saying that her control over me did not arise wholly from the relationship, I do not mean to say that after thought and reason began, the idea of kindred did not enter into, modify, control, and elevate the attachment. But she had grappled my conscience long before, and I dared not offend her because she loved me and sung to me, and soothed me. Soon as I began to think, and reason had to do with my obedience, Truth then came in to operate and modify the affections. Soon as I could know it, soon as it could be the aliment of the moral man, it began to mould me. Till then it operated only through my mother. It was, madam, with my mind, just as it was with my body. The body was nourished by the provisions that the God of nature made. But these provisions were not suited to the infant organs, and the infant appetite, till through the kind, timely, and prompt interference of a mother, they were presented to me in a form that the infant appetite and the infant organs demanded, and could receive. The child of an hour, or a day, cannot eat the corn nor the wheat, but can lie at the breast and draw in the soft and nutritious provisions that kind heaven has made ready. So the young conscience does not feel from a sense of duty, does not obey a mother at first because of the parental relationship, and the corresponding filial obligations; but because the idea of the parental relation, and the obligation resulting, is drawn out in a mother's kindness, and a mother's caresses. Hence she has a firm hold of the conscience before the child can tell why he obeys. *Habit* perhaps might be said to operate before truth did. And yet understand me not to say that my mother did it independently of truth. It was truth embodied in her example, and drawn out in it that went to form the first ingredients of my character. My mother said this is right, and that is right, and I confided in the oracular wisdom of her words. That my mother said it, was proof enough of any thing. If she told me there was a God, I had confidence: if she had told me otherwise, I should have believed as firmly. She told me that to do right was the way to be happy, and what affected me more, was the way to make her happy. It was of immense importance to me that she always told the truth. If she spoke, I expected as much to find it true as if God said it. Hence she had no occasion to refer me often to the word of God. It was enough that I had her word; she then stood in the place of God to me. And hence perhaps the very secret you ask after—*My mother controled my young conscience, because her lips kept truth.*

Truth makes the Christian mother what she is, and the mother makes the conscience and the character of her child. Truth prevents her from being

a heathen mother, and throwing her children into the fire to Moloch. And she in turn prevents that child from setting fire to her funeral pile. Truth digested and made into character, constitutes the lovely Christian mother, and that character operates to produce the lovely and obedient child.

If by magic or miracle we could make a generation of Christian mothers on heathen ground, there would be a generation of godly and Christian children. I do not mean by this remark, that we are born into the kingdom of God by blood, or by the will of the flesh, or by the will of man, but of God. Still I do mean that truth operates on the young child by proxy, and afterwards by a different and direct control.—Yours, &c. D. A. C.

New-York, March, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

INFLUENCE OF EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

The influence of early associations upon the youthful mind, is incalculable. On no other principle can we so satisfactorily account for the endless variety of tastes and dispositions, on beholding the works of nature, so perceptible in maturer life; an object which awakens in the mind of one, the most exquisite pleasure, is regarded by another with positive indifference. What other enjoyment so pure, so ennobling, so fraught with moral improvement, can be so cheaply purchased, or furnished at so early an age as those which are derived from the exquisite beauties of nature. Every parent, however humble her station, may derive pleasure and instruction, from a cultivation of this taste in her child. The succession of day and night, the changeful seasons, the starry heavens, the diversified landscape, are but so many proofs of the wisdom and benevolence of the great Creator. The king of beasts, as well as the most insignificant of the feathered tribe, may alike be made the vehicles for conveying truth, and for fixing more deeply in the youthful mind some happy, but otherwise fleeting idea.

Whether a child can be made to comprehend the existence of a God, as an abstract truth, is left for others to decide. It is enough for us that the Savior, in all his attempts to set forth the attributes of the infinite God, borrowed his illustrations from the material universe, and the ordinary occurrences of life.

By means of passing events, more vivid and lasting impressions, it is believed, may be made upon the youthful mind, than can be enforced by the most elaborate and set lessons, without the aid of those objects which strike the senses.

The following incident will serve as an illustration:—Early one evening, as two little girls, of the ages of three and four years, were returning home, after a visit which they had been permitted to make, in company with their mother, their attention was arrested by seeing one star after another appearing in the heavens. This was to them a novel sight, as they had previously

retired at so early a period as never before to have witnessed these evening luminaries.

But they had long been familiar with that beautiful hymn by Jane Taylor, beginning, "I saw the glorious sun arise," to which the elder sister now made allusion; and the younger added with delight, "And stars came twinkling one by one, along the shady sky." This quotation by this child, gave rise to some appropriate remarks from the mother, and thus these little ones were led on, without any apparent effort, into an animated conversation concerning the goodness and glory of the great Creator, which probably left upon their minds a stronger impression of these attributes, than could have been produced under any other circumstances. Ever after this seemingly trivial incident, these children were exceedingly fond of contemplating the glories of the firmament, and when accustomed to remain up until a later hour, they were often found gazing in silent solitude and admiration, upon these beautiful specimens of the Creator's skill. Had that seasonable opportunity which this evening's lesson afforded, been unimproved by this judicious mother, and the infantile expressions of wonder and admiration of her little ones been unheeded, or answered only by an indifferent smile, would they not in all probability have formed the same habits of inattention and indifference which characterize the multitude? The first impression made upon the mind, by a rare or beautiful object, is always a lively one, but take from this object the interest which novelty has created, and it will be found that it is only by a habit of attention that its intrinsic excellence can be ascertained. By cultivating in her child habits of attention and reflection, a mother may lay at an early period, a safe and permanent foundation for its future improvement; and on looking back to such a course of training, what child would not bless the magic hand by which it was directed to the only source of permanent enjoyment?

FILIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

IN THE WORK OF MENTAL CULTURE,

MOTHERS should always co-operate with the educators of their children. This combined influence will seldom fail to accomplish the best results; but it should be constant, and invariably maintained. Children should be early taught to *think*, and trained to *habits* of investigation: Show them how to obtain materials for thought from every object around them. Nothing valuable will ever be gained without a habit of *thinking*, and this habit should have a prominence above all others in early mental culture.

To awaken the interest, satisfy the curiosity, and direct the enquiries of a child, is an undertaking which requires unceasing vigilance and patience; for education by circumstances is always progressing,—the mind of a child is always in action, and needs a constant guide to direct its rapid movements; and although the physical powers need watching and training,

yet the training of the *immortal mind* is vastly more important; for it is this which exalts human beings to an affinity and companionship with angels, and qualifies them for that celestial intercourse which glorified spirits maintain with each other.

It is not precocity of talent, nor brilliancy of genius, nor the scintillations of wit and learning, that should distinguish immortal beings, who are destined to exist when this lower world shall be burnt up. Christian mothers surely should have in view a higher and holier purpose, in prosecuting the mental culture of their children; and the day is not far distant, I trust, when this soul-elevating object shall dawn upon their mind in all its native light and magnitude.

Immortal beings should be trained for immortality. Life is too short, and earth is too narrow for the expansion of that *mighty intellect* which will ever be enlarging and dilating its powers, in those boundless regions of thought which eternity continually unfolds.

In this little inch of space your children have but a few years to spend, and could you command all that talents, learning, and knowledge have to bestow; or could you see them shine in the various departments of science, with a brilliancy which no mortal man ever yet gloried in; still a period would arrive when all this would cease, and *death* would close the most brilliant career that talents ever earned.

But it is not so with those who are educated for eternity. There is no limit to their knowledge, no end to their acquirements. In this world the wise and the great confer dignities upon their fellows, and often from sordid motives; but the honor that cometh from God, is a distinction no human mind can ever comprehend.

Here the development of superior talents calls forth admiration; but in Heaven, "Angels who excel in strength" are also mighty in wisdom. Here the weakness of the human frame often unfits the most exalted mind for action, and the casket of earth lies broken and shattered, which contains this glittering gem, but that never decaying, never ending state of existence shows *myriads* and *myriads* of glorified beings, always active, and always bright. Do you then ask, how shall this process of mental culture be carried on so that this object shall be kept prominently in view? Teach your children the great object for which they were created,—viz.: *To glorify God*. Teach them "that *the fear of the Lord* is the beginning of wisdom." Teach them to look upon all knowledge as idle and useless, except that which tends to make them wiser and better. Teach them that this world is only a preparatory state, that their chief object should be to fit themselves for eternity. Keep this lofty aim continually in view. Do you next enquire who will become their educators? and where will *books* be found to aid in this high intellectual training!

Pious men and *women*, those who can set a just estimate upon the *immortal mind;* those who love God and his Son Jesus Christ; those who contemplate earth as his footstool, and heaven as his throne. And what books do you ask? The Bible—the blessed Bible, is alone able to make your children wise unto salvation. Let them study its precepts, investigate its

doctrines, explore its mysteries, understand its prophecies, admire its beauties, explain its wonders, and above all, *adore* and *imitate* its divine and glorious Author.

Let their young souls daily put forth their ardor in these high and holy pursuits, and O! what a race shall earth behold! Beings living up to the elevated standard of their great Creator, originally designed for them. Immortal beings, showing forth in holy lives the transcendent beauty and excellency of heavenly wisdom. Earth filled with creatures who bless her inhabitants and heal the miseries which sin has caused! Heaven stooping to behold the consecrated powers of men restored to their primitive excellence; the Savior bending from the skies, with looks of benignity upon his own work of redemption, and mothers, millions of holy *blessed mothers*, with a long train of holy blessed children, following them up to everlasting hills, with the song of triumph, and the shout of victory. MARIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SELECTED PASSAGE;

OR,

LOUISA AND HER LITTLE VISITER.

My dear Mrs. W.—Children often wish that conversations and stories which they hear and read "were true." "Did this really happen mother?" is the constant enquiry.

I confess that I often wish so too, and therefore if I occasionally send you the simple details of the nursery, this may be in their favor, they are strictly *true*.

I read nothing with more interest than conversations which serve to develop the motives which often govern the conduct of children. For myself, I prefer the living example of judicious parents, to the most elaborate essay, however elevated and literary.

Extracts from a mother's journal, or sketches from real life, are so very useful, that I hope we shall frequently be favored with such communications from some of your numerous correspondents. It may be objected by some, that the simplicity of such details renders them unworthy of the public eye; but the *experienced* mother well knows that these little items constitute the greater part of education in the nursery, and often amid the perplexities attending her most trivial arrangements is she constrained to look upward and say, "Lord help."

Louisa, a little girl eight years old, came one morning with her Bible in her hand, as she often did, requesting her mother to select a passage for the day. "Take this, my child," said Mrs. N. "*Study the things which make for peace.*" Do you know Louisa what this passage means? "I think I do mother; is it not the same as be kind to one another?" "I am glad that you understand it so well," said her mother, "I think you may have

special need of this text, Louisa, as you expect company this afternoon." "I shall try to remember it," said the little girl.

The morning as usual was devoted to lessons and work. Soon after the dinner table was removed, little Mary P. came tripping up the steps with a light and joyous heart. Louisa welcomed her little visiter to the nursery. The children were soon busily engaged in play, in a small adjoining room where was a variety of toys, books, and other articles of amusement. "But first," said Mary, "we will have the door shut, for your mother is in the nursery, and we cannot play unless we are alone." "Mary, do not shut the door," said Louisa, in a supplicating voice; "we love to have our mother with us when we play, for she is always delighted to see us happy." "The door shall be shut, or I will not play," retorted Mary angrily, at the same time closing it.

Mrs N., surprised at this unexpected movement, for she had not overheard the conversation, rose, and on opening the door, said, "I shall be sorry, my little girls, to be deprived of your company, for it gives me great pleasure to see my children playful and happy, so long as they feel and act right." "Mother," said Louisa earnestly, "you know that we always wish to have you with us; it was Mary that wished to be alone, though I begged her not to shut the door," (adding in a whisper,) "You remember my text mother."

It had ever been a favorite point with Mrs. N. in the management of her children, to accustom them to play in her presence; so important did she conceive this habit to be, that her children were seldom, if ever, sent away to pass an hour in a room by themselves. Even when they had company, she willingly subjected herself to the additional noise, rather than incur the risk to them of free and unrestrained intercourse. She felt that under no other circumstances were the hearts of her children so perfectly developed, as in the hours of recreation, and particularly so with their companions; and with her work in hand, she sat by, always ready to smile upon the successful struggle against sin, to check the rising evil, to expose and eradicate the selfish feeling, and it was certainly true that they could play, and run, and sing, as cheerfully when their mother sat by to approve, or if needful to extend a helping hand in their early conflicts with temptation, as at other times.

Mary soon discovered that she need not be afraid of Louisa's mother, and the afternoon passed cheerfully away. At night, when Louisa retired to rest, she said, "I was very much assisted by my text to day." "Yes," replied Mrs. N. "I observed you was." "How could you know it, mother." "Because I remarked an unusual readiness on your part to yield even *your rights* to Mary. She wished to direct all the time; I thought it was a little hard, but you conquered yourself, and I was almost sure that God was helping you by his precious word. This is the only way, my child, to overcome our easily besetting sins. Take some passage which you feel that you especially need, and often turn your eye to your Redeemer, who is ever by your side, and he will surely help you by his word and spirit, to drive away your worst enemy." "Oh! mother," said Louisa, her eyes glistening with pleasure, "twenty times did I repeat that sweet text this afternoon, 'Study the things that make for peace.'"

Mothers, will you examine your practice on this point; will you enquire whether it is safe to send your inexperienced children away from your side, to spend hour after hour by themselves; or what is even more hazardous, with their companions? Shall they be left to contend with the sins of a heart already inclined to evil, to meet *alone* the mighty destroyer, who goes about seeking on the play ground whom he may deceive? Enquire, I pray you, whether this practice may not engender evils over which you will long weep and pray? And can you expect that the God of grace will exert his mighty power at a *future time* to conquer and subdue those evils which you *now* permit to take root, deep root, in the hearts of your children? A pious minister once wrote on the top of every page of his sermon, "Lord help."

Let every mother continually say, "Lord help." B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LOVE OF ADMIRATION.

Permit me to call the attention of young mothers to a subject, which I deem of incalculable importance.

It is the vanity which is so easily fostered in little children. Few who have not closely observed the rapid development of the infant mind would believe that children of three or four years, would be as susceptible of this feeling as they are found to be. My attention was particularly arrested on this point, by hearing a little girl of scarcely four years say to herself, as she sat playing with her toys, "Well, I was a beautiful child." Thus giving utterance to her thoughts, while she supposed herself alone; she clearly showed the impression made upon her mind, by a well meant, but thoughtless remark, made in her presence by a morning visiter of her mother's.

Children discriminate at a very early age, between admiration of personal beauty, and approbation of correct deportment; and while the latter may serve as a stimulus to renewed obedience and docility, the former will as surely prove deleterious to the mind of the child.

Who has not marked the expression of self-complacency which often beams upon the face of a young child when prettily attired, and that complacency not a little heightened by observing a corresponding expression in the countenance of the fond mother; for a child from its early infancy watches with extreme interest, a mother's smile. It must be admitted that mothers too often themselves, foster this incipient vanity in their little ones, by expressions of admiration, while they are addressing or caressing them. I doubt not but the feeling, thus thoughtlessly nurtured, has been the procuring cause of the ruin of many a lovely young creature, who has subsequently sacrificed soul and body upon the altar of fashion.

Do we ask then what is to be done?

Let a child be early taught that a mother's smile, which it so highly estimates, will ever greet obedience and amiability—but a beautiful face, or graceful person *unaccompanied* by these virtues, *never*.

Mothers! let us weigh well this subject, and however fondly we may gaze upon the lovely little beings God has in kindness given us, let us ever remember, that it is not the casket, but the inestimable jewel within, which claims our constant care and our unceasing solicitude. It is true, our strength is inadequate to our immense responsibilities; but there is strength in Him who has said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee. P.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE TORN LEAF.

Little Mary's mother gave her a lesson to learn from the 1st chapter of James. The edge of a leaf was torn a very little. Mary pretended to study, but was all the time looking at the torn leaf. When her mother's eyes were turned from her, she took the little scissors and cut all around the torn leaf, and in doing so she cut off some of the reading. After a while her mother called her to come to her and recite her lesson, and when she took the book in her hand, she was surprised to see the leaf cut. "Mary," she asked, "did you cut this?" "No ma'am." "It was not cut when I gave it to you." "Well, mother, I did not cut it." "My child, you certainly must have done it, for the Bible has not been out of your hand since I gave it to you." "I don't know how it came cut, mother." "I fear, Mary, you are telling me an untruth; the great God hears you; he sees you; his eye has been upon you ever since you sat down to study your lesson: he saw your hand take up the scissors and cut the leaf. He is now looking into your heart, and knows what you are thinking about, and just how you feel. Did you cut the leaf, Mary?" "Yes, mother, I did." "Well, my child, I must punish you for cutting the leaf, and for telling a lie. You have committed two faults. I have often told you that the commission of one sin prepares the way for another." I expected to see Mary submit patiently to the punishment, but she pulled, and stamped, and cried, and would not listen to any thing her kind mother said to her; so her mother whipped her, and made her sit down in the corner. I wondered what Mary would say when she got over her passion, and I thought I would wait and listen. After she had set in the corner a little while, she got up and ran to her mother, and put her arms around her neck, and kissed her. "Do ma, forgive me I have been very naughty." "My child I freely forgive you, and pray that your heavenly Father may forgive you. Go to your own room, and kneel down by your crib and confess your sin to him, and try to feel very sorry while you are on your knees. Ask the blessed Savior to give you a new heart, and make you gentle and peaceable, like the little doves and the lambs, and prepare you for his own beautiful heaven. Go away now and stay till I call you." When Mary had left the room, her mother knelt down and prayed for her. When she arose, she took the Bible, and turned to the torn leaf, and read the 23d and 26th verses, the very verses which she had

requested Mary to commit to memory. Her heart was comforted, her countenance lost its sad expression, and she knelt down again and thanked her heavenly Father for such a precious book.

Little children don't tear or cut the leaves of your Bible.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

The narrative of the Shunammite's child teaches us how suddenly and unexpectedly children may die. It was well in the morning; at noon, it was dead. "Childhood and youth are altogether vanity." As a flower of the field, so are they. "In the morning, it is green and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down, and withereth away." The wind passeth over them, and they are gone. And as if most impressively to teach us the danger of building hopes on such a frail support, it would seem that death often removed those who are the most remarkable for health, beauty, and promise, who come and go like a vision, that we might always regard the life of a child, as the most uncertain of all things;—

"Like snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white—then gone forever."

Such providences are specially mysterious. Death is always a great mystery. But there are many circumstances which relieve the mystery of death when it comes to the mature and aged. It seems according to the law of nature, that the aged and infirm, when the work of life is done, should lie down to sleep in the grave. And when one is cut down in the midst of his days and usefulness, however mysterious it may seem to us, we recollect that he hath not lived in vain, and that "being dead, he yet speaketh." But the death of a child who has not passed the period of helplessness, who has been only an object of care and watchfulness, who has never been able to accomplish any thing for himself or others,—the death of such a one is as mysterious as the setting of the sun in the morning. The toil, anxiety, and suffering attendant upon the short and helpless existence of an infant, remind us of the precious gums brought from afar, to vanish as the costly incense of a moment,

"A short sweet odor, at a vast expense."

We wonder that so much should be expended in vain, and are led to enquire "wherefore is this waste?"

Our greatest consolation under every trial, is confidence in a kind and benevolent Providence. And the special mystery in which the death of children is involved, is remarkably adapted to create and nourish this very emotion. When all is midnight darkness, when the ways of God are inscrutable, and past finding out, how favorable the hour to put forth a more full and implicit trust in Him, who, though enveloped in clouds and mystery,

is infinite in mercy, wisdom, and truth. It is comparatively easy to exercise confidence in God under other trials, the causes and reasons for which are obvious and indisputable; but blessed are they who believe, though they see not. Blessed are they, who with nothing to relieve the deep mystery of their affliction, can cast their care upon Him who careth for them, and say with the bereaved mother of old—"It is well with me, it is well with the child." Such seasons will, if improved, do more for the cultivation of holy confidence in God, than long seasons of ordinary affliction, just as we have seen an ivy growing slender and weak so long as it clings to its support, but which, when detached and alone, shoots out into a stem strong and bold as the adjacent tree.

But there are *special consolations* afforded those who have been called to consign their infant offspring to a premature grave. They escape the deeper affliction of seeing their children grow up in sin, accumulating guilt, and dying without hope.

There is a death worse than the death of the body,—the death of affection, of reputation, of conscience, of the soul. Parental hopes may be crushed by the misconduct of children, more than by the closing of the grave's portals. They may live only to treasure up wrath against the day of wrath, and bring down the grey hairs of pious parents with sorrow to the grave.

See that son of many prayers; he was consecrated to God in infancy. How anxiously do those Christian parents watch every indication of sobriety. How ardently do they hope it may result in his salvation. What despondency and sinking of heart do they experience, as they behold him grow up in impenitence. He is about to leave his father's house; his mother gives him a Bible, and begs him to read it. But as he passes beyond the reach of parental restraint, he casts off fear, restrains prayer, takes his seat with the scorner, and, with the drunkard's unmeaning laugh, scoffs at the Bible, and the Bible's God. Behold him now the grief of parents, the shame of friends; an outcast from society. Were it not for the hope that at some future period he might be overtaken by divine grace, and peradventure might repent, would it not be the spontaneous language of those afflicted parents, "Would God, my son, that you had never been born; would that you had died in infancy, ere such a measure of guilt and wrath had been treasured up against you!" And now let *him* be laid upon his dying bed, let all hope of his repentance be taken away; and see him pass into eternity with all his sins upon his head, and what consolation can cheer the midnight gloom of such bereavement? Be assured that there is a measure of grief in that affliction, compared with which all else is nothing. When David's infant child was dead, he arose, washed, anointed himself, and took refreshment: but when Absalom died, deep in sin and rebellion, his heart broke, and burst out in an irrepressible flood of grief,—"O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"—

One of the bitterest pangs which a parent can experience when about to die, is the thought that he leaves his children in an evil and dangerous world, uncertain what will be their conduct and destiny. While with the utmost

confidence he can leave all the temporal allotments of his fatherless children with God, he cannot but feel some sorrow and foreboding at heart, in view of the uncertainty which overhangs their future prospects as meral beings, who are to act, choose, and decide for themselves. That uncertainty he escapes, who, before his own departure, sees his children securely laid in their best home and refuge. Once he might have mourned, and said of him who he had hoped would have been his solace and joy, "How is the strong staff broken, the beautiful rod!"—But now as he thinks of the uncertain conflict to which he would have been exposed, with the temptatiohs and dangers of a wicked world, he is grateful that the blessed Jesus holds the keys of life and death, and that, like the skilful gardener, whose experienced eye detects the approaching storm, and who knows when to hide the lily in its narrow bed, *He* knows when to put his little ones secure from the storm and tempest.

Weeping mother! is it not a balsam to your bleeding heart to believe that your infant child now rests in the bosom of that Savior, who, when on earth exclaimed, "Suffer little children," &c. So that you may now say over its sleeping body, smiling in its sweet repose, "It is well with the child." That infant mind which here on earth was folded up like a bud, expands and blooms in the light and warmth of heaven. It drinks in the pleasures of a rational, holy, and immortal existence. In many respects it must be wiser than any sage on earth. It is the companion of angels; it has seen God and his Son Jesus Christ. It hath entered before you on its exalted career. While you are left to struggle longer with doubt and danger, that infant child has spread its wings for its upward flight, nearer and nearer to the throne. You have a new relationship to heaven. There your offspring dwell. Surely you must discern a new and peculiar meaning in the beautiful words of the Psalmist—"Lo children are a heritage of the Lord—happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

Be not rash, therefore, to speak of that infant which perished like a blossom from your arms, as a fleeting and unimportant thing. How important doth the smallest thing become when regarded as the commencement of that which is advancing into immensity. The little rill near the source of the Missouri, must be an interesting object to him who is apprized as he steps across it, that this is the stream which runs so far, and which gradually swells into so immense a flood. So as a parent looks upon his child and thinks of the solemn and unknown scenes through which it is to take its course, it loses that character of vanity and insignificance which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting, perishing moments, and assumes the dignity of a commencing eternity. He hath just begun to live, but he will survive the stars in the firmament. And will he not throughout the ceaseless ages of his being, look to the circumstances of his birth and infancy with unutterable emotions? If consecrated to God in the germ of its being, and watered with tears and prayers, hereafter as your reward, you shall hear it, say in heaven, "Auspicious day, in which I was born: blessed, forever blessed be those parents who taught me the way to heaven. All the joys of my eternity I trace back to their fond, and early, and faithful instructions." Christian parents, will it not be a full and sufficient reward, to see those who were

redeemed by your instrumentality, while praising their great Redeemer, often turning towards you, as from the sun to its image in the fountain, with secondary gratitude, and the permitted utterance of a human love? W. A.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HABIT OF TEASING.

The habit of teasing or coaxing, is a fault very prevalent among children, and which is strengthened and encouraged, often unconsciously, by a mother's yielding to the repeated importunities of her child, even after having once refused it. Let a child understand that you are decided, that your word can be depended upon, that you mean what you say when you refuse him any thing, and he will very soon learn that you cannot be *coaxed* out of what you have once refused him. As illustrative of this I will state a case that came under my own observation. A mother gave her two sons each an apple, when they returned one day from school. They went to play, but as soon as they had eaten them, one of the boys went to his mother, and asked for another; she refused, and he did not repeat his request, but went to play again. His brother asked him to go again and *coax* her to give them another. "No," said he with much emphasis, "William, don't you know that mother said no, *meant no!*" A child very soon discovers whether his mother can be teased into a compliance with his wishes.

I once took tea with a lady, and while we were sitting at the table, a little boy came round her chair and asked several times for a piece of cake, which she at first refused, but finally gave to him. A little sister then came and made a similar request, but was refused. I sat near and overheard her little brother whisper in her ear, "Coax her, Jane, and you will get it." The mother was busily engaged talking with, and entertaining her visiters, and probably to get rid of the child and his importunities, had given him the cake without thinking, perhaps, what she was about. But this habit which she was fostering in her child, was not calculated to diminish her trouble, or prevent her from similar importunities when she was particularly engaged. Instead of weighing the pros and cons in their own minds, some mothers are in the habit of making the conduct of their children the entire foundations of refusing or granting their requests. This shows a weak and perverted judgment. It is the uniform practice with some mothers to keep their children in a state of suspense, parlying with them, even when they have decided in their own minds that it is inexpedient to grant the favor desired. But this only engenders a peevish and fretful disposition in children, and often leads them to think that it is obstinacy, and not necessity, that prompted the refusal. Children usually have a mind open to conviction, and when they see that their parents desire their happiness as really when they deny them, as when they yield to their wishes, they will generally acquiesce.

It is true that a mother cannot always make up her judgment at once, but when she has sufficiently reflected, let her act promptly and decidedly. Even in cases where she finds she has misjudged, she should be careful not to let her child see that she has no confidence in herself.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

To EVERY little boy and girl who reads the Mother's Magazine, I would say, would you not like to do something to save the souls of the poor ignorant heathen? Then ask your dear mothers if you cannot earn, or save something, a few cents at least, every month, and instead of spending it in buying cakes or candy, or other trifles, save your money, and send it to the Sandwich Islands, to help print tracts, which may be the means of saving the souls of some of these islanders.

My little friends, when you read what Mr. Bingham says of the "Usefulness of Tracts," which you will find inserted below, I hope you will immediately resolve to earn something to help print tracts, or to support schools among the heathen; perhaps in China, or in Liberia, or at Mackinaw.

If you are too young, or unable to earn any thing by your labor, perhaps your parents will give you a few pennies at the end of each week, for learning all your lessons *perfectly*, or for being particularly attentive to their directions, or for exercising self-denial in regard to tea, coffee, sugar, or butter, &c.

Would you not be delighted, and very thankful, if at the judgment day you were to meet some souls who had been saved by means of the tracts which your money assisted to print, or in some school which by your industry, or self-denial, you helped to support. Perhaps you sometimes think that it will be soon enough to attend to these calls when you are older, but you may not live to grow up to become men and women. *Now* may be your only time to show your love to Christ, and the perishing millions which he died to save. Remember, my dear children, that the promises of God are as much intended for *your benefit*, as for your parents. It is said, "he that watereth shall be watered."

USEFULNESS OF TRACTS.

CALLED as we are to supply the whole nation with moral instruction, and with few hands and tongues to reach many thousands, who live ten, twenty, or thirty miles from any missionary, tracts are specially serviceable. They go on light wings, work faithfully and cheap, and never tire in well doing. They declare the truth in season and out of season, without fear. They seek the society of all classes, and are never exposed to temptation. They never stumble or fall to the reproach of the cause they plead; never indulge in levity, or anger, or excess, nor wink at the sins of those who hear them. They may speak at the same hour the same important truths, in a thousand collections of the islanders called schools, or to thirty thousand families, as the evening candlenut-torch is trimmed to cheer their humble cottages of straw.

Yes, if Christians in America, who pray for our success, have a word to say in the ear of fifty thousand Sandwich islanders, you may say it now. The tract press, like the power of a whispering gallery, whose arch spans

the earth, can convey the sound to them all. Only breathe the primitive spirit of the apostles, and you may "speak with tongues" to a large portion of the heathen nations, and they will hear, and come to Christ and live.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

The following communication, though elicited, was not designed for the public eye, yet we trust, by giving it a place upon our pages, we shall receive the sanction of the writer, especially if this example of maternal faithfulness should excite other mothers to become more importunate for the salvation of their children, and awaken in parents a deeper solicitude to secure to their young families, a "*children's minister.*"

My dear Madam,—Who that contrasts the means of moral instruction now employed in the education of children, with those possessed forty years ago, can forbear to exclaim with grateful emotions—"blessed are our eyes for" what "they see, and our ears for" what "they hear."

At this happy period of the world, surely God is *emphatically gracious.* I feel constrained to add my testimony to that of multitudes, that he is the *hearer* of *prayer;* and I trust you will excuse my trespassing upon your time, by the recital of a few circumstances in confirmation of this blessed truth.

A year ago last fall, the condition of my children, as exposed to be taken out of the world without a change of heart, pressed with painful weight upon my feelings.

With an aching heart I went to the throne of grace, and also besought my Christian friends, especially my dear Mrs. S., whom you mention in your letter, to aid me by their prayers.

I have since been led to apply this passage of the holy scriptures, "While they are yet speaking, I will hear."

A most remarkable spirit of prayer soon pervaded (I believe simultaneously) almost every young member of my family, consisting of nine or ten persons, between the ages of sixteen and seven.

We were, at this time, at our summer residence in the country, three miles from the city.

A *haystack* was the *temple* whither the boys resorted—and by their earnest importunity I was often present, and a witness to their fervent, solemn supplications.

My daughter of sixteen, and her cousin of the same age, were, in the course of a few weeks after our return to town, added to the Presbyterian church; and they still feel that Christ's "yoke is easy, and his burden light."

My eldest son, then ten years old, established a little boys' prayer meeting, which he continued without intermission for more than six months. One Saturday afternoon, the boys were later than usual in collecting. I said to him, suppose they do not come? "We will have a little meeting then, by ourselves," he replied, meaning himself and three younger brothers. "Christ hath said, 'where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I

in the midst of them.' I think if they *do* come, I will say something to them against getting discouraged, *I am afraid they will get discouraged.*" Soon after this conversation, however, the expected boys came.

I have been led, my dear Mrs. Whittelsey, to reflect how desirable it is that such impressions should be nurtured, and matured, not only in the family, and in the school, but in the *house of God.* These young hearts, I doubt not, have been touched by the Holy Spirit. They go to church,—sit under the preaching of the profound and eloquent Dr. ———, but (excepting the eldest boy, now twelve, and who has recently attempted to take notes from the sermons,) the discourses are unintelligible, and the necessity of *sitting* still, and at the same time of *keeping awake*, makes the worship of God not a "delight," as it should be, but a *weariness.*

My little boy of eight years said to me this winter, "Ma, Mr. K. talked to us so good at the Sunday School, he made us cry. I wish we had a minister who would talk to us so that we could *understand.*" I replied—in some cities they have ministers for the purpose of preaching to children by themselves, and they speak so that they can understand all they say. "O I wish, we had such a minister here," said he. I told him he must pray God to send such a one.

He frequently tells me, "Ma, I pray God to send a *children's minister*, and for the *millenium to come*, as *regularly as I pray.*"

For the Mother's Magazine.

A HYMN:

Composed for Maternal Associations, whose meetings will be held on the last Thursday of February, the day set apart for special prayer in behalf of Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries of learning.*

Wake Mothers in Israel! O hasten to plead
For the spirit of grace to descend;
The word has gone forth, and the faithful have need
Of your prayers, the great cause to defend.

Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven
From hearts all united in one;
That wisdom and grace to our youth may be given,
And strength for the race they must run.

O'er the green hills of science, O Spirit, preside
And send down thy heavenly showers;
Let holiest dews on those tendrils abide,
And moisten the germs and the flow'rs.

Pour salt in these fountains, shed light in these halls,
Bid Shiloh's pure waters arise;
Till the tide of salvation surrounding these walls,
Rolls high in the breezes of prayer.

From the youth of our country shall armies arise
The gospel of peace to proclaim,
O'er the lands and the seas, the glad message that flies,
Shall re-echo Immanuel's name.

Wake, Mothers in Israel, O wrestle and pray,
While incense is wafted on high;
For the hands that in faith are uplifted to day,
Shall prevail with the realms of the sky.

MONICA.

* This article was not received in season for February Number. It is now inserted in the Magazine, in the belief that it will be appropriate to other seasons.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE:

FOR JUNE, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine

MY MOTHER.

A child of prayer, he knew a mother's worth;
Knew well the silken cords she round him flung,
To hold him back from crime, and wo, and death.

The extent of female influence, and its worth when exerted in the cause of God, cannot be easily described by an ordinary mind, nor fully known till the mighty host of mothers, with their train of redeemed descendants shall be seen happily arranged about the marriage supper of the Lamb. It sometimes generates an impulse that is not spent for ages, that produces its mightiest effects at the remove of many generations from its origin. How much the pious Sarah, and after her, Rebecca and Rachel, might contribute to the high distinction of their offspring, and the building up of the throne of David, which stood till Shiloh came, it will be curious to inquire out in heaven; and how many other families and kingdoms may have prospered long, as the result of female influence, that great day may tell.

To this very influence, for aught we know, is to be attributed that expanded benevolence which is now operating the redemption of the world. As woman at the first achieved its ruin, she may have been destined to be the instrument of its recovery. When her influence is put forth, we know by innumerable facts, that it can work mightily, even beyond what we conceived.

It would be instructing to know how she acquires that influence, and why its durability and might? Let me say here, that nature has furnished her with a soft and mild address. She can win upon the hearts around her by a kind of stealth secreted in her very voice. Her tones and accents have been generated in seclusion, and have not been rendered harsh by the gratings and discords of coarse commercial life. Hence her mere whisper carries her meaning to the mind; and her emotions to the heart. There is a charm in her language that is irresistible, and she steals upon the mind, like the soft breeze of summer upon the external world.

Her countenance too, can be lighted up to a graciousness peculiar to her sex. When she pours her soul into her face, and spreads her emotions over

her features, it can through their flexibility, be better seen, than when man would make his face legible. Her look disarms rebuke and wrath and contradiction. The logic that could answer her reasonings, cannot resist her smiles, cannot argue down her loveliness. She enforces her argument by her kindness. There is a string about the heart which she touches, and it yields, because it has no power to resist.

This may partially be the result of that seclusion from the noise and tumult of the out-door world, peculiar to her circumstances, and which exempts her from the passions which the other sex are tempted to indulge. She makes her approach in silence and man listens because he would not be rude. She commands him like the judge, whose sedateness and impartiality give weight to his nod, and importance to his softest whisper. She can look through the case and then decide, while had she been herself in the whirlwind of the passions, she would be rough in her address, and overbearing in her manners. She of course disarms the passions by the mild and gentle influence of her temper, and thus accumulates moral power.

Moreover she can select her own time to assail the hearts about her. She need waste no time in stemming the torrent of the passions, but may wait till they are still: can choose the *Tempora mollia fandi*, the mild moment of address. An appropriate kindness will disarm the spirit she would control, and give her a safe approach and an easy victory. Aware that she achieves nothing in the edge of battle, she exerts her kind control in the camp and the cabinet. Her victories are sure and bloodless, or if otherwise, her retreat calm and deliberate.

And besides all this, in her efforts at acquiring influence, her physical weakness contributes to her moral power. It must be a savage that would wound a creature who has no weapons, either of annoyance or of defence. There is nothing in woman, unless her nature has been perverted, that savors of the mighty and the terrible; hence in the only conflict in which she may exercise her prowess, man gives her every possible advantage, and she yields to conquer, and the vanquished is glad of the defeat. When she has acquired influence, it is durable; and this because of the very means by which it is won. The old proverb, *Nothing violent is lasting*, has its origin in fact. The tempest quickly expends itself, while the breezes of summer may blow from the same point weeks together. Revolutions in states and empires, are durable, only when achieved by the gradual revolutions of public sentiment. Estates stay longer with the proprietors, when gradually accumulated. Woman in acquiring influence, undermines the passions, that would wrest it again from her hands. The subjugated are admitted to her warmest fellowship, she pours no contempt upon the mind she conquers, prompting it to cast off her yoke. She secures her victories by acquiring them no faster than her power grows; no faster than she can hold them. Moreover she has more patience and is more persevering in her efforts than man, and can again and again, as often as need be, assail successfully the same mind, over which she once extended her conquests. Thus her untiring character, associated with her mildness, renders her influence abiding. It will even outlast life itself, and may be propagated through many generations.

Let us now inquire what that influence can do? When its character is bad it desolates a world. It was early tried in Eden. The woman seduced the man; "she took, she ate, earth felt the wound," &c. Thus a world was ruined. How disastrous the influence of Jezebel. It first destroyed her power, and stayed not till it overthrew the kingdom, and still in her, impious Athaliah contributed to send Judah into a dark and long captivity. When we read of her son, that "His mother became his counsellor to do wickedly," we augur evil to his empire, and the history of many other kingdoms tell the same story. Mary queen of Scots, and Mary of England put forth a mighty influence to ruin the kingdoms they governed, and the history of France will tell. Infidelity may stand foremost in claiming the honor of achieving her bloody and memorable revolution, but it must not be forgotten that her females had become infidels, and pushed on that nation to misery as no other influence would have done. When some of her most polished women seized with their teeth the mangled bodies of those who had fallen a prey to the popular fury, that single act told to a listening world the disastrous story of perverted female influence. Her monarchs had been governed, each by his favorite female, and these had not only given law to the empire, but character to its female population, while infidelity, like a scintillation, electrive from the incumbent tempest, kindled the war and blew up the empire. And we could tell how other kingdoms have been devastated in like manner. It would be easy to trace from Herodias downward a disastrous track, like that in the rear of a tempest. In her butchery of John she read the world an appalling lecture on the very theme I discuss. When the historian would draw the character of any man, let his first sentence tell the character of his mother and his wife: I can "think the rest." More of evil, and more of good have resulted from female influence, than any human mind can compass. The royalty it can misdirect, it can direct; the kingdom it can overthrow, it can establish; for the family it can pluck up, it can build a sure house forever; and when *well* directed, can be as salutary, as when *ill*, disastrous.

D. A. C.

To be continued.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY;

OR,

THE GUILT OF IGNORANCE.

It is indeed a humiliating fact, that comparatively few mothers are acquainted with the reasons by which the Christian religion is proved to be from heaven. To examine the evidences of Christianity is too generally supposed to be the peculiar work of ministers of the gospel. To them it has been cheerfully and almost exclusively committed by the vast majority of Christians and especially of mothers whose time, they affirm, is occupied

with other necessary cares and responsibilities. It is in this way that mothers too often deceive themselves. Can any other duty be more important? Does it accord with the relation mothers sustain to their children, and with the important bearing their instructions will have on the future faith and destiny of their immortal offspring? This may be decided by weighing the reasons why mothers should be familiar with the evidences of Christianity. In compliance with your request, dear Madam, I will state some of these reasons for the prayerful consideration of mothers.

1. Mothers are unquestionably included in the command, "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." The answer which you are required to "be ready always to give," may be given in two ways. First, by relating your own experience of the power of the gospel, or assigning reasons why you believe that you are born again. These may be perfectly satisfactory to yourself, but they will not meet the inquiries of an unbeliever. He demands reasons why you are willing to yield unlimited confidence in the Bible. You must therefore resort to another method of giving an answer. You must state the *reasons of your faith*. If you cannot do this, you leave the impression on his mind that you believe without evidence, and without reason. You will do immense injury to the cause of Christianity. But how can you obey this command if you have not enlightened your own mind?

2. You will never discharge your duty to your children until you give them sufficient reasons for believing the Bible is divinely inspired.

I say *sufficient*, because you may *quiet* the child *for a moment*, when he asks, "mother, how do you know the Bible is the word of God." But as the mind *advances in knowledge*, if the reasons have not been sufficient to put down the inquiring spirit of unbelief, the child will begin to breathe out the sentiments of infidelity. The mind demands evidence in support of any proposition, before it will voluntarily give its assent to it. This demand will be strong and impressive where *immortal* interests are suspended.

In addition to this, every mother should remember that her child is naturally inclined to infidelity. He will also be furnished with facilities, and strongly incited by temptations in his future course, to walk in the regions of unbelief. It may now be within your power to throw around him a panoply that shall shield his heart against the fiery darts of infidelity. Who will do this if you do not? And how will you be able to do it, if you are ignorant yourself of those reasons that demonstrate the Bible to be the word of God. If you do not possess your own mind with them, so as to meet the rising spirit of infidelity in the heart of your child, can you be guiltless? Is it more important to instruct him in the fashion and etiquette of the day, or even in the natural and highly useful sciences than to supply him with arguments against those wiles of earth and hell that jeopardize his dearest, his eternal interests?

3. Mothers should be urged to an acquaintance with the evidences of Christianity, by the mental sufferings of their converted children in seasons of temptation, who have not studied these evidences.

The enemy has come upon them in an evil hour, and poured a torrent

of infidelity into the mind that has well nigh overwhelmed them. Even missionaries of the cross, on their way to the heathen, have been assailed by horrid doubts of the truth of Christianity, until their spirits and their faith were almost "clean gone forever." Then they regretted most sincerely their neglect to examine the evidences of religion for themselves. But had their mothers done their duty, had they furnished their minds with arguments, would they have been thus naked to the errors of infidelity? Far from it; they would have had an armory whence they might have drawn their weapons of defence, and have foiled the adversary. But if Christians are thus exposed, what are the dangers of the impenitent! The state of many young men in this country, and especially in this city, tells you what their dangers are. They come here nominal believers in the Christian religion, and hear the arguments of infidels against it. They were ignorant of the arguments in favor of it, and the result is, they have been won over to the ranks of infidelity. They have abjured Christianity. This is not fiction. Many a mother's heart is wrung with anguish at these startling facts. *Their pious mothers might have saved them, but now,—Oh! shall I say, now it is too late!*

Your heart, Christian mother, may yet know such bitterness. Your child, when no more under your maternal eye, may fill his letters with infidel objections, and cavillings so deeply rooted in his heart, as to bid defiance to all your reasoning then, and to all your entreaties when far away on the stormy ocean, the fiercer storms of hell may rise, and his soul be ready to sink in the horrors of unbelief, because you had not filled his mind with arguments in defence of Christianity.

But I must close, and yet I cannot without adding, *the evidences of Christianity are so abundant, and can be so easily understood*, that every mother should be encouraged to study them without delay.

There is nothing mysterious in them; profound learning is not necessary to understand them. If you will read Paley's evidences of Christianity, or Wilson's or Keith's evidences from Prophecies, or other authors, or even some tracts on this subject, you will find strong reasons in proof of the Divine inspiration of the scriptures. You will be fully convinced they are not a "cunningly devised fable." You will be prepared with a heart of prayer to imprint the evidences of Christianity on the opening minds of your children, so that the arts and sophistry of infidels, and the power of the tempter will not be able to efface them. INVESTIGATOR.

New-York, March, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

VANITY AND PRIDE.

MY CHRISTIAN SISTERS.—I am the mother of a numerous family. In my efforts to train up my children for happiness and heaven, I meet with many obstacles; many which grow out of an increasing conformity, on the part of christian mothers, to the foolish and hurtful maxims and customs of this world,

I often compare my devious course to that of the weary mariner, who is struggling against wind and tide. The gifts of a munificent providence intrusted to us as *stewards*, for the benefit and happiness of mankind, we often appropriate to the sordid pleasures of sense and sin.

My sisters, I feel incompetent to spread out before you, the evils which I see and deplore; but perhaps my feeble attempt may provoke some abler pen to save our children, from the degrading and soul destroying vices of *vanity* and *pride.*

Our influence extends far beyond our domestic circles; our mutual example and co-operation, are therefore, of infinite importance to each other and to the community.

The perverted minds, the corrupted morals, the abandoned conduct of thousands, and tens of thousands, bear testimony to the truth that maternal example moulds the temper and character, in early childhood.

How often has a love of fashion, pride, and vanity, been engendered in the infant mind, by an exhibition of these traits in the daily example of a loved and imitated mother. By frequently analizing the nature of early impressions made upon the minds of our children, by our own conduct, we shall find a true illustration of the meaning of "inherited sins," not that the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and consequently the children's teeth are set on edge, but we have made them partakers of evil, by our example. Children often reflect, in mature life, the sins and vices, which characterised their parents, but which their parents had art and sophistry enough to conceal.

Mothers! have your infant daughters, never been witness to your extreme solicitude to appear in a fashionable and becoming costume? Have they never stood by your side, and with an interested and discerning eye, beheld the operations of your toilet? Have they not often seen a larger portion of your morning occupied in the arrangement of your dress, than in the devotions of your closet? If so, which employment is considered by them, as the most important? The inference is plain; the infant mind unconsciously, yet certainly, forms a definite, and usually, a just conclusion.

Have your children never beheld you on the day consecrated to the duties of religion, devote many, very many, of those sacred hours, to the adorning your persons? It is a startling truth, that many Christian mothers, appropriate more time than usual, to their toilets on the sabbath; thus making God's own day, a day of exhibition, and his courts, the theatre of vanity and pride. And the children partake of their mother's unsanctified feeling, "walking and mincing," as they go to the house of prayer. Oh, christian mother! you realize not the extent of this evil. When age and experience shall have done for you, what grace in youth did not effect, and you contemplate with the sober eye of reason and religion, the vanity and worthlessness of external ornament and beauty, then, if your daughters turn a deaf ear to your remonstrances, and manifest a decided taste for the world and its fashions, then the agonizing reflection will lacerate your bosoms—"*It was my own example, that instilled into their infant hearts, this predisposition to vanity.*" It will be unavailing to tell our children that vanity is sinful and pride abominable in the sight of God, while our daily example contradicts our theory.

On the contrary, seek to adorn yourselves with that meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price; and whilst you inculcate in your children a scrupulous regard to *neatness*, let no part of your conduct foster, in the susceptible minds of our children, a disposition to personal vanity.

Could the amount of time which has been thus wasted in the life of many a Christian mother, be calculated; could the evils of such an appropriation of this precious season of probation, be developed and exhibited to your view, with all their extended and solemn consequences, how would it fill you with contrition, shame and remorse?

On the contrary, could you contemplate what might and probably would have been the blessed results, had the hours, days and years, thus wasted, been devoted to the service of God, the religious instruction of your children, the relief of the poor and afflicted, and the conversion of the world, could you behold yourselves before the throne, and the dear children God has given you, with a multitude of redeemed ones, through your and their instrumentality, as crowns of your rejoicing; could you follow all these down the ceaseless ages of eternity, would you not think less of the habiliments of fashion, and seek to clothe yourselves with righteousness as with a garment.

The Roman matrons, blind to the purity, sublimity and self denying precepts of the gospel, in their simplicity, and superior wisdom, shame us. In this enlightened age, this season of moral reform, let us who are mothers, and who, as such, "control the destinies of nations," awake to the dignity and importance of our stations. Let us banish from our bosoms that pride and frivolity which derogate from the true dignity of woman, and wipe from the female character that odium which a vain and scrupulous devotion to dress, has attached to it. Let female influence be founded on mental and moral qualities, rather than on external appearances which have often led the licentious to the indulgence of the most debasing passions and crimes.

Thousands of poor deluded females, may date their ruin from the period when the seeds of vanity were planted in their hearts by maternal example. Is there not abundant reason to fear that mistresses often pervert the minds of their female attendants, by their worldliness and vanity and pride. What vast sums of money have been wasted upon the decorations of the frail body, to an almost total neglect of mental cultivation, and household duties, and employments.

A conformity to the fashions and maxims of this world, too often creates in the mind a total want of love to God; "for to be carnally minded is death: she who liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

In broaching this subject, I appeal to your christian sympathies, for the discouragements of the christian minister, and the christian missionary. Oh that every christian mother and every female Sabbath school teacher would feel the importance of her own influence in helping to correct an evil both alarming and deplorable. Let us seek to "adorn ourselves with sobriety and shamefacedness in modest apparel, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls or costly array, but that which becometh women professing godliness.

Detroit, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

JUVENILE QUARRELS.

I presume a Christian mother, can scarcely be found, having two or more children of nearly the same age, who has never felt the need of wisdom and grace, that she may be directed in the adjustment of the little difficulties, which frequently arise in the nursery, with benefit both to the offender and the offended. How often do we see a mother oppressed, dejected, and apparently disheartened from farther exertion, in laboring to establish in her children, a self-denying and affectionate disposition. And why? From the fact, that in every successive scene of disagreement, she discovers an increasing obstinacy, and perhaps symptoms of alienation. Both want their own way, and each is unwilling to yield to the other. Now in cases such as these, what shall a mother do? shall she, when appealed to by one of the children for a redress of its grievances, with a stern look, and repulsive manner, toward the aggressor, enforce compliance by coercive measures? or shall she take this opportunity to urge upon both the duty of a mutual reconciliation, without her special interference? Perhaps, for instance, a little girl has taken away her brother's top, and refuses, at his request, to restore it. The mother without duly noticing the manner in which he asked, or rather demanded it, says, "Mary, give Charles his top." The child refuses; she says again, with increased impatience, "give Charles his top, or I'll *whip* you. Mary still persists in her refusal, when the mother, rising hastily, and giving the child a *blow*, says, "*there you naughty girl, give your brother his top, and learn to mind me when I speak.*" The child throws down the top, and runs away screaming violently. Perhaps the contest closes here, or it may be the mother whips her again for crying, and thus the contest continues for some length of time. Mary relinquished the top, because she was compelled to do so, but neither Mary nor Charles were impressed with a sense of their own sinfulness, or the value of meekness, gentleness and forbearance. The mother has not strengthened the principle of self-denial, in either of her children, nor encouraged the growth of that kind and obliging deportment, which she doubtless wishes them to possess, and to manifest toward each other. She has done nothing to implant in the breast of one, a sense of the happiness she might receive, in yielding to the wishes of her brother, or to enforce upon his mind the idea, that it would be praiseworthy in him, affectionately to urge his sister to a compliance with his request. Now had the mother, instead of using authority, resorted to a different mode of management, would she not have conferred an essential benefit on both her children, and materially lightened her own burden, by rendering her presence unnecessary on a succeeding, similar occasion. The question then, naturally arises, what better method could she have taken? Reference has already been made, in a preceding number of this work, to the efficacy of prayer, with children, at such times. In addition to this, I would say, we should teach our children to

reason with each other. Perhaps some will say, it is impossible to teach children to exercise reason at a very early age; but this is the very time, when these difficulties ought to be overcome. For the benefit of those who may doubt the practical result of such an effort, I will relate an incident, which occurred, in my own family. My oldest child, (a boy of little more than three years of age) returned from school one evening, exceedingly irritable and peevish. His little sister, (about a year and a half younger than himself, wanted him to join her in play, as usual; but he refused, and laid himself down upon the carpet, as if he would go to sleep. She was unwilling to play without him, and began at last, to pat him playfully on the face. This he could not bear, and calling to me, says, "Ma., Jane strikes me, please to call her away." This he repeated several times. I felt very unpleasantly, and hesitated whether to interfere, as she was only in play, or to wait the issue. It was not more than a minute, after he commenced crying, before he stopped suddenly, and wiping his face, says, "sister, don't strike me." She however kept on, and he, several times, very affectionately said, "dear little sister don't strike brother, it is very naughty." At last, raising himself from the carpet, and looking imploringly in her face, he said, "sister dont you know that it is very wicked to strike your little brother, and God will be angry with you; now I must go and pray that God would forgive you." He got up and went into the next room with his little sister, and I heard his voice in prayer. When he came out, he said, "I have prayed to God, to forgive my little sister," and then repeated the form of prayer which he used, which was very appropriate. During the whole transaction, I appeared not to notice any thing that was passing, and avoided making any comments, other than to express my approbation of his conduct. After this I noticed that the thing was repeated, so that I was sure that my efforts had not been in vain. Should any mother inquire how this had been effected, I would simply say, by seizing every opportunity to impress upon the minds of my children, a sense of the sin of indulging in any *unkind feelings*, and at the same time carrying them to the Throne of Grace, to ask forgiveness of him, against whom they had trespassed.

E. A. F.

We esteem it a privilege and a duty, to give the following communications, which have just come to hand, a place upon our pages. The consideration, that had we been favorably situated, these motherless babes were designed by their afflicted parent, to have been nurtured in our arms, lays us under special obligations to solicit for these orphans a place in the fervent prayers, affectionate sympathies, and christian benevolence of every mother who loves the cause of missions; and we do most earnestly, in the name and in behalf of the bereaved father, and sainted mother, commend these lambs to the fostering care, especially of every maternal association in our favored country.

Where is the christian mother, who, as she looks upon the children of her

love, not knowing the things that shall betide them, and breathes forth her prayer that her heavenly father would mete out all their changes for them, does not find her faith and hopes strengthened by contemplating the triumphs of faith and grace imparted to this dying missionary mother in India. Worn down as she was from fatigue, from labors and watching, exhausted and fainting under the power of disease, beneath that sultry clime, she withers and dies, as have most of her predecessors. As she casts her eye over the famishing condition of those pagan mothers, whom she has learned to love for Jesus' sake, and while Jordan's waves are already rolling by her side, all she asks for her dear ones is, that they may be nurtured and educated in the lap of piety, on her native soil, in due season to revisit the ashes of their parents and enter upon their unfinished labors.

Bombay, Jan. 11, 1834.

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Whittelsey,—As I am obliged in the providence of God to send my two dear little motherless daughters to be nurtured up in the bosom of the church at home, and having no relatives so situated as to afford them that maternal care, and the advantages for an education which they require, and having received a favorable impression of the advantages which those committed to your care, and connected with your ladies' school enjoy, from Brother and Sister S., I have been induced to address you on the subject of receiving them into your family, to be educated in your Seminary. If it should not be convenient for you to receive them into your family, perhaps you can do me the favor of obtaining board for them in some pious family, where they could receive the watch, instructions, and prayers of a pious and discreet matron. The decided christian influence, my dear children will enjoy, as I apprehend, in your family, and under the care of the maternal society in Utica, as well as the superior advantages for a thorough literary education, makes me particularly desirous to have them with you.

My dear departed wife had not the pleasure of perusing and acknowledging your kind letter, addressed to her and Miss Farrar. Had she, the spirits and sentiments it breathed would have been reciprocated by her. But ere it arrived, her happy spirit had taken its transit to glory.

The bereavement which myself and dear motherless children have to sustain in this event, is severe and irreparable; but I have the heart-consoling assurance, that what is *our loss is her unspeakable gain.* Yes, and it will be our gain too, if rightly improved. On her dying bed she was anxious to have the dear children sent away from this heathen clime, unpropitious alike to the body, the mind, and the moral feelings, by the earliest opportunity; but she said she did not know to whose kind care to recommend their being sent. It was her heart's desire and prayer to God, as it is mine, that they may be qualified by education and grace, and return to this pagan clime, in the character of missionary laborers, to aid in raising these poor, degraded, Hindoo females from their degradation and woes, to a participation of the blessedness which the gospel confers on woman. In order for this, a thorough,

liberal and decided Christian education will be requisite: for the work of enlightening and evangelizing Hindoo females, requires the labor of the *mind* and of the *heart*.

I feel it to be of vast importance that they should be placed as soon as practicable where they can receive instruction, and form good habits. You will not find them, I trust, uninteresting and dull scholars, nor obstinate and disobedient girls; at least I think I may safely say so, unless their minds and moral feelings undergo a great change after they leave me. Their names are Elizabeth Waldo and Atossa Frost Stone. The eldest was six years of age, last October 26th, born at Calcutta;—the youngest four years in April last. They read fluently, can repeat several catechisms, and hymns, and portions of scripture, sing Mahratta hymns very sweetly, and European tunes decently. But they will I fear lose much on the passage as they have no Christian friend to attend them.

It is very trying to my feelings, I can assure you, to send two such little lovely daughters, in whose sweet and smiling countenances we see the lovely image of her whom we mutually mourn, away from my sight and paternal care, especially under existing circumstances. They go unattended by any female, entirely under the charge of Captain Josiah Spalding. But from the short acquaintance Messrs. Ramsey and Read have had with him, I feel a confidence that he will do all a man, in his circumstances, can do for their comfort on the voyage. Gladly would I be persuaded by the entreaties and tears, and heart-throbbing sighs of my dear children, and the advice of my valued European Christian friends, to accompany them to America, could I feel it my duty to suspend, for a year, the great work in which I am engaged. But I cannot. Why should the work stop? I send my darlings to the American churches and charge them to train up these motherless children, children of the covenant—of baptismal vows, and many prayers—prayers of a mother now in heaven—of a father in Pagan India—one serving Christ in the upper sanctuary—the other in building up his spiritual temple on earth. I commend them to the sympathies—the prayers, and nurture of the church—and to the grace and protection of Him who is the Head of the church.

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In great haste I am
My dear Mr. and Mrs. Whittelsey,
Yours in the hope of the Gospel.
CYRUS STONE.

LETTER FROM MISS FARRAR.

Bombay, Jan. 8th 1834.

My dear Mrs. Whittlesey.—I cannot tell you with what emotions, and under what circumstances I take up my pen to thank you for your most valuable and highly interesting communication.

The dear sister, the secretary of our maternal association, whose name you joined with mine in your address, has ceased from her labours, and entered her eternal rest. We had long lived, labored, and prayed together; and her removal, in some respects, brought to my hands new duties and new cares, but which, in all probability, will end in a few days. Her two dear girls, take passage for America in the Henry Clay, Captain Spaulding, and their departure is at hand. May a mother's prayers, and a father's tears, be answered in rich blessings of heavenly grace upon these dear lambs.

Saturday evening, is the season observed by us and the sisters of the maternal association at Ceylon to pray for each other, and especially for the children of these associations. God has graciously heard and answered the prayers of our sisters at Ceylon, in the hopeful conversion of several of their children. We too can speak of mercies. Two young females, whose names were entered on the list with the children of the mission, have made a public profession of their faith in Christ; one, while under the tuition of Mrs. Allen, the other, we trust, is a chosen diamond for the crown of our dear departed Mrs. Stone. We bless God for these tokens of his favor, and pray he would increase our faith a hundred fold.

Truly, my dear Mrs. Whittlesey, the Lord has dealt with you and yours, in a most wonderful manner. Great has been the grace bestowed, but not greater than his power and his promises. He has not left himself without a witness in these latter days, that he is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God; and I would exclaim with my whole soul, *Christian Mothers* approach *near* your Lord, and as it were "lay hold upon the skirts of his garments," in supplication for the conversion of your dear children, that heralds of the cross may be multiplied equal to the demands of a dying world. Look toward India: behold the heathen mother "in her blindness," approach a stock, or stone, if she desires a blessing for the offspring of her vows. Behold her nurturing them in all that cunning deceit, if not in all the grosser vices which human depravity can suggest, or is heir to. See them growing up mendicants, or devotees, stalking about the streets with fiend-like visage—and her daughters, perhaps, married to idols: one of this class is now sitting on the floor by my side busily at work; and would that I could say, "in her right mind." Forget not the offspring of Christian mothers in this heathen land, surrounded, as with their native air, by those soul-destroying influences, which but for the grace of God, would drown them in eternal ruin, when not cloistered in the nursery under the maternal eye.

Well might dear Mrs. Stone weep to speak of motherless children in India, and with her dying breath, desire they might be sent to her native land by the earliest opportunity. And should Providence place them within the sphere of your influence and control, I could not feel better satisfied.

But I must drop my pen, and beg you to excuse me for writing as I have in the midst of cares and interruptions. You have put me in possession of a treasure which I trust will do good in this place.

I shall bear in mind the objects of your communication to me, and will endeavour to discharge the obligation as soon as practicable. I thank you for your remembrance of me in your prayers. May we be co-workers with

Christ, and be accepted of God as instruments in bringing many souls to glory.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Whittlesey,

Yours in Christian bonds,

Cynthia Farrar.

For the Mother's Magazine.

WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY?

You inquire solicitously, my dear E. what you can do for your country? You, who are surrounded by little beings, to satisfy whose wants, all your time and thoughts are demanded. I answer, what can you not do, with such materials in your hands?

Suppose you rear six immortal beings for usefulness and happiness, what an amount of good will you have done; good, the thoughts of which will dilate your heart through eternity; while you see the happy and accumulating results of the systematic efforts of a few short years.

If you would live to some good purpose, and "train up your children in the way they should go," you must clearly apprehend, and keep in view, the several relations they are to sustain, the comparative importance of these relations, and the course of physical, mental, and moral discipline, which will be most likely to insure success, in a course of preparation for them. Teach your children, and *act* as if you believe it too, that they are not their own; and have no right to follow their selfish tendencies. And if they are not their own, to whom do they belong? No relation can be paramount to that which binds the creature to its Creator. Nothing can supercede his claims who is at once their Creator, preserver, and benefactor. Your greatest solicitude, then, should be to see your children deeply impressed with their obligations to God. But do not expect they will feel these obligations till they have learned the nature of them. Tell your children that God has given them faculties which may be abused, and their noble end be thus frustrated; and that they are bound to use them appropriately. That they must not for a moment admit that, because the *use* of their faculties is delegated to them, they may therefore do with them as they list. Their faculties, *given in trust*, if not used agreeably to the intention of the bestower, must fail of the end of their bestowment.

The nature of God's claims on your children, being clearly unfolded, the way will be prepared for their perceiving the basis on which their country's claim is founded. The laws of the land are designed to afford protection and security to all who come within their cognizance—and thus a claim for patriotism is constituted; which lays under obligation every individual, coming within the jurisdiction of law, to be a wholesome subject; and that, not by passive obedience merely. Inculcate the necessity of giving "honor to

whom honor is due," carefully preserving the *office* from the contamination which may be supposed to have been communicated to it by the unworthy conduct of the holder of it. As the governed and protected are in turn to rise to be dispensers of government: let your lessons of patriotism be such as shall awaken the noble, the generous, the magnanimous sentiments; and the claim of the public be thus substantiated. Where is the child whose spirit is not roused within him, when he is made to see that important consequences will result from his actions? And what child is so debased as not to shrink from mean and base conduct, if he is made to believe that a train of consequences will follow from it, which will involve not himself alone, but also a circle of beings, from whom he cannot disengage himself if he would?

The example of the wise and good will be a powerful auxiliary in aid of your cause. Familiarity with the early history of our country, as affording striking illustrations of that spirit of expansive philanthropy which you would inculcate; and as exhibiting the means by which the rich blessings we enjoy, were procured, will show the value of the legacy bequeathed to us by our venerated ancestors; and powerfully impel to the exercise of the generous affections.

But the enlarged benevolence, which is the ground work of your system, is to grow out of small beginnings. It is all to be acquired; you have nothing to build upon, but something to implant. And the good seed must be sown with care, and watered, (and watched, lest an enemy uproot it,) ere there will be the deep-striking of roots, which give nourishment and vigor to the overshadowing tree. The claims of the parent, the brother, the sister, are the first that can be understood by your children. This is the community in which may be commenced the cultivation of those affections and the establishment of those principles, whose results will be felt in society at large, and fully unfolded only in eternity. By the easily-apprehended nature of parental authority, the nature of all law may in time be understood. And by the rights of fraternity, the social compact, may be learned the great moral relations, which constitute of all people and tongues, one community cemented by love in one in Jesus Christ.

Finally, let your children feel that *all laws*, from the high commands of Jehovah, down to the most insignificant rule of your household are to be obeyed: that the *rights of all*, from the highest officer of the national government, down to the humblest animal that creeps on the earth, are to be respected. Thus let the spirit of benevolence pervade all the relations of life, and the most distant approach to vice be discountenanced; and the broad principles of truth, integrity, and virtue, laid strong and deep, will unfold themselves in a thorough consistent course of conduct: and the bright example of your children, increasing in luster, as its rays are concentrated in the progress of years, shall bless with its hallowed influence, all who shall be attracted by its bright radiance. And *thus you may bless your country*, and the world, and cause joy in the presence of the angels, through many generations.

A.

April 1, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE DECISION.

My dear Louisa,—Were I for a moment disposed to shrink from the task you have assigned me, the memory of your beloved mother, the duty I owe you as her child, the lively interest I have ever felt in your welfare and happiness, and the danger to which I now see you exposed, would conspire to overcome every feeling of reluctance to advise in a case so important—so momentous—when one step may involve you in misery for life!

My maxim has ever been—'never, under any circumstances, encourage the addresses of one whose purity of principle admits of a doubt:—and observation for years, has fully satisfied me that there is no safety in any other course.

Independent of the loss of that high tone of moral feeling—of all that is excellent, refined, and noble, which must result from habitual profligacy, motives of merely a prudential nature, should leave not a moment's hesitation what course to pursue; for, however kind and affectionate a husband may be, the bare suspicion of infidelity to his plighted faith, would at once destroy that confidence and respect, that charm which binds in virtue's bonds congenial minds;—harrowing suspicion and corroding jealousy, must wither the heart, when it enters; but let suspicion become certainty, and the creations of jealousy, realities, and what must be the condition!—I cannot possibly conceive, in this life, a state more wretched!—and that condition must be endured without the possibility of relief, or the privilege of complaint; and besides, what security have you in the affections, when once that holy principle, which was implanted in the heart for the wisest purpose, is destroyed;—is such a heart capable of love? *I*, for one do not believe it—for what is love, but a most exalted esteem and regard, founded on virtue,—ardent, pure, passionless;—an affection of the heart, which enobles the mind, elevates the soul, and leads it nearer to heaven.

You ask "is there any hope of a reform?" I answer unhesitatingly, none, save in the grace of God. I look upon a *Youth* who is prone to dissipation, who has probably been drawn into the vortex by improper associates, with painful regret, and commiseration, mingled with a feeling of horror at his strange infatuation—at his impending ruin. And while I lament his delusion, a hope, however forlorn it may be, arises, that he may still be arrested in his course, may yet return to the path of rectitude; but when a man of mature age, coolly and deliberately pursues such a course,—when he virtually declares to the world that he "fears not God, nor regards man," what, I ask, are we to expect; and even allowing the possibility that he may reform, could you, my dear girl, love a heart which is not the seat of every virtuous affection? surely not,—unless your affections have been drawn forth, and rivetted too firmly to allow you to withdraw them. Should this be the case, I am well aware that a powerful effort will be required to overcome it. Therefore examine yourself carefully,—deliberate, consider how far your

feelings should actuate you in the decision, how far the responsibility, especially when you consider that probably, not alone with yourself, will the importance of such a decision rest,—weigh the subject well, and decide for yourself that your decision once formed, may be firm and unwavering; and not a cloud of regret ever shade the future.

Remember that you are acting for time, for eternity!—for who can say how extensive may be the influence of such a decision. I am well aware that there are those who may advise with a view only to future aggrandizement; but beware! could you draw aside the veil with which magnificence has decorated its victim, how many hearts could testify that there *is*, in this world, *much splendid misery!*

And after all, my dear friend, I do assure you most seriously, that it is hazardous for a lady, particularly a christian, to select, as her companion for life, a man of the world. I was myself early led to a serious consideration of this subject, in consequence of a similar application; and the result was a *firm decision never to marry a man who was not a christian*, and I have ever found reason to bless God for thus directing my course.

New-York, May, 1834.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

"Christian Parents, do you ever walk with your Children, and observe them disposed to notice the earth, when it teems with fragrance and is covered with beauty? Indulge them in such remarks; admire, with them, the works and wonders of your common Creator; and having so indulged them, you can easily discover to them that you derive your main enjoyment, from a filial confidence in Him who made them all.

"The productions of his hand are ever the same, and, to the present moment,—

"Still all are under one. One Spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavor, or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please."

Cowper.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE:

FOR JULY, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

Mrs. W.—If you approve of the sentiments of the following communication, please to insert it in your magazine, as it may in some degree contribute to aid the object which your widely extended work is designed to promote.

Yours truly—

TO MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL OF EVERY DENOMINATION.

Dear Brethren.—Professedly consecrated, as we are, to the ministry of reconciliation, it is a question of deep interest with us, how can we best subserve the cause of Christ, in securing the salvation of men? While the ministration of the word and ordinances of God is to hold the first place, there are subordinate auxiliaries, which may greatly facilitate our usefulness and success in this; the neglect of which not only impairs but sometimes almost destroys our influence.

One of the first and most efficient of these auxiliaries, when rightly directed, *is the relation of domestic life.*

No one of us can be ignorant, how habits of thought and feeling are formed; indeed the whole character of life is determined by this relation. Yet we may not fully perceive how far our success in preaching the Gospel depends upon the regulation of private families. If the young class of our congregations are well disciplined here; taught filial obedience and respect; reverence for God and religion, and have their minds enlightened in the knowledge of the gospel, we anticipate, almost with confidence, their early conversion to Christ. But if we find here a want of parental authority; neglect of truth and religious instruction, and few salutary restraints, our ministry will be almost entirely lost upon them. The subject of family discipline is one which stands intimately connected with the great object of the ministry, and I doubt not that owing to neglect of this, our influence and usefulness have been very much abridged; and that parents have been denied one of the most powerful means of assistance in educating their families.

In this department of domestic Education, a large share of the responsibility and duties rest upon the mother of the family: and it is often, that her defects of government arise not so much from indisposition to do her duty, as from want of information as to the best manner of performing it. Where the general principles of family government and domestic discipline are not understood, the diversity of character and ever changing circumstances there arising, will present difficulties, which few mothers will be able to surmount. So far then, as we can aid in establishing these *general principles*, we shall act directly upon domestic happiness, and as far as human instrumentality is concerned, prepare the young for a profitable reception of the word of God.

As there is no human power so durable and so valuable as well directed *maternal influence*, no part of our labors, can be more important, than calling forth and directing this influence: making mothers to feel their privileges and responsibilities, and leading them so to cultivate the minds and hearts of their children, and so to restrain and govern them, as that they may be prepared, when the truths of the gospel are brought to bear upon them, to yield to its teachings and its restraints.

For this purpose, we should study to impart the best instruction to mothers, and watch with deep anxiety the manner in which they govern their children; and as far as circumstances will allow, it is desirable that uniformity of instruction and discipline should be secured, throughout the families of our congregations.

How can the above important ends be most effectually secured?

To enter each house and endeavor to inculcate the leading principles of parental instruction and domestic discipline, with the least hope of success, would require time and labor beyond what any minister can secure and perform. The ordinary services of the sabbath afford not sufficient opportunities for this purpose. How can these objects be secured? I answer, the surest method is, through the influence of MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS. The character of these associations; the objects for which they are formed; the circumstances under which they meet, with the many affecting associations connected with them, are all calculated to have a most salutary influence on the minds and hearts of mothers. We know how ministerial associations encourage our hearts and stimulate us in the discharge of our duties, and how the interchange of professional sympathies endear us to each other. What then must be the effect of maternal associations on mothers themselves?

In these associations we may have the most favorable opportunity to present valuable systems of family instruction and discipline. Here we may touch those tender and delicate cords of maternal sensibility, which from the power of association and sympathy, will be easily affected, and which will contribute to secure conviction of duty and stimulate to effort in its performance. No where on earth, can we be placed, with such hope of being kindly heard and successful, as in an assemblage of *mothers;* especially of those who are young and just entering on the solemn duties of family government.

Here we may easily interest the feelings of mothers for each other, and thus bind, in the strongest bonds of affection, the most important class of our

congregations. They will sympathise with each other and pray for each other: having so many common interests, they will, under such affecting influence, become more than Christian friends. Not only so; but these associated mothers, so like a band of sisters, will become deeply interested in each others families, and kindly extend to the children of their sick and infirm associates, that counsel and care of which they are deprived: and when a *mother dies*, her offspring, bound to the affections of those who survive, from being so often brought to the circle and association for instruction and prayer, will be remembered, watched over and prayed for, with interest and sympathies increased by the very fact of their orphanage.

These *associations* will aid us in securing uniformity of domestic education and moral culture, and thus render the arduous, and as often doubtful, subjects of discipline more clear and easy. Their children will more readily yield to those restraints, which they know are imposed alike on others, and be stimulated to gain that knowledge in which they know that others are instructed.

These associations will also cultivate a taste for reading and instruction on this important subject, and on various others which are kindred to it; thus we may elevate the intellectual and moral character of mothers, while we increase the happiness of their social and domestic relations; bind them more firmly to the institutions of religion, and at the same time redeem their children from those ruinous influences, which so often and so easily throw them beyond the reach of moral restraint and religious culture.

Having long seen the salutary influence of maternal associations, on mothers themselves, on their husbands, on the whole society in which they lived, and on the ministrations of the gospel, as well as on the children themselves, permit me to urge each one of my brethren in the ministry, to secure as speedily as possible the formation of a *maternal association* among the people of his charge, and to aid that association in securing the object of its existence. For this purpose, I would recommend the Constitution of the Utica Maternal Association and the Mother's Magazine, which is designed especially to aid in this important branch of Christian duty.

A MINISTER.

Note.—The Maternal Association of Utica, was one of the first of the kind which was formed in this country, and those who formed it were among the most intelligent, judicious, and pious mothers of this or any other land. For years it has continued to flourish. No check has at any time been given to its prosperity. Its original founders have most of them gone to their eternal rest. Its members have lived in the most disinterested Christian harmony, and a large proportion of their children have already become hopefully pious. To this association, the ministers of that city feel themselves much indebted for the facilities which it has afforded them in the discharge of their duty. And here originated the Mother's Magazine, which is now circulating through several thousand families in this country. The comparison and review of opinions and feelings, trials, and difficulties, failures and successes in family government and instruction, which have been considered in this association, have done much toward giving a uniform and salutary character to the maternal discipline of that enlightened and flourishing city. We therefore cheerfully recommend this association as a model for the formation of others throughout our country.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT HEAVEN.

Mothers, do talk frequently to your little children about *Heaven*. We, as well as they, need to be often reminded that the things of time are passing away. The pleasures, and the pursuits of life engross our time and attention, and draw away our thoughts from that holy and happy place, which is to be the permanent abode of the redeemed. Our children like young flowers are just springing into life. They have never experienced, as we have, the withering and blighting effects of disappointment and sorrow. They see not that vanity and vexation of spirit is written upon earthly enjoyments. The world appears to them,

> An Eden, formed to tempt the feet
> With chrystal streams and golden fruit;
> A paradise, where is not found
> A single weed, to blight the ground.

Every thing our children see and hear, is calculated to fix the impression indelibly upon their minds, that this beautiful world is to be their home forever: and almost no effort is made by parents to counteract the influence which the passing things of time and sense are exerting upon their young and susceptible minds.

What a favorable opportunity does the Sabbath afford, for diverting their thoughts from the objects and pursuits of life, and leading them away to the contemplation of those purer enjoyments, those more delightful and unfading objects of the heavenly world. If the Christian mother, instead of resigning her superior claims wholly to the sabbath school Teacher, or of making the Teacher's efforts an excuse for her own neglect, would spend a little time every sabbath, in explaining to her children the nature and design of this holy day, showing to them that it is emblematic of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, and in talking to them familiarly of his goodness,—the perfection of his law,—the excellency of his character,—what he is to us in Christ Jesus; if she would pursue this plan from sabbath to sabbath, and as often through the week as practicable, she would doubtless hear her children voluntarily talking with her and with each other upon these sublime themes. A few weeks ago I read to my little pupils the two last chapters of Revelation, and endeavored to interest their minds in that heavenly city described in those chapters. For about two weeks I presented this subject to their minds every morning. I soon discovered, from the animated expression of their countenances, that they were every day becoming more and more interested, nor did my own heart remain unaffected.

During these frequent conversations I taught them a number of hymns adapted to the subject, which we often sang together, in one of which they appeared to unite with elevation of soul; and particularly in these two following stanzas:—

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest;
When shall I see my Saviour's face,
And in his bosom rest.

Never before did I so fully realize the privilege and the duty of teaching children to sing. I believe that impressions were made upon the minds of these little ones, by these repeated and familiar conversations, and by singing these hymns, which will never be effaced. A few days since I called up the smallest class in my school to spell. One of the little boys stopped to ask, What kind of a city is Heaven? I told him that it was a very beautiful city. Do they have any streets there, Mrs. T. asked little James. O yes, said Charley, the streets are all paved with gold. "Don't they have any beds there," asked the little boy? No, I replied. "But what does God sleep upon?" I told him that God was not a man like his papa, that He never slumbered nor slept: if we get there we shall never want to lie down, for we never shall be tired or sleepy; there are no beds in Heaven. "Don't any but good people get there?" No—O, said Elizabeth to her little brother, James, "you must be a good boy, and you will get there: wont he, Mrs. T.?" Willy then asked if they did'nt have any thing to eat there. Why no, said Elizabeth, "They hunger no more, neither thirst any more." "But they have pictures there, dont they?" No, answered a little boy at the foot of the class, but they have golden harps and they play on them.

Does the sun always shine there, asked little Willy? No, exclaimed one of the little ones, don't you remember what Mrs. T. read to us about that in Revelation? They need no candle there, neither the light of the sun.—Then I should think it would be very dark there, said little William.—The Lord giveth them light, replied a little girl; the glory of God makes it all light: my mamma told me that a great while ago.

My little pupils said a great deal more about heaven, which, I need not say, expanded my heart with the most exalted joy.

Mothers, would you not like to banish from your nurseries all quarrels and disputes? Would you not wish to exchange the tones of anger and resentment in your children for those of sympathy and love? Would you not prefer that they should engage in rational and innocent conversations with their mother and each other rather than in those foolish and wicked jestings, which are sometimes tolerated even in Christian families? Then learn by sweet experience, how good and how lasting will be the impressions, which will inevitably result from such frequent and familiar interviews and conversations about heaven. T.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SUGGESTIONS TO BEREAVED MOTHERS.

The heart of the Christian, finds from its own rich experience, the profitableness of retracing, "as on a map the voyager his course," all the way in which his Heavenly Father has hitherto led him: the "still waters, and green pastures," to which he has been conducted, call upon him to render thanks for the great benefits he has received; while the darker dispensations of His hand, if rightly viewed as "blessings in disguise," will alike call for the tribute of gratitude and praise. The history of each passing day, will furnish new occasions for the exercise of these emotions, but there are some seasons, which appear peculiarly to point the spirit to the deepest self-examination in connexion with the past, to renewed resolutions in reference to the future, to direct communion with itself as in the presence of its Creator.

A *mother's* heart will at once awaken to the cause of these reflections, when she is told they are suggested by the return of the fourth anniversary of the death of a beloved, an only child; and to the many who have known "sorrow like unto my sorrow," would the writer address herself, with the hope, that as the weakest instruments, have sometimes received the fullest blessing, something may here be suggested, which shall render such days of peculiar recollection, days also of peculiar joy. They are seasons, which, with their return, usually awaken the deepest emotion, for that fountain of tenderness once unsealed in a mother's bosom, knows no cessation in its flow; the current may be changed in its course, may be turned from its earthly channel, and permitted, in much mercy, to mingle with that stream, which makes fairer the Paradise of God. When such is the effect, what parent will not exclaim, the "Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" But how shall we render these precious seasons profitable to our own souls—how shall they increase our efforts for the spiritual welfare of those who remain?

As accountable beings, every dispensation of Providence increases our responsibility; and surely the severing of one of the dearest of earthly ties, must draw us nearer to that Being, who, in mercy, dealt the blow, or banish us farther from His presence, and leave us in a state, almost beyond the reach of hope. Is it not profitable to recal, at this hour, every emotion as we watched the bed of death? It is almost like entering ourselves within the veil that separates time from eternity, to attend to this utmost verge, the departing spirit; to realize that one moment it was within our mortal vision, the next, disembodied in the presence of its Judge. Bereaved mother! is it a dying infant, whose brief existence had yet been long enough to engage your tenderest affections, that is now recalled to your memory? As you watched its conflict with the last enemy, did not a deeper sense of that sin which introduced death into our world fill your heart—did you not fervently pray that God

would receive your child unto Himself—and were you not forgetful of your own bereavement—filled only with grateful love to your blessed Savior, who so loved these little ones on earth, and now receives them into His own bosom in Heaven? One moment, a sufferer here—the next, a saint in glory! One moment, with a capacity so slightly unfolded as not to comprehend the simplest revealed truth—the next, with fuller knowledge of the wonders of redeeming love than the most exalted mind on earth has ever attained! When time has mitigated the first agony of separation, there is probably not a feeling of more unutterable tenderness, or, if sanctified, more heavenly in its influence, than that with which a mother reflects upon her departed child; the *Christian* mother should be joyful in the privilege of having been instrumental in adding one more spirit, to that innumerable throng, whose unceasing praises fill all Heaven with the wonders of redeeming love. But there are those who have occasion for a still deeper joy, who can tell of richer grace—those who have been permitted to watch the years of childhood, to guide the steps of youth, to rejoice in opening manhood, and just when the fruits of Christian effort, the answer to humble prayer began to appear, the plant must be removed to bear richer fruit in the garden of the Lord. Can you not realise it is in a more congenial atmosphere—that the soul is engaged in nobler employments in the service of its Redeemer in that upper temple, than it could ever have known while fettered and constrained by remaining corruption here below? Would you recal the freed spirit of your child? Oh! no! you might mourn as did the pious Richmond, who pressing the lifeless remains of his darling son to his bosom, burst into tears, then struggling with nature's anguish, exclaimed "my child is a saint in glory!"—praised be God for his mercy and loving-kindness, and so absorbed was this holy man in the contemplation of his child's entrance into Heaven, and its union with the spirits of the just made perfect, as to be entirely unconscious of the presence of his family around him. In our Bible may we read of David, the "man after God's own heart," who in the day of his sorrow went up to the house of the Lord, for there, in the holiness of the sanctuary was that "beauty" to be found, which the prophet was to give instead of "ashes" to those who mourned in Zion. "Immanuel is in the midst, who furnishes from the wardrobe of Heaven, the "garment of praise" for the "spirit of heaviness"—of the Shunamite also, who when the child of her old age was numbered with the dead, went forth to meet the ambassador of the Lord, and in reply to his inquiry—"is it well with the child?" answered "it is well!" Remembrances like these will render the return of such seasons profitable to our souls, we shall find ourselves strengthened in our faith, cheered in our hope, animated in our love, and constrained to acknowledge—

"'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that is to come!"

To be continued

INFANT SCHOOLS AT THE WEST.

It may not be uninteresting if we state to our readers a few facts in relation to an enterprize commenced about two years since, by Miss Eliza Chappel, in the establishmont of Infant Schools at the west.

While an Infant School teacher at Rochester, Miss C. was brought apparently to the very borders of the grave by *a consumption*, and feeling that she had done but little for the kingdom of Christ, she promised, if the Lord would raise her up, that she would devote all her future efforts for the upbuilding of his kingdom. To the astonishment of her friends, she soon began to amend. While still feeble, this delicate and unprotected young female, in the spirit of Paul, bent her lonely way, first to Mackinaw. There she established an Infant School. Her efforts were signally blessed. After nearly a year's experiment, by the advice of friends who had witnessed her operations, Miss C. visited Rochester and Utica for the purpose of awakening Christian females to provide funds and send out teachers, that schools might be multiplied throughout the valley of the west. Miss C. also visited the city of New-York, in order to learn more perfectly the Infant School system.

In about six months she returned to the field of her labors with assurances, from Christian females that they would help to sustain her, in her important and arduous enterprize. Miss Chappel's mode of operation has been to establish a school, and then leave it in the hands of a teacher, sent out for this purpose.

It is gratifying to state that several schools, commenced in this manner, are now in successful operation. Still the cry for more abundant and efficient aid, will be found in the subjoined Appeal. Should any Maternal Association wish to appropriate their funds in aid of this cause, by opening a correspondence with Mrs. Susan Selden, corresponding secretary of an Infant School society, recently established at Rochester, Monroe county, N. Y. they may obtain all the information requisite. Sisters! while we are praying and laboring for the conversion of our own beloved children, let us *remember*, that it is "he that watereth that shall himself be watered." Shall not our alms with our prayers go up before God?

There is now a delightful choice of objects, presented to the sympathies, prayers, and charities of Maternal associations, throughout our land,—*the support of Infant Schools at the West, and the education of the children of our beloved missionaries at the East.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

I write unto you, *mothers*, because under the guidance of the Holy Spirit you have begun a good work which I trust the Lord will carry on to a joyful consummation.

I write unto you, *American mothers!* because you know your exaltation in spiritual privileges. Great will be your fall if you lightly esteem or neglect such distinguishing mercies.

I write unto you, *Christian mothers!* because to you are committed the nurslings of the land, the rising hope of the church. I write unto you *mothers who weep for the desolations of Zion*, because those tears testify your readiness to work when the Lord designates the field—because those tears are preserved in a bottle with the "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints."

Many a mother in our American Israel has read with emotions of peculiar delight and admiration, this simple inscription, upon a plain monument—"Mary the mother of Washington." Probably there is not engraven upon marble or upon memory, a more expressive or enduring mother's epitaph, save her's of whom it was written "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." This inscription conveys the impression that the honor of Mary was derived from the fact that she had *such a son.* But is it not probable that the son attained that high eminence because his mother early instilled into his infant bosom principles of patriotism, virtue and piety, the Lord watering the seed and blessing her efforts. Was it not this early and secret influence, that enabled him to attain the greatest conquest ever achieved by man, the *conquest of himself*, which eventually made him the revered father of his country?—Could an admiring and grateful people have seen the previous steps taken by this mother, to fashion his character, they would hardly less honor the mother of such a son, than the son of *such a mother.*

You too Christian mothers, are training sons who are soon to stand upon the walls of Zion, and to fill the offices of state. America, this great nation, —the church of Christ and the world, are to receive an impress, from female influence.—But I write not to awaken you to faithfulness in your own family instructions, for, on this subject, you have had "line upon line." There is a wider field open to your influence.—Successful at home, you may now look abroad for foreign conquests. This field is the world. In sending Infant School missionaries to the western frontier, a few of your number have already happily and successfully entered this whitening field. Eternity alone can disclose the amount of good already done. If your benevolence and faith fail not, this good work begun I verily believe, is but as the dust of the balance, compared with the increase that is yet to follow.

This is a field admirably adapted to mothers. As every member of the body of Christ has its own office, it seems peculiarly appropriate to mothers who, like Anna, wait for the consolations of Israel, that they should take little children in their arms and carry them to Jesus, that he may lay his hands upon them and bless them.

In no other way can this be so effectually done, for the vast multitude of children that know not their right hand from their left, between the great Lake and the Great Gulf, and bordering the Great River of the west, as by planting Infant Schools wherever there are friends who will foster them.

Every thing in nature here is stamped with greatness—the hearts of those who plan, as well as of those who labor, must be great in benevolence and strong in faith. While the busy world are rushing heedlessly on to the far

west, eager in the pursuit of wealth, by which perhaps to destroy the souls of their own children, Christian fathers and brothers are endeavoring to plant churches and to furnish preachers and sabbath schools, mothers we trust are aiding by their prayers; but should they not have a field of their own?

This should be the establishment and support of Infant Schools.—You doubtless remember the dear spot in your father's garden, which you used to watch and cultivate with so much care in the days of your childhood, and how your eyes sparkled with joy as you beheld it supplied with fruits and flowers. As you drew the attention of some kind friend to the spot, you exclaimed: "This is my garden." Would you have kept or loved it so well if it had not been your own? The same principle will give additional interest to this moral garden if it is a field of your own cultivation.

If mothers who enjoy the distinguished privileges of the East, do not carry forward this work, we fear the day is far distant ere it will be accomplished. Unless the benefits of Infant Schools is demonstrated before their eyes, by actual experiment, like too many Christians who walk by faith, they will not be convinced. Like Thomas when they do see, they believe even with astonishment and admiration.—Will mothers of this age have the honor of sowing the seeds of virtue and piety in the hearts of thousands in the western valley, and receive the blessing of many ready to perish, or will they leave this work for others? We believe the Lord will accomplish it.

"Perhaps in these sequestered fields, reside
Some hearts now pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the helm of government may guide,
Or wake to ecstacy the sacred lyre."

Will you provide the means for training such sons and daughters for God? If not you may be addressed in language similar to that of Mordecai to Esther: "For if thou altogether hold thy peace, at this time *then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the* Jews *from another place*, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knowest whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

The advantages of Infant Schools are very great, as experiment has already shown on this frontier when taught and sustained, as has been the fact by persons of *glowing, living piety*, whose *hearts are wholly in the work*, who *believe* that God can and will convert children, and that Christ will keep all that are thus committed to him to the final day.

May the Lord ever preserve Infant Schools in this western valley from the deadening influence of any other teachers. Infant Schools take children at an early age, before they become hardened under the influence of vicious examples. Here too they are kept more constantly in contact with the truth. The sabbath school holds them only two hours each week. The rest is often spent wholly in play if not in idleness and sin.

At the close of the week it will be found that as little impression remains on the mind, as we can perceive traces of a stone cast upon a sheet of water six days before. The Infant School chains the mind of a child to thought and to religious truth for several hours, five or six days in succession. Im-

pressions made at this early period, ministered by the tears of a pious teacher, and sealed by the Spirit of God become woven into the texture of the soul, and are thus rendered permanent for life.

Another advantage arising from this institution is, that many children are brought into these juvenile schools and receive valuable instructions, who would otherwise never attend a sabbath school. Many parents at the west have deep rooted prejudices against the sabbath schools, often they know not why, who are delighted with its younger lovely sister, and who will do much to sustain the Infant Schools, and they see no objection at all to the Infant School teachers having a class on the Sabbath, and unhesitatingly send their children. This opens a way of great usefulness. Religion may thus be carried into families who would otherwise shut their doors against every approach of the gospel. Many who rarely visit the sanctuary, or what is still worse go where error is proclaimed, where they hear only smooth things, who reject the Savior, have in this unobtrusive way, the *truth* carried to their fire sides.

Who can calculate the blessings that might follow the conversion of a son or daughter in such families. A simple question from a darling child often sends conviction to the heart, when argument and eloquence would have failed.

One such star lighted up in a family circle may continue to shine, and increase in lustre till all shall have caught the sacred flame from the same sacred altar; and at last shine as the brightness of the firmament.

"They may rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A happy family in heaven!

Is there an American mother who does not covet the honor, nay the privilege of bearing a part in this blessed work? This field is now wide open to your cheerful contributions and to your believing prayers, and though you may never have a monument like that of the mother of Washington, you will have one more "durable than brass" in the hearts of many raised up by your efforts, to be made pillars in the temple of God, to shine in his kingdom as stars for ever and ever.

"Shall we desire the blessing and not ask for it—shall we ask for it, and not expect it—shall we expect it, and not receive it?

Your servant for JESUS' SAKE.

For the Mother's Magazine.

WHEREIN CONSISTS THE SECRET OF A MOTHER'S CONTROL OVER HER SON.

No. II.

MADAM.—In my former remarks on this subject, I summed up the whole I then chose to say in this,—*My mother controlled my conscience because her lips kept truth.* In the remarks I shall now make, I wish to reach a thought, which I would communicate by the term *ubiquity*. The mother, who would control the conscience of her son, can do nothing but as she takes in his es-

timation the plan of God, as it regards this point. She must render herself familiar with his *whole* history. She must know where he spends his mornings, his noons and evenings. Who are his associates? What is the character of the families he visits? Of their young men; *and their young women;* and their hired men; the history of their Sabbath days, of their evening sports, of their songs and their pastimes. She must see to it that he has no bad adviser in her own house, no song singer, no story teller, no purloiner, no thief. The depredations committed on a neighbor's fruit yard may end in highway robbery, and murder, and the gallows. A worthless hired man or servant may lead the way, and teach the doctrine that detection is all the danger and all the sin. To let the son spend one Sabbath day with one such unprincipled fellow may break her grapple of his conscience forever. The lewd girl that sews at her table or rectifies her chambers, may poison the principles of her son and lead him into the by-paths of death, and pierce his own soul with many sorrows. If she is pretty, let the mother be afraid, and if forward immediately purify her house *that same day without fail.* If she loves her son, or strives to see him, or be seen by him, the sin is there, death is there, hell is there. If the mother has some female acquaintance visiting her house, and her person be attractive, and her spirit sprightly, and her dress gay, and she loves to ramble, and is charmed with the beauties of evening, or the tints of the landscape, or the beauties of the starry heavens, only let the mother be omniscient and all is well. There may be no sin but a good taste; but she must know that there is a good conscience too.

The mother to begin and keep up the ubiquity I speak of, must be a *heaven at home.* She must love to have "her feet abide in her own house." This property ought to have marked her out at first to the father of her children. It may never wane with her years, nor be crippled with her age. Let home be the sweetest place in the creation of God to the mother, and she will draw her sons around her, and hold them there, and they would rather die than leave her. Then she must accumulate the books her son should read, and the minds he should yoke with his, and then display in herself the spirit he should wear and the temper he should exhibit.

And still she must look abroad, clinging to the threshhold of her house with the grasp of death, and must know what kind of influences sway her son as soon as he quits her presence. She can use other eyes beside her own. Mothers in Israel told my mother every step I trod, every track I took. I learned this after my mother's death. If I approached the ball room, or the card table, or the horse race, they kept her advised in time, and she forebade me to go, and then I would as soon die as go. It was then all over, and the temptation had no more charms. I must meet that mother to-morrow, and she would know how to question me, and I should be obliged to answer. It seemed to me sometimes that heaven told her all my history, and she never forgot my sins. She would remember some act of waywardness during many moons if I kept from her presence, and she had no opportunity to judge me. If the testimony was not full she knew how to secure a confession, and if not, she prayed for me, and turned me over to the judgment of the great day. The mothers in Israel that helped her watch me, often mingled their prayers

and tears with hers, and rapt me up to the heavens by the harmony of the song. I always loved to see them and to serve them, and would weep if they were sick. They and my mother were my best friends on earth. With them I loved to live, and with them I now hope, when I hope at all, to live forever. But they are gone, and I know not, if heaven allows any such ceremony, but they have been back to pitch their tents about the dormitories of my children. Peace to their ashes. But this extraneous supervision must have none of the noise, and the parade of the *gens d' armes*, but must operate with the softness and gentleness of the zephyr; and then heaven never sent any kindlier and holier influence.

And the mother must never let go her hold, come life, come death. How the mother of John Newton kept hold of the conscience of her son, after he had gone on a long tour of kidnapping to the bloody coast of Africa, and was so degraded as to see his black mistress deny him a morsel of meat, because his weakness after a horrid fever on the coast obliged him to drop the vessel that contained it. And that hold unbroken saved him. And the mother of Gardner kept her hold till she saw that son safely brought into the harbor of eternal rest. And a host of other mothers are associated about the Lamb with their sons, and are lifting the high song to him that loved them and washed them from their sins in his blood. And ascribe to him power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

To what other business should the mother let go of her son till she has saved him with fear, pulling him out of the fire? If he was perishing in the mad stream, and she had caught him by the skirt of his garment, she would hold on till life went out, and then would die with them. Go ye christian mothers and do likewise. When you cannot lift him out by one hold, take another, and another, and another, till his death has broken your hold, or the recording angel has whispered in your dying ear that your son is saved.

The sum of my advice to mothers is, Be very much at home, and yet make the tour of the world with your son. Be on his right hand and on his left. Stand before him when he sleeps. Know his whole history, and make him own that whoever may be his tempter or his friend, you are there to watch his movements till life goes out. And then, unless my hope fails me, and the promise fails, you will see that son in heaven, and sing with him redeeming grace forever.

Mothers in Israel, adieu till you hear from me at the end of another month, or we meet in the judgment. In the mean time, *keep hold of your sons.* They may be very hardened, and the original fault may be all yours, and still, though you cannot see it, a golden chain may fasten them to the very throne itself of God. And you may have to learn years after you have reached heaven, that your prayers and your faithful maternal watchfulness and care constituted a main hook or link in this golden chain. You may not then let this link be wanting and your son be lost. Else how can you meet that son in the judgment and see his soul lost, when on the part of God there was nothing wanting. A mother's fault destroyed her son! On her will be the stain of his blood! O! how a mother will look in the judgment with this blood upon her.

D. A. C.

A MOTHER'S SON.

For the Mother's Magazine.

FEED MY LAMBS.

It is prophecied, that the "child shall be a hundred years old in piety,—and Christ possess "the dew of the youth." Are parents acting up to the high responsibilities which these and similar promises involve?

We fear there is one very important defect in educating children. They are taught that when they become men and women, they must consecrate all their talents and powers to the service and glory of Him who has died for them: but are they told that they are *never too young* to begin to do good to others, for His sake? Are they instructed to—

> "Count each day lost, whose new descending sun
> Views from your hand no worthy action done."

Do not they rather understand that they are not expected to make active, self-denying efforts for others, until they love the Savior? But while this they ought to have done, they should not leave the other undone, and that the doing of the will of God, is one excellent way of knowing the doctrine. If every child, in their morning devotions, should ask the Lord to enable them *to do* some good that day, incalculable benefit would result, particularly to their own souls.

While they pray "Let our whole lives be thine," their actions should testify to their sincerity, and if they *early* become laborers in the Lord's vineyard, blessed will be their lives, and great their reward, still they must be taught that "they are unprofitable servants," and have "done no more than was their duty to do," and that in all they come short. A little sabbath school book, "Louisa Ralston," contains many excellent "good devices" for children, and those which involve self-denial with charity. We are acquainted with a family, where the daughters are allowed a small premium, weekly, *for charitable purposes*, for keeping their room, drawers, closets, clothes. &c. in *perfect order*, and a small sum is also given for similar purposes, to all who abstain from the use of butter, sugar, and the like, morning and evening. The six elder children of that family, (the eldest about seventeen,) are believed to be decided Christians, and God accepts their early sacrifices for his cause.

We would provoke abler pens to enlarge upon this subject, to devise plans of usefulness for children. These might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and become instruments of great good, to the rising generation, and to the world.

We also recommend a tract of the *small series*, published by the American Tract Society, entitled "Good examples," to the notice of parents, and sabbath school teachers.

Y. Z.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

DEAR MRS. W.—In a communication of November last, I transmitted to you the number of mothers and children belonging to our association, agreeable to your request.

With a view to encourage sister associations, and I trust with hearts filled with gratitude, I now forward to you our united testimony to the recent goodness of God to our beloved children. Since our quarterly meeting in January last, twelve members have been added to the association. Since our quarterly meeting in April, we have had a protracted meeting. It is believed that on that occasion, more than one hundred souls were converted to Christ. The hearts of many mothers were deeply exercised for their children—even the *little ones* were not overlooked, or forgotten. Of the number specified, twenty-seven were children or youth belonging to our association. A lad twelve years of age received his first impressions at one of our quarterly meetings, which did not leave him, till he indulged a hope in the merits of a Savior. The testimony of a mother furnished by our Recording Secretary is as follows: "Two of my children, one of the age of twelve, the other ten, have hopefully experienced the renewing grace of God, and I think I discover in both, the sweet fruits of the Spirit in their conduct and conversation." Another mother after giving an interesting statement, said, "On the birth-day of my son aged twelve years, I felt a heart to comply with the ninth article of our constitution, which requires every mother to spend the birth-day of each of her children in fasting and prayer. On entering upon this duty I represented to my little son my obligations as a christian mother, and as a member of the association to observe this day, urging him that while his mother was pleading before God that this might be his spiritual birth-day, that he would pray for himself. He replied *I will.* From that time she says he appeared to feel sensibly his situation as a lost sinner, and was finally led to apply to the only Physician of souls. He has since been received into the bosom of the church, giving satisfactory evidence of a change of heart." A younger child of the same mother has been seriously exercised ever since the formation of our association, and has recently given evidence of a renewed heart. The reality of these conversions, Eternity, we trust, will disclose. I am myself the mother of three children, all of whom have recently professed their faith in Christ.—The youngest is a lad of twelve. I might mention many other interesting facts of a similar nature, but I forbear. I will only add that our first and second directress are much engaged in this good work. Our quarterly meetings are, by them, rendered exceedingly interesting. Questions of their own preparing, are generally used, together with the shorter catechism. Before separating they always request the children to rise and repeat the ten commandments. May love, without dissimulation, ever reign in the hearts of *all* that are connected with a maternal association.

June 1834.

As we are yet in the season of flowers I send, for *mothers*, another humble plant from my flower garden; may it find a place to exhale its fragrance in a parterre of the Mother's Magazine, which I hope may continue to yield for them fruits and flowers for every month in the year.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE OPENING BUD.

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought!"—*Thomson.*

Yes delightful indeed; the poet is right,
For the young springing mind is the loveliest flower,
Ever dear to the heart, but of purest delight,—
To *Her* who has watched over its earliest hour.

One blest one alone more truly can tell,
The dear joy of an office so sacred, so pure,
No wonder a mother then loves it so well—
What tie of the heart can be stronger and truer?

Do you love to look on the young flower of spring,
So lovely—so fragrant, with its tints like the sky?
In "life's garden," *that* flower is a lovelier thing
When its dawning delights are unsealed to the eye.

Then watchful the mind—and how anxious the heart,
As it sees the *young bud* in its gracefulness rise—
And who would not love so angelic a part,
As to cherish and train the dear plant for the skies?

Then happy are they, who are blest in the task,
Fond and *faithful* to watch over Infancy's years;
What purer of earthly delights could we ask?
Tho' its sweets may be mingled with sorrow and tears!—

S. W. S.

On the arrival of twelve daughters of missionaries to Asia, in the native land of their parents,—for the benefits of Education.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHILDREN OF MISSIONARIES.

Borne o'er the billows proud and dark,
What gentle forms protection claim?—
As to the casement of the ark,
The timid Dove confiding came.—
Warm Asia's sun hath kiss'd their cheek,
And where the palm-tree towers sublime,
Their lisping voices learn'd to speak,
Why turn they toward this western clime?

Their father's land!—Its haunts are dear
To these who nurs'd their infant dream,
And glittering with affection's tear
Is each remember'd rock and stream,—
And oft each well-depicted scene
Did these young strangers' thought explore,
For still their cradle-hyms hath been
An echo from this hallow'd shore.

Bright links of love,—their parent's hand
Hath cast them o'er the stormy main,
To bind us to the mission-band,
By living memory's golden chain;
To kindle love's more ardent care
For the sad realms of Pagan wo,
And bid upon our lips, the prayer
Of quicken'd faith, intenser glow.

They come!—They come!—in tender trust,
And some deplore, with anguish fraught,
Their guide, their mother, laid in dust,
Amid the heathen band she taught:—
And will not breasts to pity dear,
Find refuge for these birds that roam?—
Is there no Christian mother here,
To give them in her heart, a home?—

L. H. S

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

FOR AUGUST, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS FOR MATERNAL EDUCATION.

NO. I.

UNDER this head it is proposed to present, in the Mother's Magazine, a series of brief articles, which shall embody some of the elementary principles of domestic education, to aid mothers in preparing their children for the active duties of life. Instead of attempting to present a perfect system, no more can be expected than to lay down some general rules by which the parent may be aided in the discharge of duty, and children be made more interested in the instructions of the maternal fireside.

Previous to entering on the main subject, which is proposed in these articles, it will be important to suggest some considerations for the attention of the mother, a regard to which will be essential to a successful application of those principles which may be suggested.

I. THE SOLEMN RESPONSIBILITY OF THE MATERNAL RELATION.

1. You have given birth to a rational and an immortal creature. Not simply to your house, an infant child, but to society, a member; to the government of God, a subject; to the kingdom of heaven or to hell, an undying spirit.

2. This child is not entrusted to angels, but to you, in all the imperfection and weakness of your nature.

3. Its own nature is not pure and holy, nor are its susceptibilities those of virtue alone.

4. The world upon which it is thrown, is a world of sin, passion, temptation, and trial; and on you rests the responsibility of seeing that it makes the voyage of life in safety, and ultimately reaches that happy destination, to which God, in mercy, points it.

5. While its susceptibilities of virtue are dying away and its native principles of selfishness and sin are growing stronger and stronger every hour, and while you cannot entrust its moral culture to other hands, your opportunities of doing good to it are rapidly passing away, and you, with your child, are soon to appear in judgment, and witness its endless destination; you are called upon to study the best means and to adopt the most judicious measures to secure its virtue and eternal life.

6. One more consideration—God, in his word and in his providence, has connected the best interest of your child here, and the proffered blessings of heaven, with your fidelity and prayer.

How then, as a Mother, you may well inquire, shall I be able to secure the great ends of that domestic relation into which I am thrown? The proposed articles which may follow, are designed to answer this question.

II. THE MOTHER MUST INCULCATE ON HER CHILDREN THE SPIRIT, AND SECURE THE EXERCISE OF IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

The domestic constitution is primarily for the benefit of children. Their safety, their happiness, and their all, depend on yielding without reserve, to parental supervision. They should be made to look for guidance to parental council, as well as to borrow protection and support from parental care. Nothing is more unlovely, or more severely denounced in the word of God, than filial disobedience. It seems to presuppose the abandonment of every kind and virtuous principle, and a reckless hazarding of every thing valuable. The foundation of this disobedience is often, if not generally, laid in *maternal indulgence;* and in maternal indulgence, too, in the very first months of the infant's existence, the time when it is the most easy, as well as the most necessary, to secure its implicit obedience. Hence, as you value the safety, happiness, and reputation of your children, subject them early, subject them perfectly, to implicit obedience. *Early*, that they may not feel it—*perfectly*, that they may not seek opportunities to violate it.

Your children are to become subjects of human government, and of divine control. They are to become members of society, where there must be forbearance, concession, and sacrifice of interest and feeling, such as selfish nature, strengthened, as it often is, by parental indulgence, is not willing to make. Unless selfish nature is subdued, and made yielding and obedient in infancy, it will always seek to rise and rule in advanced life. Every child should be made to feel that parental precept is law—parental authority, absolute and sacred. Let parental precept be *once* disregarded, and half its value is gone: let parental authority be once broken, and it is lost. "Authority must be absolute, that it may not be severe."

As a mother, you owe yourself a duty, as well as a duty to your offspring, and to the community. You wish to secure the easiest and happiest method of maternal discipline, not for the passing moment, but for years. You will be ruled, and severely ruled, as long as your children live beneath your roof, unless you early and effectually secure from them implicit obedience. As this is secured, you prepare them for society; to feel its claims, to yield their private pleasure to its higher good. Men are made monsters in life, by indulgence in infancy. The convict of law, the prison, and the scaffold, is prepared for his hopeless destiny, by parental indulgence. And the most daring and desperate in rebellion against God, have had the foundation of their revolt laid here. The commands of heaven, imperative as eternal law, will fail to curb those restless passions which never knew restraint.

This embraces a vast portion of parental discipline, and requires no ordinary prudence and caution to secure its high and permanent advantage. And here let it be remembered, that the mother must secure respect for *her* precepts, and

obedience to *her* authority, without calling in the aid of a father's sterner injunction; and if ever this is required, it should be to show peculiar disapprobation, and to inflict a heavy penalty for disregard of a mother's prerogatives. And every wise and virtuous husband will seek to make his wife a sovereign with himself in domestic government.

Filial obedience assumes its most lovely form and engaging features, when it leaves not the parent the power to know that it is required to govern; when by anticipated obedience it takes away the prerogative to command, meeting a parent's pleasure, ere it is expressed. To secure this charming obedience, let the mother so rule, that it shall be a gentle sway. So easy let the reins of government lie, though never fallen from your hand, that the proud and chafened passions may never be found foaming beneath your check. "Lose not the parent in the ruler; above all, lose not both the parent and the ruler in the tyrant." Set your eye and your heart on something like Christian discipline, and make Christ your example, who, while he lays upon his children his yoke and his burden too, renders that yoke easy, and those burdens light, by making it a pleasure to bear them. Let it be seen that your happiness, and the happiness of your children, lies in the line of their obedience, and before it let your countenance brighten with sweet smiles of pleasure and approbation, as it would sink in sorrow when it is withheld. Thus you will render obedience cheerful and happy, and even secure it before you have had time to command.

There are certain securities to this great excellence of parental discipline.

1. As has been remarked, it should commence early.

2. It should be administered and required with unbroken constancy.

3. It should be attended with uniform kindness; never in arbitrary severity, or in retaliation for past delinquency.

4. It should be attended with proofs of reasonableness and equity.

5. It should be done as a *religious duty*, and in view of religious considerations, which should never be withheld from the child who is old enough to understand them.

6. Above all, let it be administered in the sweet temper of parental kindness; and if severity must be inflicted, let it be attended with a melting expression of sorrow, that there can be perversion enough to demand coercion.

At all times train those affections "which best suit the filial nature, and which become the chief element of every other affection that adorns in after-life, the friend, the citizen, the lover of mankind. Remember, half the authority of the parent is in the *love* which she excites, in that zeal to obey, which is scarcely felt as obedience, when a wish is expressed, and in that ready imitation of the virtues that are loved, which does not require even the expression of a wish, but without command, becomes all which a virtuous parent could have commanded."

(To be continued.)

WHAT VIRTUE IS.—Virtue implies vigor, energy of will, and activity, and laboriousness of exertion. Its exercise implies self-discipline, self-denial, patience to observe, seriousness to reflect, and courage to act with promptitude and efficiency. Happiness is the great good, and virtue is not only the means of attaining it, but the title by which it is securely enjoyed.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HOW SHALL MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS BE RENDERED INTERESTING?

The following are extracts from a letter, written in answer to the question, "How shall Maternal Associations be rendered interesting?"

Since the formation of our Association, some years since, there has been a gradual but sure advance in feeling, in effort, intelligence, and zeal. It is the beloved association of almost every Christian mother. Domestic engagements, visiting, and riding abroad, all give place to this meeting; and, when assembled, every heart seems filled with expectation, and earnest desire of receiving profit; and during our successive meetings, a spirit of tenderness, affection, and dependence on God, has seemed to pervade each heart. But when you ask me, '*How* has this been effected?' I can hardly tell you. Seven years ago, mothers were as indifferent on this subject here as elsewhere, and many were quietly slumbering on an Antinomian pillow. 'When God pleases,' they would say, 'our children will be converted, and not till then, do what we may; and all this effort seems like taking the glory from God.' But a few thought otherwise, and determined to persevere in their assembling together. Seven years we have looked at this subject,—thought about it, talked about it, and examined all that could be said, and in some measure have tried to pray for a blessing. And the more we contemplate it, in spite of natural sloth, and the hindrances of unbelief, and the wiles of Satan, the impression has taken deeper and deeper hold of our hearts. In this point, we seem knit together like one; and when we meet at any time, and in almost any place, the first and most absorbing consideration seems to be, *the welfare of our children*. And I confess, when I reflect that this is just what ought to be expected from all that we know of human nature, I am surprised at the frequent question, 'How can we be interested?' To such we can hardly help replying, "How can you prevent it? How can you steadily look at the immortal interests of your children, and think of your agency, and help feeling something of that irrepressible emotion which cannot be uttered? How can you assemble, with all your weakness, and failures, and sins, without feeling *strong* in your dependence on Him, whose presence is there to cheer you, and whose promises are all yea, and amen, in Christ Jesus."

But still I am sensible that the question is entitled to a definite answer. It is true, that until this abiding conviction of the immensity of the subject has taken its permanent seat in every mind, much effort on the part of the lady who conducts the meeting is necessary;—persevering, unfainting, energetic measures must be pursued. The meetings must be something more than prayer meetings. Variety of conversation, including incidents, anecdotes, illustrations on all topics connected with the subject—personal domestic experience and observation—letters from friends, &c. &c., will give interest. The Directress must be careful to obtain the best works, and not shrink from some expense in this way, and then select with care, and read but a few thoughts at a time, and stop, and talk, and ask questions, and she may be sure the most unenlightened will soon have thoughts to express, and questions to ask; and

those who cannot be induced to talk in any other way, can always relate some little circumstance of a child at home—some perplexity, or some comfort. She must also make it obvious that the education of her children in the fear of God is the first and dearest object of her heart, and by her example show that slight obstacles can *never* hinder her from being on the spot, and *prepared* to give interest and animation to the meeting. In short, let others see that her soul is absorbed in this great interest—not only for her own children, but for every child connected with the Association, and she will not long complain of the stupidity of others. Do not suppose by these hints, that I would convey the idea that the Association in this place is indebted to such efforts. By no means. I believe we are all ready to say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.' We doubt not that the Holy Spirit has approved of the feeble attempt, and manifested it by his presence. But does he ever refuse his assistance, whenever sought? I doubt not but many a sincere experiment has failed, through some mistake in the *manner* of making it. We must take it for granted at the commencement, that INTEREST IS TO BE AWAKENED; that it must and will greatly increase. If the meeting is only devoted to prayer, the feeling soon arises—'We have *one* prayer-meeting; why another? We cannot be absent from home so much, and will give up one.' But this is quite another thing. It is to obtain information in regard to our duties, both as to their nature and performance; and although it is opened and closed with prayer, we make it a distinct thing. We spend every moment in the most social, free, affectionate intercourse, and find the three hours too short by far.

Some weeks after the date of the above, the village where it was written was blest with a revival of religion, and seven youth and children connected with this Maternal Association are now numbered among the lambs of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SUGGESTIONS TO BEREAVED MOTHERS.

Continued from page 102.

BUT how shall we render them profitable to those who are still spared as the objects of our care? Does not the sustaining mercy of our covenant God, which has been so all-sufficient for our souls in the day of trial, call upon us for renewed efforts in his service? When we have been so blest in the light of his countenance, ought not those around to take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus? Others, even the nearest and dearest, who have sympathized in our sorrows, will yield to the effect of time, and become unmindful of the return of these days, that to a mother's heart can never die; *she* can never forget the hour when called upon to realize, in its full import, the meaning of her daily prayer—"Thy will be done?" Shall she recall it to the remembrance of her own domestic circle, by a countenance of gloom, by an indifference to the duties that remain, by a want of interest in all that is left of earth? Far different is the Christian's duty. Has she been taught how to

prize the hope of heaven, for those who have entered upon its blessedness. Let her efforts be redoubled, that for those who remain, her soul shall have the same blessed anchor. Let her take each member of her little family, and lead them to her own place of prayer, point them to the source from whence flows all her strength, and in entire submission, renewedly dedicate them to her Redeemer, for time and for eternity. Indelible as are the impressions upon the youthful heart, even though life might be prolonged beyond the threescore and ten of its allotted period, the feelings of such an hour, all its varied experience could never efface. The countenance of an affectionate child will always wear a look of distress when it observes the face of its mother saddened, and will it not turn with gratitude to any friend who dispels the gloom?—and when told it is Jesus who makes her happy, that she only loves him more, that he has taken unto himself one of the dearest of their little band, will not the child also desire to love such a Savior? Then can she tell of the love to little children, which, when on earth, took them in his own arms and blessed them. Christian mothers! lose not such an opportunity to win your children to these ways of pleasantness, to tell them of these paths of peace. The more you dwell upon this one duty of prayer with and for your children, the more deeply will you realize its importance; and perhaps there is no one privilege more fearfully disregarded. It should commence with the earliest years of infancy, and then there will be none of that feeling of constraint which in later periods will render it less a source of pleasure to herself, and of profit to her children. The *first* opportunity for the performance of *any* duty is always the most favorable, and peculiarly is the remark verified in a mother's experience. At the commencement of its existence, when her eye first rests upon the face of her child, what a world of new emotions are at once awakened in her soul! and where can she find a resting-place in this hour of nature's weakness, but in fervent supplication to him from whom she received these deep susceptibilities? A view of the helplessness and dependence of her child upon her care and affection, will bring home her own insufficiency and dependence upon her Heavenly Father, and that an immortal soul is committed, in a measure, to her guidance, will overwhelm her with a responsibility that only "that grace which cometh from above," can enable her to sustain. All the relations of life, when subordinate to that one we bear to our Creator, were evidently designed to have a purifying influence upon the character, and next that which God first instituted in the garden of Eden, the relation of parent and child, our Bible would teach us, has the deepest influence upon our happiness for time, and may we not add, our employments for eternity? God represents himself as a Father, of whom, if his children ask bread, he will never refuse to give—as a Father full of tenderness—like as a father pitieth his children, even so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and his own blessed Son has taught us, when we pray, to say, "Our *Father!*" Upon our own souls we realize the influence of prayer; we fly to it as a resort to express our overflowing interest in the welfare of friends we love; and shall it not be especially improved for those beings upon whose destiny, as immortals, we have the greatest influence, whose eternal interests ought to be the dearest to our hearts? If our own consciences, even our own experience, should not attest the truth of such remarks,

an ear to listen to the experience of others, and an eye to observe living testimonies, will render us no longer faithless, but believing. To pass over a long list of names which hold a conspicuous place in the annals of those who have been "burning and shining lights" in the church, the history of many a private Christian parent, whose record is only with her God, might as fully exemplify the importance of this daily habit of prayer. In conversation upon afflictions, a few days since, with an elderly lady, she remarked, "*My* daughter has three little ones in heaven! and those who remain with her, although they are all young, give every evidence of being children of God."—"She cannot esteem herself afflicted," was my reply, "with so much more of *true* joy than of sorrow!"—"Oh, no," said she; "and one of those who have gone, although he lived but three years, seemed a ripened Christian. He would never, from the time he began to understand the simplest words, go to sleep, unless his mother would first kneel by his bedside; and often, after leaving him alone in his room, could we hear his sweet voice repeating the hymns he had been taught, or asking, in his own simple language, his Heavenly Father to take care of and bless him. Never was he known, although often overcome with fatigue, to lay his head upon his pillow, or lose himself in sleep, without lifting up his heart to God."—"Since his death," I remarked, "his mother must be very happy in the thought of such a child!"—"Oh!" she exclaimed, "she was always happy with her children; for I never knew her omit one day, from the birth of the eldest, taking them by themselves alone for prayer."

At once I realized where was *all* her strength, from whence came her abundant blessings, and, Christian mother, yours may be the same. With all your tenderness for your children, live not, I beseech you, below *such* privileges! If you have ever realized what it is that can open for your own soul the gate of heaven, teach your children the same blessed way; if you have ever felt in the presence of your God a stream of consecrated blessings pouring upon your own path, bid the dearest objects of your love to come and share them with you; and while these anniversaries, which deepen every emotion of tenderness in your bosom, are made especial seasons of grateful remembrance and renewed effort, let each passing day bear witness that you do realize more and more fully the shortness of the period, when you are permitted to sow such seed, as implanted in faith and enriched by prayer, will bring forth the fairest fruit in the Paradise of God.

New-York, April, 1834.

"Human improvement must begin through mothers. It is through them principally, as far as human agency is concerned, that those evils can be *prevented*, which, age after age, we have been vainly endeavoring to *cure*."

"I imagine the minds of children as easily turned this or that way, as water itself."—LOCKE ON EDUCATION.

"At the present day, external appearance is highly cultivated, and little attention given either to head or heart. Is it wonderful that a young woman, so educated, should make but an awkward figure in educating her own children?" —LORD KAIMES.

THE question is often asked, Of what special advantage, either to mothers, or to their children, are Maternal Associations? The memoir of Mrs. Williams, a distinguished member of the Utica Maternal Association, together with the letter from her son, now in Pagan China, are inserted upon our pages, as a happy illustration of some of the practical results of these institutions.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF MRS. S. W. WILLIAMS.

MRS. SOPHIA W. WILLIAMS, the subject of this brief memoir, was born April 18th, 1781. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wells, of New-Hartford, Oneida County, state of New-York, and the eldest of six children. Her parents were not only among the first inhabitants of the County, but also members of the first church gathered in the place where they resided; and it might be truly said of them, they were not mere nominal Christians.

Sophia's father died when she was at the tender age of twelve. This trial was rendered more severe from the fact of her being absent at the time, at school in Hartford, Connecticut. While her heart was still bleeding at this unexpected stroke, two favorite little cousins were suddenly cut down by her side, and consigned to one grave. These dispensations solemnized her young and susceptible mind; but no one took her by the hand and said, "Come to Jesus *now*, and he will not only receive but comfort you." Nothing peculiarly striking characterized the early childhood of Sophia, unless it was a love of *reading*, and prompt and cheerful obedience to her parents. *They would be obeyed*, and she *loved to obey*. Her attainments in intellectual pursuits were respectable; for she was a faithful scholar. She possessed a reflecting mind. Her disposition was naturally amiable and lively, yet, while young, she often yielded to despondency. Her letters evince how much she suffered from an awakened conscience during the period of her youth, and how often she resisted and grieved the Spirit of God, without being herself conscious of the fact. Nor was this surprising, as neither parent or teacher, at that period, expected or even sought for children, the renewing and sanctifying grace of God. Many dear children, like Sophia, even at the present day, are doubtless awakened by the Spirit of God, without apprehending the reason or the nature of their anxiety and unhappiness, or the means of dispelling it.

From habits of industry and economy, acquired under the maternal eye, Sophia ever applied herself assiduously and perseveringly to whatever she undertook. Time with her was an important talent. Unusually fond of the company of her friends, still her hands were constantly occupied while in their society. Indeed she was never happy unless *usefully* employed.

Her consistent example made her advice a law to the younger members of the family. To her widowed mother she was ever affectionate and attentive, and greatly assisted and comforted her. Her frame was exceedingly delicate and slender. Had it not been for a well-balanced mind, she would probably much earlier have fallen a victim to the peculiar trials that awaited her in after life. Her industry, love of order, and neatness, to which was superadded dig-

nity, and urbanity of manners, kindness, and disinterestedness, early secured for her the affectionate confidence of all who knew her. Her own heart was tenderly alive to the reception of favors; nothing seemed to cause her so much pain as a sense of ingratitude to her mother, and her Heavenly Benefactor. For some months previous to her marriage, she manifested an alarming indifference on the subject of religion, devoting herself chiefly to dress and company. In the year 1811, she was married to Mr. William Williams, of Utica, which then became her residence. Immediately after this event, they commenced a family establishment; to the domestic duties of which, Mrs. Williams pre-eminently devoted herself.

Soon after the birth of her first infant, she became the subject of an alarming illness. Her schemes of mere earthly bliss, now fled like morning shadows. By the blessing of God, this affliction, accompanied by the faithful counsels of her husband, resulted in an unconditional surrender of herself to her Maker and Preserver. Her convictions of sin, which had too long been stifled and resisted, now became deep and permanent. No sooner did she exercise godly sorrow, than the glorious Sun of Righteousness shone upon her with healing in his beams.

To her husband, who had long been a professor of religion, this event was unspeakably joyful. Her recovery was slow, consequently her infant was compelled to receive its sustenance from strangers. This, to a mother possessed of such tender feelings, was no ordinary trial—but she found support in looking to Jesus. Thirteen times was she called to bear a similar trial, for she was never able herself to *nurse* her infants; yet her care of them exceeded that of most mothers. Ever after she became a mother, her health was extremely delicate. Her assiduous attentions to her husband were happily timed, and most delicately expressed.

Her watchful care by night and by day over her children, was unremitting. On the subject of training them while young, to habits of industry, Mrs. Williams' example furnishes a model for every mother. The ten children who survived her, nine of whom were sons, were kept while young, *constantly employed by their mother.* She was no less attentive to the best good of the young men in her husband's printing establishment, many of whom became pious, and are now filling stations of usefulness. Some are on Missionary ground, while others have finished their earthly course with joy, reaping with Mrs. Williams, the reward of their labors. Nor were her servants forgotten. Many of them still revere her memory, as one that cared for their souls. Nor was she inattentive to their temporal comfort and happiness. She encouraged them to fidelity by superintending every part of her house herself, when not absolutely *confined to her room*, and she also assisted with her own hands in every department of labor. Like most mothers, Mrs. Williams felt that while her children were young, she had no reason to expect their conversion, her efforts were therefore mainly directed to the formation of right habits, and good moral principles, hoping that the seed sown in their hearts, would bring forth fruit in old age. The latter part of her life, she was often heard to regret that she had not been earlier enlightened on this subject. In the year 1825, she joined the Maternal Association. From that time her views on this

point were essentially changed. She now felt that as a *Christian mother*, it was her duty to see to it, that all her children while young, were secured within the ARK. She often remarked that if any of their souls were lost, she feared it would be in consequence of her criminal negligence in not seeking for them *earlier*, the blessings of salvation.

Previous to this time, she had never raised her voice in prayer, in the presence of others, not even with her children. Such was her extreme diffidence that it was not till her soul became exceedingly burdened by the spiritual necessities of her children, that she could be persuaded to pray even with her Christian sisters. But no sooner did she take up this cross, than she became a distinguished member of the Association. It was here, too, that her last social prayer was offered up. The diffusiveness and fervour of that prayer will not soon fade from the recollection of those who heard it. It was even at the time suggested to the minds of some present, that they should hear her voice no more; so earnestly did she labor for an assurance, that every child and mother belonging to the Association might meet in heaven.

Her attentions to friends and strangers, the bereaved, the afflicted, were unwearied. By the bed-side of the sick and suffering poor she often kept her nightly vigils, providing for them food and medicine, she even kept a storehouse of garments to lend to such as had not the means of providing for themselves a supply for healthful change. To the honor of her Saviour, who giveth all grace, it is recorded, that after all her sympathy for the bodily sufferings of her fellow-beings, her highest happiness consisted in laboring for the salvation of immortal souls.

She loved to point inquiring souls to Christ, while she led the way, by her own worthy example. From the time she became a member of the M. A., she regularly maintained family worship in the absence of her husband. During her married life she rose as early as four or five in the morning. For a few years previous to her death she usually retired before breakfast with her children, that she might not only enjoy the privilege of praying with and for them, but that she might also teach them how to pray for themselves, even persuading the little ones to observe their turn, in addressing the throne of grace. Mrs. W.'s family cares were numerous, but she pleaded no such excuse for not giving her personal attentions to the Sabbath school. Besides being herself a teacher, she often fitted out eight or ten pupils and teachers from her family; and this, too, without apparent effort or bustle, as every garment was previously made ready, and laid aside on the Saturday evening. Every week her class regularly met at her own house for prayer and instruction, several of whom became pious. The winter before her decease, she passed a few weeks at Schuyler, six miles from Utica.—Though she was there for the benefit of a sick child, she assisted in establishing a Sabbath school which now numbers one hundred and thirty children, and is in a very flourishing state.

The cause of missions lay near her heart. Mr. James Garritt, the first missionary sent out from Oneida Co. was not only converted in her family, but was there fitted out with the assistance of other friends. Her last efforts of this kind were in behalf of Rev. Loring S. Williams, when he and his companion returned to the poor afflicted and scattered Choctaws.

Mrs. W. had the happiness to see her eldest and third son, devote themselves to the service of Christ. From what has been stated of the life and character of this mother in Israel, none will be surprised to learn that her eldest son, a few months after the death of his excellent mother, was found ready to devote himself to that cause which she loved so well. After due preparation, he embarked for Pagan China, in the character of a missionary, under the direction of the American Board, where he is now constantly employed in printing for the millions of that vast empire. Mrs. W., the last Sabbath of her life, partook of the memorials of her Saviour's dying love. On returning to her family, she addressed a note to her second son, for whom her soul had been peculiarly burdened, entreating him by a most solemn and affecting appeal to regard the mercy of God in sparing him to witness another communion season, to feel his obligations immediately to repent and give his heart to Christ, to remember the uncertainty of his life. "Death," said she, "may be at the very door, within the last year, this grim messenger has entered our dwelling and plucked a beautiful flower, and we cannot tell, who, will be his next victim?"—It is the earnest prayer of your mother that this message may prove the salvation of your soul. And it is believed that in connection with other means it was thus blessed. Two of the younger children, with this son, professed their faith in the Redeemer, soon after her death. For some months previous to that event, Mrs. W. was found "setting her house in order." She often remarked to her husband and friends that she should not survive her anticipated confinement. Still the event, even to her intimate friends, was unexpected. In an interview with some of them the day previous, she appeared composed and cheerful. Alluding to the probability of such an event, she referred to the family of a Christian sister, who had recently been removed under similar circumstances. "It is affecting," said she, "to see her dear children so scattered, but still I can trust mine with confidence in the hands of my Redeemer." Her infant survived her only 24 hours. Nor was it like her other infants, to be thrust from its mother's side; even in the cold arms of death, its little head was pillowed upon her bosom. It was affecting to see her numerous flock weeping over the lifeless corpse of one so dear, so truly their friend and guide.

Her remains were carried to the house of prayer. This was the place of all others, where she would have taken leave of her friends. A numerous assembly had convened, for she was universally known and beloved. Rev. Mr. Aikin's address upon this interesting occasion was most appropriately founded upon that passage in Rev. xv. 13. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them" The funeral obsequies were closed, by singing the well-known anthem, "*The dying Christian;*" meanwhile the loud, clear, and triumphant voices of a Christian choir, the soft, sweet, yet majestic notes of the organ, the suppressed tears and smothered sighs of that vast and attentive assembly, emphatically testified "How awful Goodness is."

LETTER FROM CHINA.

Canton, China, Jan. 1, 1834.

MRS. WHITTELSEY,

I have to thank you for the numbers of the Mother's Magazine you have kindly furnished me. This evening, while I was reading the article on "Maternal Associations," in the June number for 1833, the thought struck me, that Christian mothers, in our happy land, were about to see some fruits of their labors. All the means that have been put into operation for impressing Christianity early on the heart, will soon show forth their tendency. Sunday schools have been established long enough, for the church to begin to see their effects; and from them to send forth heralds of salvation to publish the news of Jesus; and to supply the ever-increasing demand for faithful, self-denying, persevering missionaries. The number demanded increases in a geometrical ratio; and the heathen are lifting up their hands, while they cry, "Come over and help us." And where are those who shall answer these calls, if they are not to be found coming forth from the Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, and Maternal Associations? If the champions of everlasting truth do not arise speedily from these sources, where and when shall the church find them? And be not faithless, but believing, for from these institutions *shall issue thousands to fill the ranks of the Lord's host.* And the cry shall soon be heard, "Enlarge, enlarge our borders; give place that I may dwell, for the place is too strait for me."

The latter-day glory will show where those have arisen from, who have furthered its bringing in. To *Christian mothers* belongs the delightful task of training up the soldiers of the Cross. *And they will do it;* for the Head of the church has already put it into their hearts to devote and dedicate their children to his public service from their earliest infancy. And being done in faith, the purpose is lasting, and the effect certain: for the mother will fail not early to impress thoughts and infuse motives into the pliant minds of her children, which, sinking deep, will actuate them through life. These first impressions will be like secret springs in machinery, which pervade the whole structure; but, being hid, are disregarded by the careless observer, though detected at the first glance of an experienced eye. The first impressions of Christian enterprise may not be distinctly recollected by us, or they may be so blended with those of a more recent date, as to confound them; yet, in most cases, no doubt, they may be fairly traced to the tuition of a pious mother. Thus the whole life and principles will be deeply imbued with first thoughts, in a more direct and powerful effect, even than usually happens. And thus the church will have supporters, who from infancy have been devoted to her cause; not being constrained to look for help from those only whose schemes of wealth or worldly honor have failed and disappointed them: whose motives may be pure, but whose early habits of thought and conduct cannot be changed. For this holy cause give us laborers who have drank early and constantly at the fountain of salvation. Those who have always been affected and deeply interested in Zion's welfare:—have suffered when she suffered, and rejoiced when she triumphed.

Christian mothers should dedicate their offspring, not in form simply, but in fact, to the Lord, and regard them as his. This is not said supposing that every child will become a missionary or a Christian; although, far be it from us to limit the arm of the Lord, for he has promised to answer the prayer of faith; and where is the Christian mother who will neglect to pray in faith for her children? And will it be regarded as presumptuous in me to say that such has been my case? To you long since it was known to be my mother's wish and prayer that I should be a missionary.—one to go to distant lands, and spread the knowledge of the Saviour's love. She never lived to see the prayer of her soul answered. May I not be allowed to indulge the thought that her sainted spirit is permitted to become my guardian angel:—or what is perhaps equivalent, her faithfulness, while living, to her son was so great, that he loses not its benefit, though so soon bereaved by her removal.

If the world is to be Christianized, and it certainly will be, men and means *must be furnished in a much faster ratio than has yet ever been witnessed.* Full three hundred millions of Chinese are buried in the grossest, thickest darkness, and only twelve or fourteen missionaries. These people can hardly be called idolaters, for the better informed among them care no more for their idols than they do for their souls, but only attend them to quiet a conscience ill at ease. There is a great deal said of the gods in the state papers, but there is little or none in the practice of the common people. They are as thoroughgoing practical atheists as can be found. The priests are despised. Such are some of the people among whom men, dead to this world, are to go forth, in the face of opposition of the wiliest and most determined kind. God may so overrule all this vast multitude, as to bring about their conversion at an early day, but present appearances are such as show that the gospel will be brought in here, not without much difficulty. It is so much interwoven in the government, that they will direct all their efforts against its introduction.

Is not this a sufficient incitement to mothers in the free, gospel land of America,—to those who have given themselves away in an everlasting covenant to their Saviour and Redeemer, to give their children to him also, as those who are willing to go forth, having the armor of the gospel on, to contend manfully with the legions of darkness. The fight will be hard, but the reward will be sure. The good soldier will be indifferent to every thing except the conquest of his Captain's inheritance. Foes without, and foes within; Satan has many machinations in his strongholds that he cannot bring to the battle in lands where the gospel is acknowledged. Yet, reviewing the whole field, we have much for which to praise, and much to do. And if those mothers who, feeling the importance of the demand, sincerely give their children to the Lord for this work, will he not accept the free-will offering, and in the day of his gracious power, make their children willing also. He has said, and shall he not perform?

Yours, truly, S. WELLS WILLIAMS.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO THE MEMBERS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS

Beloved Sisters,

I have long felt it to be my duty to address you upon a subject which lies very near my heart—I mean, the reluctance manifested by many of our number to address the throne of grace at our stated meetings. It cannot be questioned that serious evils do often result, not merely to the individuals who make excuses, or to our children, but more especially to *young mothers*. We meet professedly to enjoy the privilege of presenting our united petitions to our Heavenly Father, in behalf of our families and our children. Our meetings are often but thinly attended; and yet, when a few of us are assembled in the name of Jesus, can we testify that we are always ready to take part in the exercise of prayer? How many altogether decline. Is not this reluctance owing, in part at least, to the want of previous preparation in our closets? I know that many plead, as an excuse, a constitutional diffidence. But might we not, with equal propriety, allege that we are by nature sinful, and therefore we cannot overcome our sinful propensities? Will our Heavenly Father admit such a plea as this? Have we duly considered the inconsistency of meeting professedly for social prayer, and then excusing ourselves from all obligations to sustain the meeting by taking a part in the exercise. Is social prayer a duty and a privilege? Then, can we not, with the blessing of God, overcome this native diffidence? But does not this evil too often originate in pride? Pride is a dangerous foe to grace. The existence of pride, where we ought to be especially humble, cannot be conquered but by humble, persevering, and importunate prayer in secret. When this hindrance is removed from our associations, then may we reasonably look for a blessing upon our children. What care, labor, and responsibility are devolved often upon a single individual by the excuses, the lukewarmness, and remissness of numbers. While we indulge ourselves in these frivolous excuses, we cannot appropriate to ourselves the language of that beautiful hymn—

> "We share our mutual woes;
> Our mutual burdens bear—"

I know from painful experience, that this is often a great cross for young and inexperienced mothers; but I do also know by sweet experience, that it is one that may be overcome, if we are willing to make efforts proportioned to the benefits to be expected. If these difficulties produce in us humility of heart and contrition of spirit, what at first made us tremble and weep, will in the end be converted into a lasting blessing. I well remember, on one occasion, while repairing to a meeting, my heart was filled with no ordinary desires for a blessing upon our Association. I longed to realize the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Our superintendent called upon one member of the Association after another to lead our devotions. All excused themselves, under various pretexts, until I was called upon. The great adversary met me upon this ground, if so many

of the mothers in Israel—mothers who have had experience, are excusable in declining, can I, who am so unworthy, who am but a babe in knowledge and experience, have so much vain confidence as to think myself prepared. I declined.

The Spirit left me, or rather I grieved it away.

Do you think, my Sisters, that I returned home from this meeting in a state of rejoicing, in the full assurance that I had done my duty? Ah, no! It was not till I had sought forgiveness at the feet of my Saviour, that I found peace. It is both natural and proper that young mothers should look for counsel and direction to the example of such as have had superior experience. How important then that they should have only such examples set before them, as shall enable them to run and not be weary, and to walk and not faint. How often have I said in my heart, as I have been going to the place of meeting, "Oh, if our members would come together to-day, each one feeling it to be a privilege to call upon the name of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple, I should almost expect to realize the blessing in the speedy conversion of my own little ones; but, on the contrary, my zeal has often declined, and my affections have been smothered, and my heart chilled: and what was the reason? Did the Lord refuse us the blessing we had sought? No; but mothers had refused to call upon the name of the Lord. and to take hold of his covenant promises. Let us, my Sisters, reform in this matter, and we shall, I believe, never have occasion to complain that our meetings are dull, and that our children are uninterested in the quarterly meetings. "Open your mouth wide and I will fill it," is a promise from the Lord, and it standeth sure.

A YOUNG MOTHER.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LOVE'S GIFTS.

IT is the native dialect of love, to reveal its complacence by gifts. The child presents its favorite teacher with a fresh flower. It hastens to its mother with the first, best rose from its little garden; and in the kiss to its father, with which it resigns itself to sleep, gives away its whole heart. The wife willingly trusts to her chosen protector "her all of earth—perchance, her all of heaven." Why should a mother give with such bitter repining her infant to her God?

Does she say it was unsullied and beautiful? Love delights in yielding the best gifts to the best beloved. Would she prefer to have withheld it, till it had become less lovely?—till, warped by the deceit of the world, the way of darkness chosen, and salvation through Christ unsought, it should be an unfit offering for a Being of purity?

Love rejoices to place its object in the most eligible situations. "Being evil, we yet know how to give good gifts to our children." We are pleased to see them in the pursuit of knowledge, in the path of virtue, in possession of the esteem of the great and good. In sending them from home, we seek to secure for them the advantages of refined society, the superintendence of friends of

wisdom and piety. If a nobleman were to adopt them, if they were to have a mansion with princes, should we not be grateful for the honor? Why, then, with such unspeakable reluctance do we see them go to be an angel among angels, and to dwell gloriously in the presence of "God, the Judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect?" L. H. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE,

FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Lesson VI. History of Abraham. Gen. xvi. xvii.

Who was Abram's oldest son?
How old was Abram when Ishmael was born?
Who was Ishmael's mother?
Where did Hagar go, when she fled from the presence of her mistress?
Who found her in the wilderness?
What did the Angel of the Lord say to her?
What did he say of the son that should be born to her?
What did she call the name of the Lord that spake to her?
How old was Abram when the Lord again appeared to him?
What did the Lord say to him?
What did the Lord promise to do?
To what was Abram's name changed?
What reasons were given for this change?
What did God require of Abraham?
What was the appointed token of the covenant that God made with Abraham?
At what age were the children to be circumcised?
What was to be done with those who were not circumcised?
What request did Abraham make for Ishmael?
What reply was God pleased to give him?
With whom did God say he would establish his covenant?
At what age was Ishmael circumcised?
What other persons, in Abraham's family, were circumcised at the same time?

Should the following extracts suit any department of the Mother's Magazine, I should be pleased, as "the friend of children," to see them transplanted there; they might, with divine blessing, yield the fruits of good-feeling and obedience in the young, if explained and committed to memory, and still more forcibly impressed on the mind if accompanied by melody. Music and poetry are the child's lullaby and charm their waking hours. Simple verses and simple airs give wings to good precepts and make permanent impression on the infant heart. S. W. G.

LITTLE MARY'S FIRST LESSON ON THE FOURTH AND FIFTH COMMANDMENTS.

"Revere thy parents, their commands obey,
List when they speak, and honor what they say,
Love all, dear child, but most of all love them,
Thou art the bud, and they the parent stem."

"Let the six days thy labor share,
The seventh give to piety and pray'r.
God call'd it Sabbath—that is, day of rest,
Bless'd it for ever!—Ever be it blest."

CHILD'S SATURDAY-NIGHT HYMN

"God over all, for ever blest,
Grant me thy grace within,
That I may keep to-morrow's rest
A rest indeed from sin.

"A rest from all my usual play,
A holy rest to thee:
Then will the pleasant Sabbath day,
Be a sweet rest to me.

"And when my days on earth are past,
My heavenly home shall be,
To find an endless, holy rest,
With angels and with thee!"

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF UTICA MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

If our limits would permit, it would afford us pleasure to insert at length, the Report to which we have referred. It was presented by the Secretary at the annual meeting of the Association, June 4th, 1834. We can give only the following extracts:

"Through the abounding mercy of God, we are permitted to witness the tenth anniversary of this Maternal Association. Within the period of ten years many vicissitudes of a very interesting character have occurred, the most important of which, previous to the past year, have been noticed in former reports. The whole number of members that have been connected with it, is *one hundred and forty*, with about *five hundred children*. Of these, *thirty-four mothers*, and about *one hundred and sixty children*, have left this for other places. Ten mothers have been removed by death, to associate, we trust, with the spirits of the just made perfect, around the throne of God. These were peculiarly dear to us; and while we reflect upon the shining excellencies of their character, their devotedness to the cause of Christ, and their attachment to this Association, may we endeavor to imitate their bright example. The eldest son of one of these departed saints is now in China (not yet 22 years of age) superintending, under the direction of the American Board, the printing of the bible, tracts, and other important works, and at the same time, acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese and Portuguese languages. Are we also training our children for God? Shall they follow his example? Have we, as a band of mothers, been faithful the past year? What report do we bring to-day, respecting the conversion of our children? How many have been born into the kingdom of Christ? It is difficult to determine the precise number; it may be fifteen or twenty; still if we judge of our faithfulness by this small proportion, we have been sadly deficient.

"Daily meetings, held with the children last summer and autumn, were very much blessed to those who constantly attended. In all, there were more than one hundred children; but the usual number present was about thirty. Those seasons were most precious. These meetings have been resumed, now to be attended weekly; and the children are formed into a society, called the "Chapel School Society," for the purpose of sustaining, by their little contributions,

teachers for infant and other schools in the Valley of the Mississippi. Deep solemnity and interest pervade these meetings, and the Savior manifests himself by saying in his gospel, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not.'

"A small number only of our beloved ones, have within the past year, joined themselves to the people of God. We hope their lives will testify that they are sincere. May we be allowed to inquire if we are not verily guilty in keeping the lambs of the flock out of the fold of Christ? May we not, to this, attribute, in a great degree, the fact, that so few come to Jesus? How can we expect covenant blessings, unless we perform covenant vows, and rest on covenant promises.

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"The weekly meetings of the Association have, in some instances, been well attended, in others, but by a few. We regret to say, that several of the members are never present at these weekly meetings. Those who have availed themselves of the privilege, have been encouraged and strengthened to persevere in the arduous and responsible duties devolving upon them as mothers. We have found it pleasant and profitable to meet, to spread our wants before Him who hears and answers prayer, and who, though he may a while forbear, will give us eventually the desire of our hearts, 'if we faint not.'

"The quarterly meetings have ever been well attended, and *such* seasons we no where else witness. A covenant-keeping God here manifests himself peculiarly near, and ready to accept the offerings of our hands and hearts. But, alas! we and our children are ungrateful and rebellious, for we are prone to forsake, immediately, the God of our fathers, and to follow after vanity and things that cannot profit. Most wonderful in his forbearance, that he does not, at once, deprive us of our children, and of every comfort, because of our broken covenant obligations. Let us do so no more; for at the same time that he is a *gracious*, he is also a *jealous* God, and will not always allow his covenant to be treated with neglect. He may very soon 'swear in his wrath, that we shall not enter into his rest.'

"There have been added to this Association the past year, *thirteen mothers* and *forty-one children*. Six mothers and forty-eight children have gone to reside in other places. We have now in the Association ninety-six mothers, and about three hundred and fifty children.

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"The publication of the "Mother's Magazine," which originated in this Association, and was, the first year, published in this city, has tended greatly to multiply maternal associations. Its influence on mothers has been powerful in arousing them to a sense of their high and awful responsibilities. It was thought by some of its friends, that more would be accomplished by removing it to New-York, the beginning of this year. Accordingly a resolution was passed by the Association, approving of such removal.

"Five Maternal Associations are connected with us, as branches; but we have received no report within the year, except one from Vernon, from which we make a brief extract:

"'One year since our Association commenced with *eight* mothers, and *thir-*

ty-two children. We have added nine mothers and thirty-seven children. Two of our beloved ones have been taken from time to eternity. Our meetings have been well attended, interesting, and solemn. We have felt our former failures in duty, and humbly sought forgiveness, leaning on the Almighty arm of the Savior. We have resolved henceforth to be more faithful in discharging our covenant vows, and have said in our hearts, As for *us and ours, we will serve the Lord.* We feel a strong desire that every Christian mother within our influence, should avail herself of the rich privileges of this Association; but as yet we have not succeeded in prevailing upon all such to unite with us. We would render unfeigned thanks to our Heavenly Father for his smiles upon us, and look up to HIM, with humble confidence, for wisdom to direct in every path of duty, We commit ourselves, our beloved children, and every Maternal Association, to his protecting and paternal care.'"

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS ON MATERNAL EDUCATION.

NO. II.

III. THE DUTY OF A PARENT, ESPECIALLY OF A MOTHER, TO INCULCATE, EARLY AND CONTINUOUSLY, ON HER CHILDREN, THE LEADING PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND DUTY.

To prepare the way for the mother to lay before her children those considerations which are essential to secure success, she must see that they are made not only to respect and obey her injunctions, but she must also make them sensible of higher obligations still. They must be made to understand the force of moral obligation, by being made acquainted with the leading principles of truth and duty.

By this it is not meant here to press the subject of doctrinal instruction, or the *ordinary* teaching of the gospel. If the importance of this general subject is acknowledged, and systematic efforts are adopted, we will rest the duty on the broad ground which we have stated, *the importance of inculcating, early and constantly, the leading principles of truth and duty.* If these principles can be found out of the range of the gospel, it is well,—and if they can be enforced without the motives of the gospel, it is well; but we doubt not that your most industrious efforts will throw you back upon the great and leading truths and weighty considerations which the gospel exhibits. There is no possibility of securing the great principles of truth and duty, without borrowing the aid, the light, the influence of biblical instruction, enforced by the fear of God and a future judgment.

The wakeful and ever-active principles of mental and moral nature, which are aroused to exercise soon as your child opens its eyes upon the world, should be seized and secured beneath an influence, which, while it shall teach submission, shall never teach deception or stimulate to envy and revenge. Hence there is nothing which can with more profit be presented to your offspring than

the melancholy fact of their sinfulness. As soon as they can understand it, they should be told, with deep feeling, that they are sinners; born with natures that in this world will, if unrenewed, lead them to death and hell. They should be taught this truth by their sufferings; by their discipline; by the word of God. They should be taught it by being told early of Jesus Christ, why and for whom he died; by pointing to the Holy Spirit, for what and for whom he was commissioned to our world; by early familiarity with those sacred truths which unfold the certainties of the apostacy, desperate wickedness of the human heart, and of redemption by Jesus Christ, with the unalterable issues of a future judgment.

These, or some other impressions, respecting man's nature and moral condition, will be early and strongly engrafted on the human mind. Correct or false principles will soon and silently steal into the soul; and the only question which you are left to decide, is, whether they shall be true or false. It is indubitably certain, that, uninfluenced and unrestrained by correct parental instruction and discipline, no child on earth has any security of gaining correct principles of truth and duty. For it is a melancholy fact, that human nature, whatever you may make it, does not love the principles of truth and duty. If it did, it must be strange and unaccountable to every one, that it is so difficult to secure their permanent possession and culture. You know, that it requires no care, no effort, no teaching, no discipline, to start and continue the principles and passions of nature in the course of sin; but how great is the care, the effort, the teaching, the discipline, to arouse and secure the principles and passions of nature in the course of virtue and holiness? We might add, with all this, even, *it cannot be done.* The Almighty power of God must be superadded.

On the Divine Spirit you should always depend, as promised and certainly to concur with judicious parental efforts.

The grand principles of truth and duty, while they are ultimate and unchangeable, they are, at the same time, almost entirely subjects of education. The very instincts of nature soon yield to the all-commanding force of culture. Truth, justice, equity, kindness, benevolence, charity, and forgiveness, with the more private duties of life, with temperance, sobriety, chastity, and peace, are all subject to the influence of education, and they will be viewed in an entirely different manner, as parental and correctional instruction and example have held sway over the minds and affections of the young. On which side native selfishness, pride and passion incline, we need not say.

What renders the correction of principles and habits so difficult, yea so impossible often, in maturer years? Not simply because they are principles and habits, and principles and habits of error and vice; but because, as such, they are the natural and vigorous growth of their parent stock. You may rest settled in this conviction, that the only safe method of securing the minds and moral affections of your offspring from error and vice, is, early and deeply, to imbue their intellectual and moral feelings with the leading principles of truth and duty. There is nothing so preposterous and absurd as to leave them to grow up unbiased, that they may settle these questions for themselves; that, as the infidel would say, their minds may be untrammelled and free.

Such persons are more afraid of unerring truth and Christian character, than of error and of infidel bigotry. The idea of leaving your children to settle the great questions of truth and duty for themselves, you would spurn on any other subject but that of morals and religion. In those of labor, study, professions of every kind, you acknowledge first and fixed principles, and inculcate these, not as matters of opinion, but of fact, to be received without hesitation, and to be acted upon without reserve. This is all we ask for the principles of truth and duty. By leaving these uninculcated, you practically deny their value;—not only so, but you throw the unsuspecting and susceptible mind and immortal spirit on the broad and ever-agitated sea of questions and controversy, with nothing to guide and save. They start, perhaps, cheerful and confident, but in a day they are wrecked and lost. You do not deny the moral disease of your children, nor their liability to evil. Leave them unadvised and undirected. It is like opening to your diseased child a wide store of active medicine, where, indeed, may lie, in some secret corner, the remedy he needs; but, instead of guiding its hand in its selection, you direct it to try each and every medicine, till it reaches the one it requires. Long before that, it is dead from the fatal poison its own hand has taken, when you might easily have secured its life and health, by taking, as your duty demanded, its entire direction.

It is your imperious obligation, and for it you are accountable to God, to society, and to your children, to teach them the fixed principles of truth and duty; and these are the plain doctrines and precepts of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

With these leading considerations suggested to Mothers, we shall hope, in future numbers of the Magazine, to present such as are suitable for them to urge upon their children, to render their childhood pleasant and agreeable, their advancing life useful, and their old age honorable and peaceful.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE FENNEL LEAVES.

The question is often asked, At what age can a child obtain correct ideas of a God? As this question cannot invariably, if ever, be satisfactorily answered by a finite mind, is it too much to believe that while a mother is endeavoring to instruct the little children and conversing with them about "the great God who made heaven and earth," that the Holy Spirit will communicate to their infant minds what she so ardently desires they should know and understand? In confirmation of this belief I will relate an anecdote that occurred in the experience of Mrs. M., a member of our Maternal Association.

Her little daughter, a child of three years and seven months, on one occasion, when her mother was ill, had permission of an older sister to go into the garden and pick some fennel. The child soon returned with a handful of fennel heads and leaves. The leaves she said she picked from a stalk of dill. Her sister reproved her for telling a falsehood. The child persisted in saying they were dill leaves. Her sister immediately led E. to her mother's chamber,

and informed her of the child's prevarication. Mrs. M. called her little daughter to her bed-side and questioned her. She still affirmed that they were dill leaves. "My child," said Mrs. M., "we all know that it is not so, and God knows it is not so." She then explained to her the *sin* of lying. E. burst into tears and confessed the truth. Mrs. M. inquired why she told that lie. The child replied, "Because I wanted to." Mrs. M. exclaimed, surely, my child now needs the "Great Helper." Mrs. M. rose from her sick bed, and retiring, with her child, to a room where she had been accustomed to go with her children for prayer, told E. she must there ask God to forgive her *great sin*. But when Mrs. M. kneeled, the child would not, saying, "*she did not want to go to God*," and cried very much. Mrs. M. deeply afflicted arose from her knees and taking the Bible which lay near her, she felt the need of stronger faith in that promise, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." She felt that truly nothing but the Spirit and grace of God could subdue and cleanse the heart of her little one. She read from the Bible several passages about lying which she thought the child could understand. To her unspeakable joy, E. came to her, throwing her little arms around her mother's neck. Mrs. M. said, "Does my little daughter wish to ask God to forgive her?" She replied, "yes."—Both now kneeled. While this mother prayed, her little girl repeated every word after her mother, of her own accord, a thing she had never before attempted. After this, E. appeared calm but very serious. Three days elapsed without any allusion being made to the circumstance, when E. said, "Mamma, *I never knew that there was a God*, before that day I told a lie." Her mother replied, my dear, I have often told you there was a God. "I know you have, mother," said E., "but I never *knew* there was a God before I told that lie."

About a week from this time her sister desired her to do some work. She immediately complied; her sister said to her, "Now E. is a good girl." "No," said the child, "I am not a good girl, I am not a good girl, for I have a wicked heart yet."

Who can doubt but that important truths, such as, "Thou God seest me," may, under favorable circumstances, not only be made palpable to the understanding of a very little child, but deeply engraven upon the heart.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE TWO CONCERTS.

THEY were both held on the same afternoon, in a delightful village in New England. They were widely different in their nature, although the individuals concerned in each were very nearly related. *One* was held by parents and others, to pray for the conversion of children; the *other*, only a few rods distant, to instruct these children in the art of dancing. In *one*, the God of heaven was acknowledged and honored, at least outwardly; in the *other*, the favor of the god of this world was sought, and at his shrine these consecrated children were taught to bow. *Here*, prayer was offered, and with much fervor, no doubt, that the beloved children might early turn unto the Lord; *there*,

accomplished teachers were employed to increase and perpetuate their love of worldly amusement,—an amusement which, if not immediately sinful in its nature, will be allowed by all to be highly dangerous in its tendency.

Christian mothers, this is a solemn fact. Strange as it may seem, there are those of our number, who, notwithstanding all the light shed upon the path of duty, are yet pursuing a course, *inconsistent*, *sinful*, and *dangerous* to the eternal welfare of their children. Well may we blush for the honor of the Christian name—well may we tremble at the prospects of children for eternity. Are not these parents, and all who pursue a similar course, *inconsistent?* While they profess "not to be conformed to this world," in the education of their children, they are governed by its principles and fashions. They profess to live above the world, and then mingle with it. They promise to train up their children for God, and then allow their hearts to be filled with vanity and worldliness. They pray, "Lead them not into temptation," and then send them into its very vortex. They pray that God would draw them nigh unto himself, and then permit them to wander far away from his presence. They profess to desire the early conversion of their children, while they are placing obstacles in their way, if they are not hedging it up altogether.

Is not such conduct *sinful?* Is it not so, because God is dishonored. "The Savior is wounded in the house of his friends." The tone of parental piety is lowered. Christian brethren are grieved. The enemies of religion rejoice. The god of this world triumphs. The undying interests of children thus sinfully indulged are awfully jeopardized.

Such a course is *dangerous*. This amusement, probably more than many others, tends to foster pride. It leads the youthful mind to vanity. It diverts it from mental improvement. It excites an inordinate love of dress. It often gives occasion for the indulgence of envy and jealousy. It renders the endearments of home insipid. It leads to the waste of time, property, and health. More than all, it dissipates serious feelings, lulls the conscience, and turns away the mind from God. All these effects may not follow directly and immediately from the *dancing school;* but the little child, thus indulged, will not long be satisfied without the further privilege of the *ball-room;* and the parent, who cannot now resist the solicitations of fashion and childish importunity, will not be likely to remain firm, when points still more important are at stake.

For these reasons, I cannot countenance this species of amusement; and further, I would not send my beloved child where I could not consistently accompany her, nor where I could not ask the blessing of God to follow her.

Again, should I thus indulge my little child in vain amusement, I could have but little hope of benefiting her precious soul. Prayers and efforts of mine would be powerless, while she was watching the inconsistency of my conduct. Others may be faithful, and she may be converted, but mine will not be the blessed privilege of leading her youthful mind to God.

If ever converted, how painful to that child will be the reflection of having spent so many hours of probation in thoughtlessness and vanity,—hours too, which ought to have been employed in qualifying herself for usefulness and heaven. She will reflect also, that she was encouraged to do this by her

pious mother, and will not this consideration bring remorse and shame to my own bosom?

Look forward on life. My little daughter, now attending the dancing school, is awakened by the Spirit of God. She is anxious for her soul—attends the inquiry meeting, and is apparently on the point of submission; but a ball occurs, and my child is invited—the conflict is great—the soul seems infinitely precious—eternal interests appear to be suspended on the decision, yet she cannot endure the scorn of the wicked—she cannot think of renouncing the pleasures of the world for ever—she hesitates—at length she yields—the Spirit is grieved—her heart is hardened. Too late, then, should I wish, that in her childish days I had restrained her, and led her to feel, that worldly amusements were inconsistent with a preparation for heaven.

Again, cases have occurred where death has entered the ball-room. Many a youthful victim has been hurried from scenes of merriment to the eternal world. My child, thus indulged, may add another to the number. What then would be the agony of my feelings! She must leave the world, while there are none at her side to direct her to the Savior in the trying hour—none to pray for the departing spirit in its flight; and if there were, how unprepared her soul for any benefit!

But I must meet my little child, now flitting in the mazy dance, at the judgment. If lost through my unfaithfulness or criminal indulgence, how can I endure the interview! Methinks her lost spirit would accuse me thus: "O my mother, why did you not warn me against loving the world inordinately? Why did you encourage my childish folly? How could you decorate my frail body for the ball-room, and leave my undying soul to perish? Had you pointed out to me in season the dangers of the world, I might have escaped them. Had you taken me with you to the little circles of prayer, I might have heard of the Savior, have beheld his beauty, have loved him and been saved. But now all is lost, for ever lost! Eternity is before me! A long, a dread, a miserable eternity!" V.

For the Mother's Magazine

INDEFINITE PRAYER.

The inquiry often arises in the mind of the prayerful mother, Why is it that my children are not converted?

In such cases, would it not be well to examine, impartially, the character of the prayers which we hope may have found a lodgment in the bosom of eternal love? Are they not too indefinite? Perhaps we are pleading for the salvation of our children in reference merely to their eternal happiness.

Is this the prominent object with us? A mother's tenderness may lead to great fervor and perseverance and self-denial, where there is not the sweet breathings of holy faith. The heart, while in this attitude, does not lay its beloved child at the feet of Jesus, and cling to the promises. The mother may be in anguish of soul, and yet not base her hopes on the *promises* of the gospel.

But the prevailing desire of the mother's heart, who has identified her happiness with the honor and service of the Lord, is, that her children may be wholly his—that they may be regenerated in early childhood for this special object, to serve and glorify her Savior. On this point are concentrated all her fondest hopes, desires, and expectations.

From this height in Zion, she overlooks the wealth, pleasures, honors, and distinctions of this fleeting world. In comparison with that crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give to all them that love his appearing, these are mere baubles. Her vision fastens upon the immutability of the Eternal Word. She pleads the promises of the Holy One, who has never deceived her; and while she is abased in view of her unworthiness, and pleads only for the crumbs that fall from her Master's table, she does not yield to despondency.

She has laid her children on the altar of God. To train them up for *his* service *here* as well as hereafter, is her highest aim. And with this object in view, she pours forth her believing, confiding prayer. She knows that God will not reject her petitions, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth* as in heaven."—"And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."—1 John v. 14. She also bears in mind, that her covenant-keeping God said of Abraham, "I know him that he will *command his children* and his household after him, *and they shall keep the way of the Lord.*"

For the Mother's Magazine.

AN ERROR IN FEMALE EDUCATION EXPOSED.

No one appreciates more highly than myself, the object of the Mother's Magazine, and the judicious manner in which it is conducted. I have, however, looked over its pages anxiously and in vain, for some well-written article on the danger of injuring female intellect, by the very means which parents adopt for its perfect development. I refer particularly to the system of early education, and to the habit of injuring, or rather crowding girls forward, in studies which require intense and protracted mental effort. It is far from the writer's intention to say one word which shall directly or indirectly retard the intellectual culture of her sex. Most ardently does she rejoice, that the standard of female education is already high in our country, and that public sentiment so manifestly decides that, in this all-important respect, the course of America shall be onward, still onward. But is there not, at the present day, very great danger that the minds of our children, of our girls especially, will be taxed to a much greater degree than is consistent with the limited intellectual or physical powers of *childhood?* Go into one of our best schools on the morning of its examination, and as class after class is summoned, see that pale-faced girl mechanically station herself in each, and with an accuracy and readiness perfectly astonishing, reply to every question, however difficult, which may be proposed: the laurels of the school-room are bound upon her brow,

but alas! they cannot hide its paleness; they cannot dispel the care-worn and anxious expression of features which should indicate but health and happiness; they cannot give to the languid step that buoyancy, and to the delicate, shrinking figure that appearance of childish joyousness and glee, with which she entered upon a round of arduous and perplexing studies. Your fears that the course pursued with the child before you has been an unwise one, are first met with the assertion, "she has never been positively compelled to study." In reply to this, I ask, so far as the unhappy effects are concerned, what matters it, whether the fear of punishment and disgrace, the hope of honors and rewards, or the natural and laudable desire to gratify parents and teachers, acts as the stimulus to over exertion? You next hear, that "it is really no labor for her to commit her lessons, she learns as if by intuition." This is certainly an evidence that one power of the mind, the memory, has been prematurely brought forward, while the others, judgment, understanding, imagination, &c., are enfeebled, and, it may be, reduced to perpetual imbecility, in exact proportion to this over cultivation of a faculty, which, in most cases, requires comparatively little care. At last, you are told, "she is certainly a singular child, being much better satisfied while engaged with her books, than when other children are endeavoring to interest her in their active sports and pleasures." From this I infer, not that there is any great natural difference between this child and one more playful and less studious, but rather that her bodily health is impaired, and though a skilful and persevering course of medicine and exercise, may stay the inroads of consumption, or ward off the attacks of dyspepsia, her mind has received an injury for which the physician has no remedy; on which a mother's watchfulness and tears will be bestowed in vain; and to which even the healing hand of time can bring no cure.

How can a being, whose whole soul is occupied with acquiring Latin, French, and, it may be, other languages; or engrossed by logic, philosophy, and mathematics; or bewildered with the multiplied directions of drawing, dancing, and music masters—how can such a being be interested in the amusements of children, whose thoughts have never wandered beyond their geography and grammar lessons, their last new doll, or the approaching school holiday?

Does some fond parent, or enthusiastic teacher, supposing this picture to be too darkly shaded, decide that in the case of their favorite, a vigorous constitution, aided by adventitious circumstances, will resist one class of the evils to which I have alluded, and the natural superiority of her mind, together with their continued care, will effectually prevent the other. Grant this and more, that the system under consideration will enable a young lady to shine in literary circles two or three years earlier than she would otherwise have done; that it will render her sooner brilliant in general society; that it will make her a prodigy, the cause alike of envy and admiration; and, while a child in years, will give to her mind and manners all the maturity and elegance which even doting parents wish them to possess. All this, could it be obtained, is surely a poor equivalent for affections run to waste, for habits unsocial, selfish, and impatient of control, for a disposition morbidly sensitive and irritable, and for innumerable other evils which are the invariable consequences of childhood devoted exclusively to books. When are the gentle emotions of sincere benevo-

lence and sympathy; of active, persevering, self-denying charity; of confidential, child-like intercourse with parents, and prompt, cheerful obedience to their commands; of kind, disinterested, and obliging, sisterly affection; in short, of those innumerable nameless, yet lovely and really essential traits of female character; when are these to be formed? And more important still, when are to be stamped upon the soul, those religious impressions, which will probably decide its eternal destiny, if not before commencing studies, which require the undivided attention, and literally absorb every faculty. For it is a melancholy fact, that as years and purely intellectual cultivation progress, the heart, with its delicate and complicated combinations of emotions, passions, and desires, becomes perverse, indurated and insensible. In conclusion, I inquire, on what principle, physical, intellectual, or moral, is it, that a girl who has hardly attained to the dignity of "Miss in her 'teens," shall be expected to become a proficient in all the studies of her elder brother in college, as well as perfect herself in a variety of difficult and exclusively feminine accomplishments?

For the Mother's Magazine.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE observed with much sorrow the fatal effects which ambition is producing in our country. People, in the richer class of society, vie with each other in splendor and luxury of living.

Those in the poorer class are envious of the rich, and all seem running a race, not for the honors of a heavenly crown, but the petty distinctions of worldly greatness. Even Christians are tinctured with this soul-destroying vice, that we are ready to cry out, as did the disciples of Christ, "Who can be saved?" and the only answer is given in the reply of our Savior, "That which is impossible with men, is possible with God."

Impressed with the danger to which our beloved country, and the churches of our God, are exposed by this fatal ambition, I send you a few extracts from the impressive work of Caroline Fry, ("Christ our Example,") with the hope it may open the eyes of many mothers to the *real* interest of their children, by teaching them that *true greatness* consists, not in the *honor* which cometh from *men*, but in rising above the flattering distinctions of the world, and seeking that honor which *God* only *can bestow*. S. H.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

"CHRIST JESUS was the only one who chose his own condition in the world, and his choice was adverse to all that human wisdom could have suggested: we should have said of him, as we say of ourselves, that an elevated station would afford the greatest means of doing good. What an effect, as we should think, would have been produced, had Jesus made the throne of the Roman empire the stepping-stone to the cross, and exhibited his passion and his humiliation before the delegates of the universe assembled there, through whom the report would have gone forth to every nation under heaven. Our Savior judged otherwise. He chose his birth-place in a tributary province, not among the rich and noble, but with its poorest and most unknown class. He deigned not to make use of earthly distinctions to manifest his greatness. Nor was it for himself alone that Jesus chose poverty and meanness of condition. He

selected his disciples from among the lowest class in society; not that he preferred the poor, because they were poor, but because he knew it to be the state in which his followers would best subserve his Father's purposes; a choice as little consonant with our ideas of what would have been best, as that which he made for himself, because the sudden conversion of twelve men of distinguished talent and elevated station, would have produced a great sensation, tending more directly, as it seems to us, to evangelize the world. God judged otherwise. As individuals, we should aim to be conformed to the image of our Lord. He chose to be the least of all men. Who besides him does so? Some may suppose he selected a state of poverty because it exposed him to suffering, which was the purpose of his coming into this world. This is not true: an exalted station is an exposure to more danger than an obscure one, and wealth has never succeeded to buy off calamity.

"The toils we endure to obtain an eminence, the difficulties we contend with to maintain ourselves upon it, are ample proofs that it is not for ease or safety we desire to rise. But who is of the mind of Christ? When we look upon the condition of our country at this moment, we may well repeat the question; for what has brought us to it, but inordinate, proud, extravagant desires: no matter whether for money, for rank, for influence, or under the more plausible names of refinement and respectability: to be foremost, to be uppermost, to be more than our fathers were, and to push our children still above ourselves, is the great effort? God, in displeasure, has gratified the proud desire to the utmost: the upward progress for a time has been very rapid; but the reproof of Heaven has gone forth—would that it might prove in mercy, "Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you; ye have lived in pleasure upon the earth and been wanton." This is the text: if we want the comment, look upon your children grown up in luxury, made profligate by indulgence, reduced to penury, too delicate to make exertions, left to the world's pity or scorn, subject to privations, which are most painful now, but which would have been no hardship had you bred them in the same industrious and simple habits by which you rose to affluence. There would be a remedy, even to these poor children of indulgence, if men would reflect, that "they are strangers and pilgrims upon earth, who have no abiding place," travellers whom it encumbers to have much to carry. But men do not believe what the Scripture says we are. Followers by profession of him who had not where to lay his head, they can find no place high enough for the repose of theirs. Worshippers (so they say) at the manger and the cross, yet no mansion is large enough, no acres broad enough, no tables so richly spread, no garments so costly, as to suffice them. Christ did not ask wealth and honor of his Father for those he loved when he left them. He never, that we know of, advanced the fortunes of any individual while on earth. He bade the amiable young ruler part with all his riches. You, who, through many a painful struggle, possibly through many a sin, have risen to consequence, do you never look back with regret on younger days, when your name was an obscure one, your home a simple one, and your healthful spirit enjoyed as an indulgence, all that exceeded your necessities? You, whose happiness consists in the opinion men entertain of your style, your connexions, your importance, do you, when your

company has retired, and your chamber door closed, think yourself more happy than some of your former associates, who are too humble, or too heavenly-minded, to care for the world's thinkings. Every Christian should know, every one who is like-minded with his Lord does know, that distinctions are not desirable; and the more he possesses, the less is he proud of the gifts. A child of God, whose heart is as it should be, is never reminded of his power, his wealth, or his talents, but his soul is troubled under a sense of his unworthiness, and the deep responsibility that rests upon him. Like most of the genuine traces of Christian character, this is a hidden feature. God alone can distinguish between the inflated bosom, with its "I thank thee" that I am gifted more than others, and the humility that can only whisper, "Be merciful to my inadequate return."

From the moment an infant opens its eyes on the light, a Christian parent's responsibility begins. The choice our heavenly Father made for his children should regulate our desires for those whose characters are in a measure within our influence. When we begin to form the habits, and give a bias to the minds of our infant children, and devise schemes for their future establishment, it is then that our value for the things of earth is fully manifested, whether or not we be like-minded with our Lord. It rests with us to save them from indulging an inordinate desire for the pride of life, by giving them simple habits, moderate wishes, and a just estimate of what constitute the greatness and the happiness of a child of God. The Scriptures, in a variety of examples, teach us the folly as well as the guilt of placing our desires on the things of earth. It shows us the first Adam, Lord of all he beheld, possessed of the world's good things, when they were good indeed, falling on the first temptation. Lot exposing himself to the sin and to the doom of Sodom, because of the well-watered plains. Solomon corrupting himself in possession with the very greatness he had been once too wise to ask. The rich man leaving Christ, because he had too much of earth to leave for him. "All men," as St. Paul expresses it, "seeking their own, and not the things of Christ"—exposing themselves to temptation, because they will be rich, be great, be above their original station in life. On the other hand, the Scripture exhibits Christ, the second Adam, choosing lowliness as the fittest state in which to recover what the first in his plenitude had lost, making himself the servant of all; and shows us those who are renewed in his likeness exhibiting the same character. Moses preferring adversity with the people of God, to the riches and royalty of Egypt. Abraham leaving all that he had, to go out, he knew not whither; and those many, of whom the world was not worthy, who held its greatness for nothing, and its wealth for dross.

"Consider then, Christian mothers, the danger of implanting vain and proud imaginings in the minds of your children—consider them as heirs of celestial glory. What have they to do with the honors and pride of this life? are they not, if prepared for it, in a few days to receive a heavenly crown, in comparison of which, the greatest empire is as the dust we walk upon?"

For the Mother's Magazine.

PHILIP MELANCTHON.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF PHILIP MELANCTHON, WITH BRIEF NOTICES OF PASCAL AND LUTHER, is the title of a Sabbath School book which we could wish to see placed in the hands of every youth in our land. It is a divine maxim that "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise;" this, in its principle, is as applicable to the *reading*, as well as to the social intercourse, of great and good men. "He who is frequently conversant with great events, and witnesses scenes of splendor and magnificence, will rapidly acquire an expansion of views, which he could never otherwise have obtained. It is obvious to every reflecting mind that the youth who is accustomed to contemplate the characters and actions of eminent men, as developed in biographical sketches, will find eventually that their own opinions, habits, and feelings were materially influenced and formed by such models."

On the other hand, if the young mind is suffered to dwell upon scenes or characters, which exhibit nothing but what is low, vicious, or trifling, however fascinating it may be rendered by language or circumstances, he will find his mind, ere he is aware of the fact, contaminated and degraded.

If the youth of our country, who enjoy such vast advantages from the Sabbath School, would remain stedfast in the faith, whatever temptations may hereafter arise from heresies, an acquaintance with the life of the Reformers will be very useful. We give a short extract from the work. "It was the *piety* of Melancthon that imparted the highest excellence to his character, gave him peace of mind, and furnished the leading motive to his great and valuable labors. While his mind was enlightened and directed by the study of the scriptures, his faith and hope were cherished and all his pious affections invigorated by *prayer*.

"He prayed much himself. He found much encouragement in the prayers of others.

"At a time when the interest of the Reformation seemed to languish, he with some other good men, met together to consider what was to be done, in those distressing circumstances. Feeling deeply their own weakness and insufficiency to decide what was best, they betook themselves to prayer, seeking wisdom and help from God. Melancthon's tender spirit was much distressed, and as he was called to leave the room, where they were engaged in prayer, his deep dejection was observed in his countenance.

"But in his absence, he beheld a number of the officers of the churches and their families, with other Christian brethren, their wives, and little children, engaged in prayer. The sight affected his heart. Remembering the words of David, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger;' he returned, animated and *cheerful*, to his friends. Surprised at the change in his countenance, Luther cried out, 'What now! What has happened to you, Philip?' 'O Sir,' said he, 'I have seen our noble protectors. Let us not be discouraged: they will prevail over every foe.' 'And pray,' replied Luther,

'Who and where are they?' 'O!' rejoined Melancthon, 'They are the *wives* of our parishioners and *their little children*, whose prayers I have just witnessed—prayers which I am satisfied our God will hear: for as our Heavenly Father, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, has never despised or rejected our supplications, we have reason to trust that he will not, in the present hour."'

For the Mother's Magazine.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

My dear Mrs. W.

In perusing a work written by the celebrated, and now deeply-lamented Wirt, my attention was arrested by the following beautiful remarks on Female Influence—especially that of mothers; and deeming it an appropriate subject, and calculated to do good to the numerous readers of your excellent magazine, I take the liberty of submitting to your better judgment the propriety of its publication. Yours,

Philadelphia. B. H.

"The virtues of this country are with our women, and the only remaining hope of the resurrection of the genius and character of the nation rests with them. Need I assert that since the revolution this character has most wofully declined? Look to our public bodies, and the question is answered. Where is the remedy? No national institution can be hoped for; it would cost money! How is the glory of the republic to be retrieved? How is the republic itself to stand? As to our men, they are differently employed; how employed, through pity to them, I will not now say. But the mothers of the country, and those who are to become mothers, have the character of the nation in their hands. O! if to their virtues and their personal graces, they would superadd that additional culture of the mind which would fit them for this noble task, and warm them in the enterprise, I should not envy Rome her Agrippina, her Aurelia, her Atia, her Julia Precilla, or Cornelia.

"Who is it that moulds and directs the character of our boys for the first ten or twelve decisive years of their life? Not the father; for such are his engagements, or such the state and reserve of his manners, that his sons but rarely come in contact with him. No: it is in the nursery, it is in the gentle and attractive society of the mother; it is in her affectionate bosom and on her lap that the blossoms of the heart and mind begin their bloom; it is she, who bends the twig and thus decides the character of the tree. How then ought she to be accomplished for this important office! How wide, and diversified her reading and information! How numerous the historic models of great men with which her memory should be stored! How grand and noble the tone of her own character!"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LECTURES TO CHILDREN, BY REV. JOHN TODD, NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. Todd seems to have acquired the rare and difficult art of preaching successfully to children. He appears to be, in his congregation, what we could wish every minister of the Gospel to be, "*A Children's Minister.*" We have not only read his lectures with pleasure to ourselves, but we have also tested their effect upon children. At the recent formation of a Maternal Association, in E—, where many mothers and children were collected, remarks were made to the children, from a recollection of Mr. Todd's third lecture, founded upon the passage, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.

The mothers who were present expressed it as their opinion, that impressions were made upon the minds of their children, on this occasion, which will never be effaced. The truths and principles of the Gospel are so familiarly illustrated in these lectures, that they may be comprehended even by very young children.

THE FATHER'S BOOK, BY THEODORE DWIGHT, JUN.—"The object of this little volume is to suggest to the father of a family, *principles and methods* for the instruction of children in intellectual, moral, and religious truths, and for training them up to usefulness and happiness, here and hereafter." We have perused this little volume with care, and consider it a work of merit, equally adapted to the use of both parents.

The elements of education, of which it treats, are made perspicuous by practical and familiar illustration, evidently the result of the author's own *experience* and observation.

We consider it a bow of promise in our horizon, that men so eminently qualified by nature and by education, as Mr. Dwight, are giving their attention to this species of writing. Right views of the topics discussed in this work, are essential to the formation of right habits in children; and if, as one has observed, "man is a bundle of habits," how can a parent be ignorant of such principles and methods in training their offspring, as are best adapted to make them wise and good, and yet be innocent? We have not room to make extracts. Even the chapter on playthings, sports, amusements, and exercise, we believe will more than compensate most parents for the money which this little volume would cost.

OUR FATHER.

'Lord of this world and worlds too far
For mortal eye to scan;
Whose glory lights the loftiest star,
And shines on lowly man!

"All hallow'd be thy holy name,
May all thy power revere;
Thy will be done on earth the same
As in thy holier sphere.

"Supply, each day, our daily needs,
By thy blest hand we live;
Forgive us, Lord, our sinful deeds
As others we forgive.

"Strip sin of each deceitful charm,
Remove temptations away
Deliver me from ev'ry harm
That may beset my way.

"For thine's the kingdom, most sublime,
And power, which changes never,
All glories, from the birth of time,
Forever and forever.—Amen."

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ESSAYS ON HOME INSTRUCTION.

NO. I.

"There are *great*, though I think *not insuperable* difficulties in the way of a mother's educating her own children, but it is a plan so evidently pointed out by God himself, that it should not be hastily relinquished. The influence of a mother over the affections of her child, during the years of infancy, enables her not only to cultivate its *mind*, but to produce on its *heart* those impressions which it will never lose in after intercourse with the world; and which, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, she may firmly believe will enable it to overcome the various temptations by which it may be assailed." —*Aids to Mental Development.*

"Let not mothers fancy that they have not *time* for educating their daughters. In the gayest and busiest life, some portion can be at command; and in the disposition of time, can *any* claim be *more imperative*? * * * * * A mother best knows the *powers* of her children, and can adapt her demands upon their attention *accordingly*, and her *love* will teach her modes of instruction unknown in schools." —*Thoughts on Domestic Education, by a Mother.*

I MAY be mistaken, I trust I *am*, but I feel that the subject of Home Instruction is one not sufficiently meditated upon by Christian mothers of the present day; at all events, it is but *rarely practised*. I would shrink from discussing the question, were I not sustained in my own ideas of it, by so many able advocates of the cause of education. May I mention the illustrious names of Babington, Gisborne, Fenelon, Hannah More, J. A. James, Mrs. Taylor of Ongar, Buckminster, Madame Campan, Burgh, Miss C. Fry, and the authors of the works from which I have taken my text? I should fear to advance a theory which is rarely illustrated by practice, were I not sanctioned by so many wise and experienced persons. To this subject I now solicit the attention of Christian mothers.

Children are for the most part confided to the care of comparative strangers for the *greater* part of the day; *some* are even entirely removed from the parental roof and the parental eye, confided to those who do not love them: how *can* they love new scholars, whom in a short time they may part from, never to meet again? They do not know the *characters* of the children, for the children are always under restraint in their presence. I wish not to be misunderstood; I consider good schools as excellent auxiliaries to education, in those cases where circumstances do *not* permit their mother to be instructress also; such, for instance, as ill-health, a numerous family of very *young* children, or where the mother is herself ignorant and uneducated. But where these

objections do not occur, why do not *mothers themselves* cultivate their young "olive plants;" *themselves* polish those priceless gems, which will form the most brilliant jewels that will sparkle in those eternal diadems of glory that may one day bind their brows? I will briefly state what appears to me the most obvious disadvantages arising from the common plan of having children educated in common schools. I speak of *girls* more particularly. Few mothers are capable of instructing their *sons*, excepting for the *earlier* parts of of their lives; therefore I address mothers respecting the education of children of both sexes in extreme youth, and the entire education of their daughters. Mothers *may* solicit aids and assistants, if needful, but *they*, most assuredly, should be the *chief governesses* of their daughters. The most obvious disadvantages of a school education are these:

In most schools the teachers do not even pretend to any thing more than "merely insuring the getting of lessons, and the maintenance of subordination." The heart, and its affections are uncontrolled, unregulated. The scriptures are rarely made the subject of study, investigation, or research—still more rarely of practical application; while profane history, and its fanciful, poetical mythology, is *deeply impressed* upon the memory, and gives its own coloring to the young imagination. What knowledge *is* acquired, is frequently purely superficial, just sufficient to attract and dazzle, without any *depth* or *reflection*. Too often, girlish friendships are formed, which bias the whole future life, estranging the affections of the timid and inexperienced from their fond mother, leading them to view her who should be their dearest friend, confident, and counsellor, as a restraint upon their actions and feelings. I do not say the governess is to be blamed for this. As Caroline Fry, in her "Listener," *justly* observes: "She cannot assume a *mother's* duties or affect her cares, though she may, and often does, most conscientiously fulfil her own; that is, she does what she engages to do—the best a *stranger* can do for a stranger's children." Can she know a child's character as intimately and thoroughly as the mother, who has cherished it in infancy, and watched every budding thought, hailed every blossoming virtue, and crushed every embryo vice? Can she feel a mother's strong absorbing love, her heavy responsibility, her prayerful anxiety, for twenty, thirty, or forty, who are constantly entering and leaving her seminary, scarcely more stationary than the beautiful, revolving colors of the kaleidescope? Can she *love* these, can she even pay them the same *attention* that a *mother* will pay to the *few* dearest and nearest to her heart? Oh, no! it is impossible.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the excuses usually urged by mothers for neglecting to perform this solemn duty, and I will endeavor to examine them carefully and impartially. But I beseech you, dear Christian mothers, do not offer any excuses that you cannot, justifiably and with clear consciences, urge at the bar of God on the judgment day! The most common excuse usually urged is want of *time:* this, at first view, appears a very *plausible* one. Mothers in this country, with but rare exceptions, are their own housekeepers, frequently their own seamstresses: these avocations, of course, require their time and attention. But if these duties do not occupy the *greater* portion of their time, there is still *some* to spare for the greatest work we

mothers have to do upon earth, viz. to bring up our little ones "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." If, however, in order properly to attend to the *temporal* wants of the family, this portion of her duty *so far* encroaches upon the mother's time, that she cannot attend to the spiritual, moral and intellectual cultivation of her offspring, I would respectfully suggest the following question. Would it not be *better*, if circumstances possibly will admit of it, to hire a seamstress, or even an additional servant, and thus give the mother *leisure* to attend to her children's education? Thus would the Christian mother have opportunity to give "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little;" to pour out to their thirsty souls the waters of knowledge, and the dews of gospel truth, like a fertilizing stream, which brings forth fruits and foliage in rich abundance. Thus could she gather them "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing," close under her maternal guidance and protection, shielding them from protection and danger, and leading them in the "ways of peace and blessedness."

I beg permission earnestly to press this subject upon the attention of *mothers*. Do, I beseech you, attend *personally* to the education of your children. Draw out their young minds by conversation. Lead them to *think* for themselves, and to reflect deeply upon every thing you teach, but most particularly upon the Scriptures, and upon the Christian plan of salvation. Try to make the Bible interesting to your children, by explaining it thoroughly to them, and practically applying it to their hearts. If you are not able to do this now, pray fervently for light and strength from above, to enable you to do so, and study all the best Scripture helps you can obtain, with attention and industry.

In teaching reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, botany, history and philosophy, in *every* branch of education, always keep religion constantly in view; let it never be lost sight of for a moment; let this be the *primary* object, the chief *end* of your instructions. Oh! how many golden opportunities does a mother enjoy for filling her children's minds with knowledge of the right sort, for cultivating the heart's best affections, for correcting the temper, for eradicating those weeds which our naturally corrupt hearts generate with such frightful fertility, and for sowing that good seed which will bring a hundred fold, even in this life, and may be the means of their eternal salvation! I do not ask *can* but *will* indifferent teachers do this? *Can* they have such opportunity? and if they *have*, which is questionable, can they so strongly possess the affections of their pupils? Love is a powerful and important assistant both to the teacher and to the taught.

Mothers! do not dismiss this subject hastily from your thoughts! It is one that demands deep reflection, and mature and prayerful consideration. Remember that your children are *immortal* beings, and that you are responsible for their religious instruction. You cannot expect that the children whom you neglect for trivial reasons, whose affections you do not assiduously cultivate, will "hereafter arise, and call you blessed." I entreat you, do not dismiss this subject without prayer and reflection. Beware how you lightly transfer the instruction of your children to a stranger! Examine well your own hearts, and see that your reasons are approved by your consciences—but think deeply before you decide. It is an important question.

Gloucester County, N. J. 1834. ZILLAH.

For the Mother's Magazine

P——, 1834.

My dear Mr. and Mrs. W.

Mrs. G. and myself have felt ourselves highly gratified and obliged by your publication the last year.—We have had much pleasure in recommending it and its objects to the attention of many parents with whom we have met in our journeyings. We are now expecting to embark for India in the course of a month or two, but we should be glad, both for ourselves and for our European friends with whom we occasionally meet, still to receive the Mother's Magazine.

USE OF MEANS.

In our anxiety to see good objects accomplished, we are liable to grasp for the object itself, without due attention to the necessary and divinely-appointed intermediate means. We wish to see whole nations rise at once from their civil, moral, and religious degradation and corruption, to an elevated standard of social and religious character. We naturally wish to see whole pagan cities converted, and established in every branch of Christian character, by one sermon, or one tract, or one portion of scripture, without a reiterated use of almost ten thousand means, till the health and life of many are wasted in labor, and "those learn doctrine who are drawn from the breast." We long to see warlike nations lay down their arms, and become at once adepts in all the arts of peace, and fully imbued with its principles. Thousands of hearts would exult, if those who traffic and hold possessions in the bodies of men could be made, by one chapter in the Bible, or by one short address, to taste all the sweetness of loving their neighbor as themselves. And when we hear of great moral changes wrought abroad, and hear, as usual, but a short account of the means by which they were brought about, we can never adequately realize the investigations, and inquiries, and doubts, and fears, and labors, and expectations, and disappointments, and delays, which may have been submitted to and performed by those who were the instruments of those changes. In our prayers too, we ask for the accomplishment of vastly important ends, without realizing that we implicitly ask for a laborious and sometimes protracted process, in the use of means. Many, many times, perhaps, God is offended with our thoughtlessness in this respect, and then tells us in his providence, "Ye know not what ye ask." I know, indeed, that, as zeal without knowledge leads to presumptuous expectations, so unbelief checks or destroys these expectations of present good which are fully authorized. But while we engage zealously in those efforts which result in immediate good, we ought to be careful to perform those duties, which, with great and immediate good results are indispensable to permanent ones. Such are the duties which parents owe to their children. Most of the evils, that exist in a world of wickedness, result from a neglected or perverted early education. Such are the errors and superstitions existing among Jews, Mahometans, Pagans, and false Christians. Such are the seemingly almost incurable evils which all the pious mourn over in our country. As in Popish countries, where the scriptures are denied to all the common people, so in this country, where they, with all other reading, are denied to a part of the people, the community presently becomes fixed in the opinion that they are really not necessary to

the piety, understanding, and happiness of certain classes. Already many good people, in some parts of our country, are afraid to speak or publish much on the importance of reading the scriptures. And a short sermon on Jer. xxii. 13, declaring a private opinion of duty, and an individual practice of paying regular wages to slaves, was thought too strong meat for the readers of a well-known and highly esteemed religious paper. , Old habits of thinking and acting may be really incurable, as mature fruit will not receive a new shape without being mangled and destroyed. But mothers have a permanent remedy for every disorder that exists in the moral character of our country and the world. Young fruit will grow in any form, that may be chosen in season, and applied without violence. Mothers, if they can only be brought to the work, may for our country and the world, gain a complete victory, and a bloodless, tearless one, too, over war, cruelty, slavery, and almost every corruption. I have recently been highly gratified to hear a sermon having for one object the inducing of parents to train up all their children on purpose for the recovering of a ruined, heathenized world. And I am persuaded that parental impressions and efforts will be the great means of introducing the millenium. I trust that, with a great variety of other means now used for the object, your publication will hold a conspicuous place. By inculcating cool, deliberate principles of action, well sustained by argument, and an appeal to facts, you cannot fail to make deep and permanent impressions, especially on pious females. And while thus employed, you may produce also the happiest effects on the present perishing generation. And let me entreat you to remember the Heathen and Mahometans, whose numbers far surpass all those of Christian countries; and whose awful case claims, like the Bible, not to say equal, but if possible greater, means of instruction than are enjoyed by Christian nations. While I rejoice greatly in what is done to prepare children to be instruments in saving a world from wickedness, I must still say that I fear the present system of education, as to their manners, elevates them far too rapidly among their superiors, as to their habits, renders them too effeminate, and as to their minds shuts them up too long to childish conceptions. If so, they will be deficient as instruments for the conversion of a world. But, may the gracious Spirit so turn the hearts of parents to their children and of children to their parents, that the curse may not only be removed, but give place to all millennial blessings in the whole world.

Yours respectfully,

A. G.

ANECDOTE.—"A lady, having lost her husband, comforted herself by reflecting, that she had two lovely boys left to cheer her. By a severe accident one of them was soon taken from her; this was a heavy trial, but she still found comfort in her remaining boy, and fixed all her affections upon this her only son. Shortly after, intelligence was brought that her child was drowned. She calmly said, "I see God is determined to have *all* my heart, and he shall."

For the Mother s Magazine.

Mrs. W.—Dear Madam,

The following fugitive thoughts, are the product of a pensive hour, a tribute of affection to an interesting pupil, whose sudden exit I hope may be sanctified to those at least, who knew and loved him. They were written to gratify my own sorrowful emotions, to deepen some impressions made on my mind by the event, and to snatch from oblivion one or two facts in his history, from which I might derive encouragement in future years. If you think them calculated to do good to others, I shall not regret the later purpose of giving them publicity.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION TO LITTLE WILLIAM.

William is dead! was not an unexpected announcement, for I knew that he was very ill, and in the opinion of the medical attendant, past the hope of recovery. But it closed every lip, and whitened every countenance, in our little group, as all our eyes turned unconsciously to the spot, so recently filled by one, who seemed formed to love, and to elicit reciprocal emotions. His beautiful form, intelligent eye, fond expression, and amiable deportment, rose to my view, and ere I was aware, I found my mind in an attitude of expostulation with Omnipotence; saying unto him who giveth none account of his matters, What doest thou? Why take William, and not rather T——, or H——, whose minds are so obtuse, whom it is so hard to love, so difficult to teach? The silence of him who is too wise to err, reproved my presumption. In a moment I sweetly resolved it into the will of my heavenly Father, whose ways are just, whose counsels wise; and instead of saying, "Why was this waste of the ointment made," I was overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness and condescension of God, in permitting me to have any share in a work so glorious, as that of cultivating an intellectual plant, to bloom and shed its moral fragrance in the pure atmosphere of heaven. O! the riches of his goodness are equal to the riches of his forbearance, when he says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" who asks, accepts, and blesses our agency, in preparing these vessels of mercy, for that glory he intends to bestow.

Living, as we do, in an age of action and religious enterprize, we seem very naturally to connect the first evidences of a gracious change in the minds of our little ones, with their future usefulness in the church of Christ, with the part they are to act in renovating this wicked world, and restoring it to him, whose it is by promise and by purchase. To this work they ought to be unreservedly and cheerfully consecrated. With this definite object before our minds, we should make them acquainted with those departments of science, and train them to those physical, intellectual, and moral habits, which will best fit them for the exigencies of the church, in the conflict which lies before her, ere she sings her song of final triumph. But we ought to remember, that while the great family of the Redeemer is one, they occupy two worlds, and it is for him to determine in which of these, whether on earth, or in heaven, these lambs of the flock can best glorify him. Many a bereaved mother has felt disposed to say, as she bent over the lifeless corpse that once contained the spirit she loved, "This was the child of my vows. I took hold of God's promise, I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee. I plead it in the

confidence of faith, until the Holy Spirit stamped the Savior's image on his heart. This was the child of my hopes, I lent him to the Lord, to serve him in the gospel of his Son; and to the hour of hope's departure, I educated him for the solemn service. But, O! what disappointed hopes! I have wept, and prayed, and labored, and looked forward to the day, when, in his usefulness in the church of Christ, I should receive the reward of these anxious, toilsome hours; but here is the end. Death has cut off my expectations. I have labored in vain, and spent my strength for nought."

This is nature's despondency, but faith looks forward still; with hope, it can enter into that which is within the veil, and rejoice that this blood-bought spirit still lives to the glory of God the Father. We desired that he might labor here, but the Lord hath need of him there, where youthful piety is not assailed by temptation, where its ardor shall never cool, where no worm at the root shall destroy our pleasant plant, no chilling frost wither its luxuriant foliage.

Soon after William was placed under my care, his mother informed me that he had several times used bad words, which she supposed, he had learned of an immoral domestic. I embraced an early opportunity, of talking on this subject before all my pupils, making no allusion to any individual case. I told them how offensive it was to God, how painful to their dear parents, how it grieved me, and what must be the consequence to themselves, if any of them should indulge in a habit so sinful. W—— fastened his glistening eyes on mine. His soul was all interest, and he seemed to drink in every word. He wiped away his tears, while I saw that penitence kindled within, and confession hung on his lips. As soon as prayer was over, he came to me as if eager to unburden his mind, put up his little hands to take hold of mine, and said, "I used to say bad words, but if it makes God angry at me, I will not say them any more; I am very sorry." I could not but offer a silent petition, that God would bless the little one, and grant him grace to keep this, his first resolution, while I endeavored to lead his tender mind to look at him, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. From this time he showed a growing interest in religious instruction, a riveted attention during these exercises, unaffected by the playfulness of others around him. When I have been talking in a style, rather adapted to larger children, catching his attentive eye, I have often felt obligated and delighted to reduce a sentence or two to the capacity of his little, but expanding mind. He had a great desire to learn to read, and to have a Testament of his own. For some time before he was sufficiently advanced to render it necessary, it was generally a parting request, "May I ask Ma to get me a Testament." The morning after he obtained this treasure, he came running to me, with a heart too full for utterance, and held it up before me. I said to him, "W—— what have you got, that pleases you so much?" "A Testament; may I read in it now?" was the reply. I asked him what he would like to read in his Testament first, He said, "Little children." I opened to one or two places where these words occur, but finding they were not what he wanted, I turned to Mark x. 13—16. "That's the place," said he; for he knew the little story, though he had not read it before. I have seen many children of five years of age (and I think he was not over that) who were better versed in scripture

history than he was, but I never saw an equal interest in it, manifested by one so young, a more cheerful obedience to law, such willingness to give up to others, and desire to do what the Bible said was right, or a deportment more uniformly correct, than marked his character for some months before his death. His sufferings, though short, were very severe, yet he bore them with fortitude, and patience. He knew his friends till the last, but, owing to the extreme soreness of his throat, was unable to speak intelligibly, after he became dangerous. The thinking, acting principle, which once animated his lovely form, left it with a calm and peaceful expression, the last impress of mind upon matter, while carried by angels to Abraham's bosom; it is developed under stronger influences, more powerful agents, and auspicious circumstances. The seal of eternity is now set on his moral character, but what it was here, it is there. To die is to undergo a solemn change, but it is not the end of existence; it is not, neither does it involve, a change of character. Children are apt to think, that when they die they shall, in some strange way, be made good. They should be carefully taught, that their souls are deathless things, and that death cannot make them holy; that it is not regeneration; that they must love God and keep his commandments in this world, if they would hope to dwell with him in heaven. When we want motive to effort, let us bring our children to the confines of eternity, with their characters formed, and their destinies unalterably fixed, and there remember that they were committed to our care, that we might train them for God. According to the principles of the social relation, which is receiving new illustrations every day, we have made them what they are. This relation God formed and recognizes, he has connected its means with ends, its influences with results; and he asks us to appreciate its blessings, and to co-operate with his design in establishing it. Our influence on mind must reach forward to the end of its existence, and the chain of its perceptions, ideas, and affections, can never be broken. Laying our hand on some of its early links, who can tell how far the vibration may be felt, or where the thrill shall end? Under this weight of obligation, and in full view of our high responsibity to God, and entire dependance on promised aid for ourselves, and the influences of his Spirit for our children, "let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

New-York, May, 1834. IOTA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE NEW FEATHER.

"MOTHER, did you see cousin Julia's beautiful new feather at church yesterday?"

"Yes, my child I did."

"Did you not think it *very* beautiful?"

"My thoughts were otherwise occupied than in admiring its beauty, Eliza. They were rising in silent thankfulness to God, that you my child, had been preserved from a love of external ornaments, which I cannot but regard as

quite improper for those to feel who have professedly given up the vanities of the world for the service of Christ."

"But I do not think, mother, that cousin Julia *thinks much* of the ornamental articles she wears. She told me, the other day, she was sure they had very little influence on her mind: she thought much less about them, than she should were she to lay them aside altogether."

"And did you feel a disposition to follow your cousin's example, my daughter, and try whether you would experience more pleasure from spending the money you have been accustomed to give towards the spread of the gospel, than to adorn your person?"

"Oh, no indeed, Mamma, for I know I should not, and I told cousin so—but then she said it made no difference at all with her, for uncle always gave her whatever she asked of him for benevolent purposes, so that she gave away just as much as she should have done, if she had not purchased the new feather. And if she does, what harm can there be in her wearing flowers and feathers and jewelry?"

"Let us look at the matter a little.—But I see your cousin coming down the street; we will wait till she comes in, and talk with her about it."

After Julia had taken a seat, Mrs. B. remarked to her, "We were speaking, my dear, before you came in, of *ornamental dress* as worn by professing Christians at the present day—and your *new feather* introduced the subject."

"Do not let me interrupt your conversation, my dear aunt," replied Julia. "It was a part of my errand this very morning to learn your reasons for disapproving of such articles of dress, as I understand from Eliza that you decidedly do."

"I will most cheerfully give you my reason," said Mrs. B., "but before I commence, let me inquire if you are quite sure that such articles have no unhappy effect on your own mind? Did you not think of your new feather as you walked into church yesterday, and during the exercises; that it was really very pretty—it waved so gracefully—every one must admire it?"

"I acknowledge, my dear aunt, that I thought of that feather more than I wished I did, and felt that it was wrong to think about it."

"And let me ask again," said Mrs. B., "have you not often before been sensible of the same feelings, from wearing some new article of the kind? And have you not felt a consciousness that these things were drawing off your mind from the service of the sanctuary; and that while you were professedly worshipping God, you were in fact only admiring your own person?"

"I do fear that I have," said Julia.

"I will now give you my reasons," said Mrs. B., "for laying aside all such articles of dress myself, and for wishing Eliza to do so.

"In the first place, *I consider them prohibited by the word of God.* 'That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety:' *not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array,*'—'whose adorning let it *not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold,*' &c.—and in many other passages, although not so directly. Do Christians professedly yield obedience to the injunction—'*Be not conformed* to this world,' while they array themselves with the brightest and most costly articles that can be purchased of the jeweller, the milliner, &c.? What stronger evi-

dence does the professed worldling exhibit, that the love of the world is supreme in her heart? We are told, 'if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'

"My second reason is, *the condition of the heathen world.* Millions of our fellow-beings are perishing in ignorance of the only way of salvation—are going down daily to hopeless, endless misery; and must continue to do so, unless we, who have the gospel, send it to them. Even now the cry is reaching us from hundreds and thousands of those ready to perish, 'Send us the gospel.' And shall we, who profess to have realized the *worth of the soul*, and to have laid up our treasure in heaven, manifest so little love for these dying multitudes, as to prefer spending *any part* of the money which the Lord has lent us to use in his cause and for his glory, to foster in our own hearts, self-love, pride, and vanity?—'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?'

"My third reason is, that such articles of dress, *have a direct tendency to draw the mind away from God and into the world.* If they are worn, they must first be purchased; and this is never done, without *some* thought and *some* conversation. And such conversation is not, to say the least, so profitable as it might be; is not in compliance with the direction, 'let your conversation be only as becometh the gospel of Christ.' I do not think it possible that any individual ever felt a more fervent spirit of prayer—or more ardent love to God, and desire for his glory, after conversing an hour or two upon such subjects; or that any one could, from such a scene, retire to her closet and hold the same free and sweet communion with the Father of spirits, as if her thoughts had been otherwise employed. The world would almost necessarily come between her soul and God; and she would come away, unsatisfied, unblest. Now, if these articles were laid aside, they would not of course occupy the time; and the money that would have been expended for them, might be given to spread the gospel, and might be made the means of saving one soul, perhaps many, from endless death. And who, that loves the cause of Jesus, would not exult in the thought, that the money thus appropriated, might be instrumental of accomplishing so much good.

"But there is another reason, which I apprehend has been too much overlooked. *It is the influence which such dress, when worn by professing Christians, exerts upon their impenitent friends.* They have seen us professedly renouncing the world and its vanities: and by a public profession of our faith, declaring that we have set our affections on things above, and are looking forward to heavenly rest and glory as our home and portion. They have then a right to expect that we shall live and act accordingly. And they do expect it; and if they do not witness it, and find, in our daily deportment, a change of thought and feeling—if they discover in us the same love of gay and costly apparel that we formerly manifested, they must necessarily, and they do in a measure, lose their respect for us as Christians; and more than this, we do bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. Of the truth of this, I was painfully convinced a short time since. I was traveling in company with the wife of a distinguished clergyman and two or three *fashionable* ladies. As our boat

drew rapidly near the harbor, there was a great commotion in our cabin· trunks, bag, and basket, were ransacked by the clergyman's wife, to find gar ments to array herself and children. After a scene of much bustle and confu sion, they were found and adjusted very fancifully.

"During the bustle, one of the ladies before alluded to, turned to me and said, 'I do not see but Mrs. ——— thinks *quite* as much of dress and fashion, and of appearing in style, as any of us.' I saw it was true, and could say nothing. The cause of Christ was reproached, the Savior was wounded in the house of his friends. I was grieved and distressed.

"These, my dear Julia, are my principal reasons for laying aside this kind of dress; and I feel constantly more and more assured that, on a dying bed, I shall not regret the course I have taken. We do not enough consider, in our daily expenditure sand in all our actions, 'How will this appear in the light of eternity?'"

"Dear aunt," said Julia, "I am sure I have not. I will hereafter remember that my time, talents, influence, *all*, are the Lord's."

M.

For the Mother's Magazine.

The following extract has been selected from the pages of a recent publication, and purports to be the confession and bitter reflections of an abandoned profligate, in confinement, under sentence of death, for the crime of murder. This conversation seems to have been elicited by his lieutenant, just before the winding up of his mad career. This particular portraiture may be imaginary. But there is many a foolishly fond, indulgent, and wicked mother, and many a reckless and ruined son, whose history would amply furnish materials for a similar picture, with all its lights and shades. Mothers, let us take warning—let our sons become miserable victims at any other shrine than that of *Maternal Indulgence*.

THE RUINED SON.

"I do you wrong, Dillon—but on this subject I will have no one speak. I cannot be the man you would have me; I have been schooled otherwise. My mother has taught me a different lesson,—her teachings have doomed me, and these enjoyments are now all beyond my hope."

"Your mother!" was the response of Dillon, in unaffected astonishment.

"Ay, man—my mother. Is there any thing wonderful in that? She taught me this lesson with her milk—she sung it in lullabies over my cradle—she gave it me in the playthings of my boyhood—her schoolings have made me the morbid, the fierce criminal, from whose association all the gentler virtues must always desire to fly. If, in the doom which may finish my life of doom, I have any one person to accuse of all, that person is—my mother?"

"Is this possible?—is it true?—it is strange, very strange."

"It is not strange—we see it every day—in almost every family. She did not *tell* me to lie—or to swindle, or to stab—No! Oh, no! she would have told me that all these things were bad—but she *taught* me to perform them all. She roused my *passions*, and not my *principles*, into activity. She provoked the one, and suppressed the other. Did my father reprove my impropriе-

ties, she petted me, and denounced him. She crossed his better purposes, and defeated all his designs, until, at last, she made my passions too strong for my government, not less than hers, and left me, knowing the true, yet the victim of the false. What is more—while my intellect, in its calmer hours, taught me that virtue was the only source of true felicity, my ungovernable passions set the otherwise sovereign reason at defiance, and trampled it under foot. Yes—in that last hour of eternal retribution, if called upon to denounce or to accuse, I can point but to one as the author of all—the weakly fond, misjudging, misguiding woman who gave me birth. Within the last hour I have been thinking over all these things. I have been thinking how I had been cursed in childhood by one who surely loved me beyond all other things beside. I can remember how sedulously she encouraged and prompted my infant passions, uncontrolled by her reason, and since utterly unrestrainable by my own. How she stimulated me to artifices, and set me the example herself, by frequently deceiving my father, and teaching me to disobey and deceive him. She told me not to lie, and she lied all day to him, on my account, and to screen me from his anger. She taught me the catechism, to say on Sunday, while during the week she schooled me in almost every possible form of ingenuity to violate all its precepts. She bribed me to do my duty, and hence my duty could only be done under the stimulating promise of a reward. She taught me that God was superior to all, and that he required obedience to certain laws; yet, as she hourly violated those laws herself in my behalf, I was taught to regard myself as far superior to him. Had she not done all this, I had not been here and thus: I had been what now I dare not think on.—It is all her work. The greatest enemy my life has ever known has been my mother."

"This is a horrible thought, captain, yet I cannot but think it true."

"It is true—I have analyzed my own history, and the causes of my character and fortunes now, and I charge it all upon her. From one influence I have traced another, until I have the sweeping amount of twenty years of crime and sorrow, and a life of hate, and probably a death of ignominy, all owing to the first ten years of my infant education, where the only teacher that I knew was the woman who gave me birth. But this concerns not you. In my calm mood, Dillon, you have the fruit of my reason—to abide its dictate I should fly with you—but I suffer from my mother's teachings even in this. My passions—my pride—my fierce hope, the creature of a maddening passion, will not let me fly; and I stay, though I stay alone, with a throat bare for the knife of the butcher, or the halter of the hangman."

For the Mother's Magazine.

WHEREIN LIES THE SECRET OF A MOTHER'S CONTROL OVER THE CONSCIENCE OF HER SON?

NO. III.

It very much consists in the mother's *doing her duty*. There is nothing a child needs more than an example of duty performed. Duty may be *talked about*, and enforced by *precept*, and even be prayed over, but if the child

perceives that all duty is neglected to be done on the part of the parent, that parent can never enforce duty upon the child. For instance, the duty of *moral honesty;* it goes into all the ramifications of life.

A lad one morning picked up several dollars in the road, which had been lost the night previous from the trunk of a traveler, a breach having been made in the trunk by the pressure and jostling of a large sum of silver money. The lad immediately handed the money to his father, who carefully concealed it in his pocket. But how was that son surprised and injured, on discovering, subsequently, that his father had himself, the same morning, picked up a large sum of money, and though the stranger, as he repassed, had made known to them his misfortunes, his father took no pains to restore any part of the money. The mother soon came to a knowledge of the facts, and, as far as she was able, counteracted the mischief. She taught her son that he had no right to the money, not even to a cent for finding it. I heard her counsel to a number of lads, who had likewise found money by the way side. "My lads," said she, "that stranger has a right to every cent of his money. You have no right to any part of it. Her inquiries and instructions elicited from the lads the following facts and opinions, respecting their finding and retaining the lost money. One of the lads said, the stranger could not prove property, and so could not claim it by law; another, if he had not picked it up, somebody else would, and it would be as effectually lost to the owner as if he had retained it himself. Another, that he was not to blame for picking up what he found in the highway; a fourth said that he was willing the stranger should have his money, if he would come to him and demand it; a fifth, that he was glad he did not find any, for he was sure that his mother would not have let him restore it; for the other day when he found a dollar bill, his mother told him, to say nothing about it, for very likely somebody would claim it, that was not the real owner, and he might have it, as well as any one else. Another said, he wished his mother had not laid his out to pay the pedlar that morning, for he would like to restore it to the owner. Another, that he would restore his, if his parents would let him. Another remarked that he had picked up ten pieces, but that when he handed them to his mother, she said, it was just the sum, his father wanted to pay his taxes.

This good mother in Israel after endeavouring to obviate all their objections to restore the lost property, showing to them the fallacy of their reasoning, and the injustice of their various pleas for not restoring the money immediately to the rightful owner, faithfully admonished them, that, at the last day, conscience would lift up its voice and demand the stranger's rights. One thing they did know that the money was not *theirs*, and that it could be easily restored to the right owner. "My children," said she, "hear me, the person who lost that money may, at this very moment, be in great distress. He may be a very poor man, and may have been commissioned to pay a debt with it; and may be greatly perplexed when he finds it is lost. He may be greatly pressed for the payment of that debt. Or, it may be, that some poor widow lost it, and her family of children may be in great distress this winter, for the want of that money to buy for them clothes and food." "Oh," said she, "how sorry I

am that he lost his money, my dear boys, if you are all willing to restore the money *I* will try to find the stranger, and make his heart glad?"

The lads all consented; but I was afterwards grieved to know that although the stranger returned all the way from Philadelphia, to look up his lost money, and at length discovered that his trunk sprung a leak in my father's neighborhood, and that the money had been strewed for several miles along the road; that after spending a whole day in the research he found so many difficulties in the way of recovering it, that he gave it up in despair, and had gone on his journey. This grieved the mother in Israel who had counselled the lads. But it was worth all the money that was lost, to have had such a salutary impression as was made, by this incident, upon my mind, and upon the minds of the lads, by means of that Christian mother's faithful lecture. I can never lose the impression which that lecture made upon my mind, and I hope upon my morals, and upon my heart.

Whenever a case of this kind has subsequently occured, I have been led not only to search myself, but I have invariably asked myself, 'Am I sorry that my neighbor lost that article that I am about to pick up in the street, or in the field? Am I willing, not only to put him in possession of his property, but so promptly, as to save him a moment's anxiety and every possible expense in recovering what is his own. Do I allow myself to expect any reward for being just to restore the lost article to my unfortunate neighbor? Have I any right to demand or expect any thing from him in return? If I had lost the same amount of property, should I be willing that my neighbor should charge me any thing for finding it?

D. A. C.

HAD the following article been received in season for our September No., we should have suppressed the brief notice we gave of one of the books mentioned below. The remarks of W. in this article, are, in our view, highly important, and we cheerfully give them a place in the Magazine, with a full conviction that the writer will receive the cordial thanks of our readers.

BOOKS FOR PARENTS.

To the Editor of the Mother's Magazine.

I WOULD gladly call the attention of your numerous readers to a class of books which seem to me beyond the range of ordinary newspaper criticism; and which I am happy to believe many editors of papers regard in this light, and therefore leave them untouched. I allude to those books whose prominent object is to render the mass of mankind familiar with themselves—with the physical frame they inhabit, and which, in the language of the devout Psalmist, is fearfully and wonderfully made.

There is not a little danger, at the present day, of giving our instructions too *material* a tendency.—I use the term here as the opposite of spiritual. No man, perhaps, would do more than myself to give the young a knowledge of things,—to make them familiar with nature. But there is a method of attending to these subjects which leads the child to rest on second causes, instead of going back to the Great First Cause; and instead of looking *through* nature up to nature's God.

No where, perhaps, is there more danger of giving a worldly or material tone to our instructions than in the study of the human frame. It is one thing to be forcibly and almost irresistibly driven to the conclusion that there is a God, and quite another to have that belief produce an effect upon the heart. It is even possible that while, in our understandings, we are compelled to do homage to Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, our hearts—our affections—are still far from God, and even more remote from true holiness than before.

This study, then, like almost every other, needs, if I may be allowed the expression, to be *evangelized*. Anatomy and physiology, indeed every thing which is embraced in the great department of physical education, appears to me indispensably and incalculably important; but we have few authors or teachers who write or teach on this subject in the proper spirit.

Among the few books, which are deserving the attention of every parent and teacher, there are three which it is my particular object at the present time to notice:

The first and more important is "the Father's Book;" by Theodore Dwight, Jr. This work is in the right spirit, exactly. In the detail, there may possibly be opinions in which I should not entirely accord, but they are, generally, the non-essentials. Besides it is the *spirit* of the work which I admire and love. I wish every parent into whose hands your Magazine falls would read it again and again. I am sure no individual—certainly no Christian—could rise from the perusal of its pages without being conscious that he is both wiser and better for being acquainted with it. I regard the honor of preparing such a work for the millions of American families as incomparably greater than the honor of writing Scott's Commentary, invaluable as the latter work may be. Nor am I sure, but the time will come when the Father's Book will be seen to have had more influence.

The second work which I deem of especial importance to parents, at the present crisis of Christianity, is a late volume of Harper's Family Library by Dr. Andrew Combe, on Human Physiology. The tone—the moral tone—of this work, is inferior to the former; but its pages are full of instruction; and no Christian parent can read it, so it seems to me, without feeling greatly strengthened to go forward with new energy and increased alacrity in the great work of training for a glorious immortality those whom God has made, in no little degree, dependant on his own exertions for health and character.

And if convinced of the importance of a thorough knowledge of the human frame, early inculcated; if we believe with the author of the "Father's Book," that, "if there be any thing in the nature of minerals, vegetables, or animals, worthy of close attention, the human frame must be allowed to be much more so," then we shall be ready to examine, with no little interest, a small work entitled, "The House I live in," by William A. Alcott. It compares the human frame to that of a wooden building, and under this similitude proceeds to give an account of it, in a style which is intelligible, and free from technical terms. The work is intended for parents and teachers, and is believed to be precisely adapted to the wants of those who have just read carefully Dwight and Combe, and wish to begin the great work of instructing their children in these neglected subjects.

These three works, allow me to repeat it, I wish were in the hands of every one of your readers, and, indeed, of every parent in the land. They are susceptible of doing—in Christian hands—infinitely more good than a thousand such collections of books as those written by Walter Scott, though a single collection of the latter kind might cost ten times the money. W.

ANECDOTE.—A clergyman once was sent for to pray by the bed-side of a little child, who was to all appearance dying. The mother was quite in an agony of affliction, and would not be pacified. The clergyman, however, proceeded to pray for the child, and in the course of his prayer, he made use of the following expression: "O Lord, we resign this child into thy hands, to do with him what seemeth best in thy good pleasure."

The mother, interrupting him, cried out, "No! I cannot resign him,—I cannot part with him." The clergyman was much shocked by her unreasonable conduct. He tried to convince her of her folly and her impiety, but in vain. When he returned home, he noted down in his pocket book all the particulars of this singular incident, together with the day of the month on which it occured. The child recovered; but that very day, twenty-one years afterward, the boy was hanged as a malefactor.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER AND "THE MASTER."

Lone had she watch'd her daughter's dying couch;—
A spirit from the pit possess'd her soul.—
Dark fiend of death! Why did he seize such prey?
Why glut his maw on spirit infantine?
Why please his demon-soul with mother's tears?
'Twas Heaven's design to point her to the Lamb,
Who came to seek and succour what was lost.

A drop of mercy fall on Sidon's coast!
She heard he came that way to heal and teach,
And pour immortal light on Gentile lands.
She knew the heavenly kindness of his soul,
And cried to him from far, "O heal my child,
Vex'd by a spirit from the deep, dark pit,
Most grievously; rending her soul piece-meal,
He hoped to tear her from a mother's arms;
He knew not how affections cling like death;
He seem'd a wolf intent upon a lamb.
Lord Jesus, help, O help me! save my child!"

In sober silence long the Master stood:
Said the disciples, "Let the mother go;
Wherefore listen to her mournful wailings."
"I'm not commission'd but to Israel's stray'd;
These I must bring to Zion's lovely fold."
She bow'd the knee before him—"Help, we perish."
"I may not cast the children's bread to dogs,
Or feed the swinish multitude on Canaan's food."
"Truth, Lord! yet meanest dogs the crumbs may eat,
And wait and watch beneath their master's feet."
This said, his tender soul was kindly moved;
"O woman! great thy faith,—the grace shall be,
To her and thee, as rich, as great, as free."

D. A. C.

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1834.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SECRET OF A MOTHER'S CONTROL OVER THE CONSCIENCE OF HER SON.

NO. IV.

Here I think I see the mother in an attitude as important as wielding the largest planet that floats in the whole family of worlds. My mind has often reverted to this very thought in illustrating this subject. When the worlds were built, God seems to have sent them out by a mighty impulse that gave them their diurnal and annual motions, which they have undeviatingly kept now these six thousand years. And by the help of mere mathematical calculation we can easily see what confusion and ruin would have followed, if there had been the least mistake in the *strength* or *direction* of the impulse that sent them out. But the planets are mere bubbles that float for a few hours in sunshine, and then burst and disappear for ever; while the immortal spirit under the guidance of conscience, and the mother trying to guide that conscience, is, as a whole, a mightier enterprise, and much more worthy to command the respect and veneration of angels.

Thus I seem to see every mother placed, with her son in her arms, in the attitude of sending him out to range in his moral orbit, and carrying warmth, heat, and life, or darkness, terror, and desolation, through every furlong of his route, and that route continuing as long as God shall live. And the parent that is to help manage such a matter should ever carry a very even hand. I would have her see steadily the movements and the mind of God, and be skilled in the laws of conscience and of rectitude, and know every wayward movement that her son can take in passing the desert. I would not have her weep too despairingly, nor laugh too loudly. I would have her never forget, for a single moment, that she guides an immortal mind to the kingdom of God. When I say she must keep in an even temperament, I do not mean by this, that to maintain her control of the conscience of her son, she may not feel high emotions of holy joy, a deep sorrow, if God make her sad. This would be like confining her to a single apartment of her house. If God make her happy, she may be blessed, and if he cast her down, she may lie in the valley of death. The best mothers that ever guided a son had occasion to rise and fall many degrees in the scale of the moral barometer.

It cannot be otherwise in an atmosphere where sin is current, and suffering and death.

But the mother who has a conscience to control has a more important office than if her standing was on some planet where she was the sole occupant, and God had decreed that her hand should wield its helm, and it should ascend and go down through every barleycorn of its route by the gentle pressure of her hand. She must carry that hand steady, she must always believe the same truths, and correct from the same sentiments, and on the same maxims. She must be the same mother all the year, and not move by fits and starts as one and another wind shall blow. The same principles of moral honesty, for instance, must be ever in prompt and ready operation. To illustrate my meaning I will state a case. A mother who had meant uniformly to sustain correct moral deportment in her son, was told one day by him, when he had just arrived from college, "There, mother, I have forgotten to pay the stageman." She remarked, as he rose to run and pay him, I do not know, my son, but he is as able to lose it as we are to pay it. He sat down, and the stageman never got his money. If she had not been in the act of guiding the conscience of an immortal being, it had been a smaller matter. As it was, she had better have destroyed a material world. God could create another with a word.

I do not, by this remark, intend to neutralize the paternal influence. I address the mother, and suppose her in the very attitude where she has the mightiest power, and where her influence need not be divided. I put her at the helm of conscience, not because I would elevate her above her husband, for this is an inversion of the order of nature, I had almost said, that God will not forgive. Where the order of the house demands this inversion, the pairs are unequally yoked together, and we say without the fear of mistake that *the children cannot be educated.*

> "As well might heavenly concert spring
> From two old lutes with ne'er a string
> Or none besides the bass."

I would not annihilate the father, but would give the mother her full amount of influence over the conscience of her son, because I would have the father uniformly employed in providing the meat that perisheth. At the business of managing the conscience, moreover, I would give the mother a large control, because she can come at the work not encumbered with the turmoil, and the confusion, and the passions, generated by contact with a selfish and stormy world. But the mother can sit down by the side of the conscience she would control, as she sits down by the sick bed of her child, to sooth and nurse the son of her hopes and her sorrows. The best character that I ever heard given a woman was in a case where her husband called her *his walking conscience.* He might have made the remark in pleasantry, and still I knew that it embodied a great amount of truth. She guided all the consciences in the house, as the unvarying dial, in the centre of the old grass-plat, regulated the old family piece, and all the keepers of time in the house. How happy for the family where there is one such moral dial that holds its undeviating position all the year; and through all seasons, and through all

perplexities, guides the moral movements of a family in covenant with God. And how happy that family, when guided a little while by the undeviating conscience, and by the counsel of Heaven, it shall rise and help constitute the family of God in the skies. D. A. C.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS ON MATERNAL EDUCATION.

NO. III.

In our first article, on maternal education, we spoke of the importance of securing implicit obedience, and of early instruction in religious knowledge. Moral and religious considerations must lie at the basis of all valuable government, and no authority can long be sustained without them. So much has been said on the subject of maternal influence and government, in the earliest years of childhood, that we shall be brief in our remarks in relation to this period. There are a few considerations, however, which we beg leave to suggest.

FIRST—IN RELATION TO PUNISHMENTS.

That maternal authority can be preserved without the infliction of punishment we have no belief; and that without this, children are ruined, we have not a doubt. Every child is a depraved being, and will soon display melancholy evidence of its depravity. Though the fondness and partiality of a mother's love may blind her to the offences of her children, a more discerning eye may every day detect delinquencies of conduct, which require a vigorous hand for correction. We recommend the following course; and we do so, not without some experience of its advantages. Let *certain offences* be classed together, as deserving a peculiar punishment, that of the severe kind. Such as *disobedience*, *falsehood*, *theft*, and *profaneness*, instances of which will often occur in almost every family. For these offences let bodily chastisement be inflicted, without failure in a single instance, when the evidence of guilt shall be sufficient. And the child should not be made to give evidence against itself, except where there is proof sufficient to establish the fact, without its own confession. Uniform and severe punishment for these offences, accompanied with proper instructions as to the nature and consequences of the sin, and with expressions of regret and sorrow on the part of the parent, as well for the necessity of punishing as for the offence itself, will seldom fail of success in correcting these habits of sin. If the child is allowed to escape punishment in a single instance, when it knows that its parent is acquainted with its offence, the value of her government is greatly impaired, if not destroyed; for it is the hope and expectation of impunity that stimulates to sin. We have no belief that lighter punishments are suited to this class of offences. It will not do, simply to appeal to the pride or interest of the child, or to its sense of moral obligation. It is punishment alone, and *punishment* that shall cause pain, that will meet the necessities of the case. The penalties of God's

law ought to satisfy every parent on this subject, and the directions of Solomon are attended by the wisdom of inspiration.

Those sinful habits of the youthful mind, which lie at the foundation of an immoral character, may in most cases soon be broken up, and the necessity of severe punishment seldom occur.

There is a *second* class of offences, which may have annexed to them a penalty of a lighter character, and which may be varied according to the circumstances under which the offence shall be committed. Punishment here may consist in a severe reprimand, a denial of some indulgence otherwise reasonable and expected, and various expressions of displeasure and parental regret.

There is a *third* class of almost innumerable obliquities of character and aberrations of infant life, which will require simple reproof and admonition, with strict injunction to guard from them in future, a repetition of which, may involve an offence of the first class, the disobedience of parental law. A judicious mother will know, from suitable reflection, when to graduate the punishment due to such delinquencies of conduct.

It is the misfortune of some parents to make no distinction in the offences of their children, but to reprove and punish without discrimination, as caprice or their own passions shall dictate. Government over children should be administered with a steady hand—it should be uniform in its requirements and penalties, and it should be administered on principles of strict justice, mingled with the most clear exhibitions of kindness and compassion. The reforming influence of punishment arises from those obvious indications of benevolence with which it is inflicted. The severity of God, in the grace of the gospel, is the bright illustration of a perfect moral government.

There are a thousand nameless improprieties, if not offences, in children, which must be overlooked entirely; but we should be careful as to the character of these improprieties, and mindful of the circumstances under which they occur. We say they may be passed unnoticed. Some parents feel that *no irregularity* should go unpunished, hence they fall into the ruinous habit of perpetual fault-finding and scolding, which will soon destroy the government and authority of the parent, as well as ruin the disposition of the child. When, it may be asked, shall the irregularities of children be allowed to pass unnoticed? We reply, in those cases where the offence is not of a flagrant character, and where the child does not know that the parent is acquainted with the offence. There are nameless errors, which, if the child supposes you do not know them, and which perhaps it does know to be such, may be passed; but in no case, when the child is aware that you are acquainted with its faults, should you remain silent and permit your child to go unreproved.

One of the most effectual guards to filial delinquency, and which will operate with most salutary influence on children, is the clearly expressed sorrow which their offences create. It is the agony of the cross that melts the soul. So it is a mother's tear that subdues the child.

A parent should also encourage her child to virtue, by those endearing expressions of pleasure which its well-doing deserves. It is the fatal error

of some parents, to frown on all that is wrong, and never to stimulate to the infant virtues, by that richest of all rewards, *a mother's approbation*. It would be well to study God's word and providence in relation to this subject—how He makes all nature, in her endlessly diversified laws, to punish vice, to encourage and reward virtue.

In the punishment of delinquencies, and the reward of merit, we would discourage all comparison among members of the same family. There is but little envy and rivalship among children; but our miserable systems of school education have abundantly supplied these sad elements of moral character. We wholly disapprove of the habit in common schools of permitting the best scholars to hold a pre-eminence of place above others less gifted, and who are denied instruction at home. It fosters pride, rivalship and arrogance in *some*, and produces mortification and discouragement in *others*; and it lays the foundation for an overbearing and ambitious spirit in after life, and so disheartens others that they utterly despair of success in the world, and are ruined. Children will soon enough become acquainted with their relative standing, and the best and only stimulus which they require, is the love of learning something new, and the approbation of their instructers and parents. These two principles are powerful, when not perverted and destroyed by education.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Mother's Magazine

NURSERY DISCIPLINE.

"There, John, see,—you have a little rival in the cradle! Look at that pretty baby lying there. You are no longer the only son. You must now give up all your playthings to your little brother; and he must have your mama, and your pretty cradle too; and John must be a little man, and sleep up chamber with Hannah."

"That naughty baby shan't be my brother. I'll pull him out of the cradle. He shan't have my playthings: he shan't have my ma, and I won't sleep up chamber."

"Then I hope you'll be whipt, and made to mind; for if you are such a naughty, cross boy, Hannah won't love you."

"Then I won't love Hannah."

Such conversations not unfrequently occur in the nursery. I have known a father talk in this style, to test the manly spirit of *his boy*. I have known a sister do it, merely for the sake of play; a brother, either from a teazing, or mischief-loving spirit; or a nurse, from a spirit of altercation. I have known such a course persisted in for years, though the anxious mother had repeatedly interjected the expostulation, "Pa, why will you do so?" "Sister, brother, do not be so inconsiderate, so cruel." Children who are vexed and irritated, usually grow up ill-natured, saucy, and impertinent. The temper and disposition of children are as truly shaped by provocation and foolish jesting, in those nurseries where they are indulged, as metal is shaped when it is cast into a mould.

A great and good physician asserts, that the words, looks, and actions, which infants see and hear, in connexion with the discipline they receive during the two first years of their lives, do actually form the grand essential outlines of their future characters; and so indelibly are they impressed, that it will be difficult to new-model them in future years. If this sentiment be just, how careful should a mother be, not to intrust her *infants* to the care of the ignorant and the unprincipled. That was a judicious mother who was heard to remark, that she herself always took the chief care of her infants till they were two years old. Instead of a nurse she hired a housekeeper. If any thing was wasted or broken, it might be supplied; but if the dispositions of her infants were injured, there was no remedy.

These remarks are sufficient to show the importance of very early education. But there are very many difficulties in this process. The nurse, instead of producing wrong emotions in the breast of John, and by her conversation increasing them, should have taken this early opportunity to instil principles of love and virtue. And it is here I may be met with many objections at the mouths of mothers; among the greatest of which is, the apparent inconsistency of their principles and theories of education with circumstances as they arise. What then is the influence of adventitious circumstances in the great business of nursery discipline, and what the manner in which they shall be disposed of?

Every body knows that a variety of circumstances and events are daily occurring, which a mother can neither provide against nor control. These circumstances, however, she may with considerable dexterity so modify or direct, that though their results are not positively beneficial, they shall not be evil. A child in pain, for instance, cannot be excessively indulged without hazarding serious and dangerous consequences. The mind, as well as the body, under protracted sufferings, becomes enfeebled: neither will then admit of great excitement or conflict. In the absence of reason, while the passions, like so many outlaws, become dominant, how delicate, how difficult, rightly to administer discipline! The course which a parent pursues, in order to secure obedience in such cases, often forms a *crisis*, and this too, as I have before intimated, very early, in a child's disposition and character. I am in possession of some facts in the experience of a mother, which show the influence of irritating circumstances upon a child's disposition and conduct, and fully illustrate the necessity of great discrimination in early discipline.

At the early age of a year and three months, the son of this mother manifested great displeasure and resentment in finding an infant sister at her side. At first he attempted to pull the infant out of the bed. He then bit her little finger. Mrs. G. at once had recourse to the rod. The next time he manifested similar feelings, she tried the effect of banishing him for awhile from the nursery. When the child was again permitted to return, he appeared more exasperated than ever, on finding the infant in his mother's arms. With a strange expression of countenance, he went behind his mother's chair, and began to spit upon her dress. Mrs. G. was now utterly at a loss what course to pursue. She therefore sent for a judicious and experienced mother, who advised her to try the expedient of soothing the wounded feelings

of the child. Perhaps he feared that the infant had usurped his place in his mother's affections. If satisfied on that point, she trusted that all would be well. This advice not only commended itself to the judgment of Mrs. G., but was a cordial to her agitated feelings. She immediately resigned her infant to the nurse, and on receiving her little son to her arms, she said to him, "darling child, mother's precious boy." The poor thing hid his face under his mother's arm. His heaving chest and smothered emotion evinced the most heartfelt satisfaction at finding that he was not to be cast off, but was still beloved. She could not but compare his respiration to that of a child when it had cried itself to sleep, after having been subdued by means of the rod. Presently he raised his little head, and looking over into the nurse's lap, he exclaimed, "pretty babe, pretty babe, mama."

I verily believe that had this case been misinterpreted, and a uniform course of punishment been pursued, without sympathy, although the child might have been made obedient, the consequence would have been, a cherished hostility to his sister. As it was, the mother was put upon her guard, and the evil was averted. This circumstance, while it tried and humbled Mrs. G., served the valuable purpose of developing one feature in her son's disposition; which, with the blessing of God, she was enabled to turn to profitable account, in the subsequent management of this child. His attachment to his mother, has, thus far, been the great controlling influence which has preserved him, when exposed to peculiar temptations.

I have sometimes mentioned the fact above stated, as evincing great natural affection; but have been told in reply, that whatever might be true as to his feelings on that occasion, the child must be naturally unamiable and selfish. But experience proved the contrary. From that hour he uniformly manifested the most cordial and disinterested feelings towards his sister. And why should not his fears have been excited, especially when a mother's cares seemed about to be withdrawn,—cares rendered doubly precious by these recent circumstances.

It was the kind and cheering voice of his *mother*, that had soothed and encouraged him, only the week previous, when suffering from a shocking burn on his chest. It was his *mother*, that had kept herself awake, night after night, placing the little sufferer first in one position, and then in another, that if possible *he* at least might sleep; holding his little hands in her's the livelong night, lest he should tear open afresh his healing wounds. Aunt Polly, on the contrary, frowned upon him, and chid him for crying. Although it was the middle of January, she would occasionally set him out of bed, upon the cold floor, when he complained, or was restless from pain or irritation, or when he wanted to rise earlier in the morning than was agreeable to her. She thought it far better to stop the child's mouth by a smart box on the ear, than to attempt to quiet him by expressions of sympathy and kindness. Intrusted then, as he must be, to his kind-hearted, but misjudging aunt, it was not improper indulgence that had induced Mrs. G. to pay such minute and constant attention to her boy; nor was he peculiarly selfish or unamiable in the expression of his natural fears.

Will the lion roar in the forest if he hath no prey, or is in want of none?

This interrogation implies that animals are governed by instinct, or, in other words, by natural impulses. Though this cannot be said to be absolutely the fact, in the case of young children, yet as the lamp of reason burns but dimly, we have a right to infer, that infants are scarcely more to blame than animals, for expressing their sensations of pain, hunger or cold, and for expressing them in the only way of which they are capable.

Mothers who have the care of very *active* children, meet with many difficulties. They often complain that they do not know *how* and *when* to punish them. It certainly requires great forbearance and wisdom, to manage one such child. The difficulty is very greatly increased, where three or four such spirits meet in one family. Before punishing such children, let a mother *study their motives*. A little boy of this character, once got upon his trundle-bed, with a large pair of shears, and cut his bed in several places. At another time, he took a sharp knife, and cut his mother's sofa. The servant-girl thought the child was "possessed." He had, as she said, more "depravity" in him, than any child she had ever known. His mother thought otherwise. As he was remarkably ambitious, and desirous of imitating older people, as well as active, she thought it was a desire to handle the "big scissors," and to try the "sharp knife," that influenced him, rather than a wish to destroy the bed or the sofa.

I called a short time since on a friend, who resided in the country, but had come to the city, to visit her sister, accompanied by her three little ones. I found her in trouble, in consequence of an incident which had just occurred. Her little boy, of three years of age, had clambered up into a hall window, leaning partly against the window, and partly against a frame which had been placed upon a flower-pot to support a waxplant.

The plant was tall, but the child had so managed as to reach the topmost branch, and had plucked a beautiful flower, and the only one that the plant would produce for sometime to come. The first inquiry was, "what mode of *punishment* should be adopted?" The half hour I sat with his mother, I had opportunity to observe that child. The formality of an introduction was scarcely over, after he was introduced into the drawingroom, (for he had been brought in at my request,) before he was disposed to convert the crickets into horses, and a chair into a carriage, that he might take out his twin sisters for a ride. From having been chiefly confined to his mother's nursery, where he was very properly allowed to play with the furniture in this way, he saw no evil in doing the same in his aunt's drawingroom. Having lived in the country, where he was allowed to pick indiscriminately in the field, the sweet clover and the pretty daisy, and in his father's garden, the lily and the daffodil, I inferred that the child did not know that his friends had attached any special value to the houseplant; or it might have been that he wished to view a flower which was so much admired.

The course of conduct then, which the mother should have pursued, depended entirely on the previous instruction of the child, and upon its motives. If it had been instructed as to the rights of others, if it did the injury maliciously, it deserved punishment: if from mere carelessness, reproof of some kind might have been administered. And at any rate, instructed or not, with

pure or bad motives, the occasion was one on which to found instruction of the highest importance to the child.

But the grand remedy for such active children is *prevention*. Remove as far as possible from them, temptations to commit such misdeeds. Be sure to fill their hands with employment, which has at least the semblance of utility. Do not value considerable expense in the purchase of tools: and then be sure that you place them in a situation to be used without injury to any one; but do not punish them severely with the rod, for perhaps trying to emulate an older brother or sister, in things useful. Children are imitative beings; they see every body around them busy; "they would be busy too."

In my endeavours to impress upon mothers the importance of regarding adventitious circumstances in the discipline of the nursery, I trust that no one will infer that in my estimation the *rod* can *always* be dispensed with. By no means. In cases of repeated, positive and wilful acts of *disobedience* to a parent's authority, or commands, I would sometimes recommend the rod. In some cases I have no doubt that the rod will prove effectual, when every other remedy fails. In a variety of cases, it is an easy, safe, and sure method of punishment, but not *always* the safest and best.

In the preceding remarks, I trust that I have briefly, but plainly, exhibited some of the great principles upon which mothers in the discipline of the nursery should act. These are, that mothers should seek to prevent error and crime, rather than trust to punishment after the fault is committed; that before correction, they should ascertain all the circumstances of each case of misconduct, and that they should duly weigh and appreciate the child's motive, rather than, as in the case above alluded to, the intrinsic or reputed value of the waxplant.

For the Mother's Magazine.

FAMILY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WINTER.

It is a natural reflection, for those who have seen both bad and good family systems, on witnessing the approach of long and inclement winter evenings; "How many parents will neglect this season to make those arrangements and preparations which might secure the intellectual, moral and religious instruction and improvement of their children! How many dangerous plans are now laying for passing the hours of the autumn and winter before us; how many false pleasures are anticipated; how many unfounded hopes, encouraged by parents, are to end in disappointment; how many arrangements are making, involving the expense of thought, time, or money, which will encroach upon the real interests, and perhaps ruin the solid enjoyments of the family circle, and leave them less happy, less wise, less harmonious, and less prepared for future life, than they now are."

We may form any ideas we please about the happiness of other conditions in life: but there is, nowhere, such a variety of wonderful influences concentrated, tending to good, as in the family state. There is the school in which

God seems to have ordained that our children shall receive the ground-works of education, both in the affections, habits, and mind. What we get by the fireside, and at the family board, we remember, and what is more, we practice with greater ease, and generally with greater effect, than any thing else. A man might as well forget his native language, or speak a foreign tongue with greater readiness, as to free himself from the impressions of childhood. What is inculcated in the family, whether good or bad, no school can entirely unteach. How important then that parents should adopt and immediately practice upon these two principles:

1st. Home must be the chief seat of enjoyment.

2nd. Home is the best place for education.

To these two points I would wish to invite the attention of mothers and fathers, in all circumstances in life. The few remarks I shall have room to make, I design to apply to families of citizens, farmers, mechanics, and labourers. Whether the circumstances be exalted or depressed by wealth or poverty, honour or obscurity; whether health or sickness be their visiter; whether they are in a crowded town or a remote retreat—if there be but a family and a home, the means to be suggested may be at least to some extent applied, and the objects desired in a considerable degree obtained, by timely care and faithful attention.

PLAN FOR THE SEASON.

1st. Let the parent determine now, as far as circumstances will permit, on a general system to be pursued every day. I would recommend that this be written down, and followed with such alterations as may be found best.

2nd. Consider what evils will need to be guarded against, and what benefits and advantages to be secured.

If records be made, on the beginning of November, of the results of the good mother's reflections and determinations on these subjects, they need not be exhibited, nor preserved for any particular length of time, (though the latter might be recommended,) but the main points will be better remembered, and prove more useful in practice and in review in the spring. The following specimens may perhaps serve some of your readers as a guide, and suggest things more applicable to themselves. Some plan is necessary. The precise time is left for each family to fix for itself.

PLAN FOR THE DAY.

1. Rise early, at — o'clock. Private devotions.
2. — O'clock. Family prayers, with reading the Scriptures and singing.
3. — " Breakfast. (For remarks on meals see beyond.)
4. — " Domestic duties by the mother and daughters, either in turns or otherwise.
5. — " Arrangements for staying at home alone, for receiving or making visits, walks, or rides.
6. — " Dinner—then domestic duties.
7. — " Tea or supper.
8. — " Arrangements for the evening at home alone.
9. — " Do. for the evening at home with friends.

10. — O'clock. Arrangements for the evening abroad.
11. — " Evening family devotions—singing and prayer.
12. — " Retire.

(See below for remarks on the plan for a day. The numbers refer to the divisions above noted.)

EVILS TO BE AVOIDED.

1st. Domestic disputes and discord.
2nd. Frivolous and ill-natured conversation at meals.
3rd. Talking of dress and food.
4th. Roving thoughts and conversation.
5th. The habit of living for the hour, or the day.
6th. Mortification or pride, from looks, manners, dwelling, connexions, &c.
7th. Late retiring and late rising.
8th. Too much company.
9th. Too little society.
10th. Monotony of fireside instructions or enjoyments.
11th. Admitting evil influences from the neighbourhood.
12th. Excluding good, ditto.
13th. Sacrificing the family interests to business.

May there be few families who will have to guard against so long a file of enemies as I have here named! The list has been made so large, rather to convey an idea of what classes of evils the good parent should be guarded against.

REMARKS ON THE PLAN FOR A DAY.

1. Early rising is a duty of a high order. Every young child, properly treated, prefers it from instinct, and cannot without difficulty be trained to be late. It affords a wholesome kind of self-denial, followed by immediate, as well as perceptible benefits. As the mother does, so will the family generally do. Landscapes, animals, the human frame and spirits, all invite us to rise early. A busy father may easily instruct his children half an hour or more a day, by rising early. We get by it the finest sight of creation, the best appetite for our breakfast, the most cheerful frame of mind, as well as the most favourable period for devotion.

2. Vocal music should be a part of the daily employment of every body. Brothers and sisters, accustomed to harmonize in voice, will seldom be discordant in words or feelings. The exercise trains to ideas of order, and associates sweet sounds and pure feelings with the recollection of family scenes, the examples and counsels of parents, and prepares every one for ten thousand good thoughts and influences in subsequent life. It is, besides, a part of private as well as public worship, established by God, and every parent should have David's example before her, as well at home as at church.

3. *Meals.*—The dangerous topics of conversation mentioned under the second and third heads among the *evils to be avoided*, should be outlawed at the family table. Let the good parent but declare, in her own heart, irreconcileable war against them, and use as much influence as she can to keep them away, and she will take one of the principal steps necessary to secure

the happiness and improvement of her children, indeed of the whole family circle for the winter. Whoever attempts the task, for the first time, will be astonished at the wily nature of these enemies: under so many forms will food, dress, ill-nature and frivolity present themselves, and try, often under disguises, to occupy the thoughts and feelings. The parent should always be provided with subjects of conversation to meet any such case. Something worth knowing may be picked up every day, and brought out with the parental smile soon after the blessing has been pronounced, and when all will be best prepared to follow the lead that may be given. Let one or more subjects, thus secretly chosen, be noted down, even in single words; and what a pleasing review would the list present to the parent, at the close of the season! Let it be a particular object to learn something *favourable* to the character of neighbours or friends to relate and comment upon, standing ready to chide every unfounded, disparaging remark which ill-nature or bad habit (a great thing in these matters) may incline any one to make. How effectual a cure might a parent thus easily put to the evils, mentioned under the first, second, eleventh, twelfth, and perhaps other heads of those *to be* avoided!

If both parents would combine to act in this manner, how changed would soon become many a family circle at breakfast, dinner and supper, and indeed from morning till night!

4. *Domestic duties.*—The exercise of sweeping is one of the most healthful which could be selected for a female; and the active movements and exertions required in various other duties which they too often leave to servants, or regard as drudgery, might have saved from untimely graves many a young woman who has been taught to despise useful labour—more honourable than fashionable idleness, and far less dangerous to the health than injudicious dress and late hours. And let the mother, on these and other subjects, make herself more independent of fashions, and prevailing opinions, than I have time to describe. She will be answerable for it, if her daughters lose health, or shorten life, by compressing their frames for appearance; if they derive from her example or training, the false, the injurious, the degrading, the often fatal idea, that manual labour is disgraceful, unbecoming, or unnecessary to health and cheerfulness, as well as to real respectability, in every son and daughter of Adam.

Children should not be promised any mere frivolous gratification, as a reward for a domestic or other duty. This places both in a wrong, false light. The duty, if performed well and with a proper spirit, is the source of greater enjoyment, at least in its effects; and many of those things which are desired, are not preferred by the child for any thing in them, but only for the value placed on them by their elders.

Happy is that family where each child finds some kind of active exercise to perform, with the return of every day, in useful business of some kind or other. Far happier pass the hours in the house of the farmer and mechanic, and even the day-labourer, if the children are thus provided for within doors or without, than in the most splendid families in our country, whose young inhabitants learn by daily experience what the good judgment of others often

conjectures, namely, that want of occupation for the body, the mind and the feelings, with a sense of usefulness, are necessary to our enjoyment, from the very constitution of our nature.

5. All arrangements should be made with calmness, and for some reasonable object, of sufficient importance and value to be frankly avowed. A child should never see an elder excited at the prospect of visiting or receiving a friend, appearing in the street or at a public place, or doing any thing away from home. The interest shown in such things should be seen to arise, at least in a great measure, from the love of home, and the desire of making it the centre of happiness and intelligence. The child should be taught and trained to look upon the external world as a field from which every member of the family is bound to bring in a portion of food, and to which he is to desire to communicate some benefit as far as he can, but he have no reason to believe that after all there are enjoyments to be found in it, which the parent prefers, or even puts on an equality with those afforded by the fireside.

6, 7. I have room only to refer the reader from these heads to what has been said under the third and fourth.

8. Amusement and instruction should always be abundantly provided for an evening at home. The means will vary with the ages of the children, and the various circumstances around them. Even a mother in the most retired, humble and destitute condition, has means at her command, so long as she possesses any portion of that cheerfulness which arises from submission to God and trust in him. If her last stick is on the fire, it may give light enough to show a countenance that her little ones will love, and to let them interchange looks of affection, and deeds of brotherly and sisterly kindness. She can repeat some affecting or holy narrative while she mends the tattered garment; encourage their prattle or their remarks on the scanty knowledge they may have collected; do something to keep alive the sparks of intellect and the glow of affection around her; and in a simple hymn carry her little flock, as it were on a mother's wings, to Heaven.

Such scenes may be thought extreme: but they have existed, and I doubt not do exist, and their effects are sometimes such as the great and honourable and luxurious mother might desire. "Ah," exclaimed a warm-hearted man, who had been nursed by a poor but affectionate parent, as he looked upon an infant, "Ah, take your pleasure now, for I never have been half so contented since I left my mother!" Parents must love their children's real interests, and consult them, or they never will be loved, or successful in training them.

While even the poorest have some means of intellectual domestic instruction within their reach, while there are Bibles, Tracts, Sunday School Libraries, &c., how many, how various, how abundant means are at the command of those who are in more comfortable circumstances! We have books appropriate to different ages, from the English Penny Magazine, Peter Parley's Magazine, Geography, &c., &c., with others of a more religious tendency, up to the best classical writers of different countries, at prices greatly reduced within a few years. What a fund of knowledge, literature and science, may be obtained for thirty dollars, in the seventy odd volumes of Harper's Family Library, how many moral benefits from Jane Taylor's works, Mrs. Sherwood's

least romantic writings, and many others that might be mentioned! How much might the mother do to give even a large family an education equal or superior to that actually obtained in our best schools and academies, by the systematic use of slates and pencils, blackboards and chalk, pens and paper, Colburn's, Hall's, and other Arithmetics, Woodbridge's, Willard's, and other Geographies, Blair's or other School Philosophies, Duer's Outlines of Law, with the family or school apparatus of Professor Haskell, (or that of Holbrook, where the former is not to be obtained,) and even almost any of the books used in any school or even college in the country! Let experiments be made on such points as are here only intimated, and the parent will find with joy that much more can be done by any one than is commonly supposed. And those who educate their children at home, how much evil do they guard them against!

It will be well for some families to have the hours in the day allotted to different employments or exercises. Industry, however, should always be seen in some form or other. The mother, with her daughters, may be active with their needles, without being debarred from conversation, or from going on with the branches of study or reading, experiments or instruction, that others may be proceeding with. Indeed there will often be perhap the greater cheerfulness, harmony, and improvement, arising from the pleasant and diversified employments of a mingled party.

And how useful many such objects prove upon visiters. If the parents or the children have friends coming in, how naturally will the useful apparatus excite and direct conversation! How will example elevate the whole tone of thought and intercourse between families, and lead many to become imitators!

It may be objected to such arrangements, that they may appear ostentatious, and calculated only to show a love of singularity or superiority. To make such an objection is one of the easiest ways I know of to excuse one's self from doing duties, that many, very many I fear, may wish to avoid "this season." There are some, I hope, who will not be discouraged from considering the subject seriously, and adopting some plan for the winter, though it be done in secret, and without the knowledge of any one. If parents can agree on making the experiment, if it be but for a "season," or even a month, or a week, it will not of course be necessary that any other person should know any thing of it except its results.

There is one of the topics above touched upon, which I am unwilling to pass by so much in silence as I must several others.

Business.—The father will sometimes say, when he has a proposal made to determine on "family arrangements for this season," "I am too busy to attend to it." If he then adds, "and I do not see the possibility or the use of them," he will have made a grand step towards casting off all thought on this most important subject. "Business" is too generally received as a sufficient apology for neglecting duties, even of superior importance; and the more we receive such excuses, the more do we encourage others to make and act upon them. Wealth will not make our children wise or good. "Business," if followed to an engrossing degree by the father, will prevent them from being either, in more ways than any thing else. And whence did

you, father, receive your directions, or obtain the right, to withdraw all your time from your family? But you have given them, or intend to give them, a large house, every "comfort," and finally a good education. Your great house, even if but enjoyed in prospect, will give them wrong notions; they are already receiving an education which you cannot in after life counteract, and as for "comforts," no child likes magnificence in dwellings, dress, or food, half so well as what is plain, simple, and appropriate to its nature. Seek not to be rich, except on the principle that your wife and children are your worldly jewels.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE

FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

LESSON VII. HISTORY OF ABRAHAM. GEN. VII.

Where was Abraham when the Lord again appeared to him?
Whom did Abraham see standing by him?
How did he treat these strangers?
What request did he make to them?
What did he propose to do for them?
What direction did he give to Sarah?
What did Abraham himself do for their entertainment?
For whom did the strangers inquire?
What promise did the Lord again make to Abraham?
Of what sin was Sarah guilty in this interview?
When the men rose up to go, towards what place did they look?
What reason did the Lord assign why he would show Abraham the thing he was about to do?
What did the Lord say he knew Abraham would do?
Who should imitate this example of Abraham?
Will all good parents endeavour to do as Abraham did?
What things did Abraham command his children and household to do?
What did the Lord say he had heard about Sodom and Gomorrah?
For what purpose did the Lord say he would go down to Sodom?
Which way did the men go from that place?
Did Abraham go with them?
Where did Abraham stand, after the men left him?
As he drew near the Lord, what question did he ask?
What answer did the Lord give to his question?
What was the next question that Abraham asked?
What reply did he receive?
What other questions did Abraham ask?
What answers were given?
Were there any righteous persons in Sodom?
Can you tell me who they were?
When the Lord left communing with Abraham, what did he do?

THE MOTHER'S NURSERY SONGS.—This little work is got up in beautiful style. The music, as well as the poetry, is chiefly new. And if, as the author asserts, the entire human race, when taken in infancy, the deaf and dumb excepted, are easily susceptible of musical improvement, it is obvious to perceive that a little manual of this kind may be of special interest to mothers. The qualifications of the author, (Mr. Hastings, of this city,) for such an undertaking, are well known; and the fact that he has obtained contributions from such writers as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Brown, and Professor Alexander, of Princeton, may be quite sufficient to bring his work into notice.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S LAST RESOURCE.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent, and put it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live."—Num. 21. 8.

Look, look my child:
Oh couldst thou feel *on that* thy life depends,
Turn, turn thine eye but *once* upon its brightness,
Or mine must see thy death.————
Oh spare my soul the anguish of that thought;
Hadst thou but given one glance, I had not mourn'd.
'Twas all in vain. Words most importunate
All failed; his flinty heart gave no response;
And wanting that deep echo from within,
Their fervour and their strength were powerless,
And with a weight of agony, return'd
To her who breath'd them with augmented sorrow.
One last resource maternal love suggests.
The mother, with raised hand, directs her vision;
With deep intensity her own eye fix'd.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Mother!" no answer. "Mother! hears she not!"

Once more
Beseechingly, with filial eloquence,
"My dear, dear mother!" All is hush'd save grief.
But now's the hour of Heaven-sought success.
The wounded son, rous'd by the absence of
That hand so wont to sooth, and by the silence
Of sympathy responsive known before,
Opens his dying lid, to seek her eye that watch'd.
Th' absorbing brightness of the glistening cure,
Attracted *first* his gaze, and where her's rested,
Rivetted his own. The object of that mother
Is consummated. Her steadfast look had led
To his, and by its power her child was healed.

And hast thou found it thus, O Christian mother!
Hast thou too, with affection measureless,
Entreated, prayed, and warn'd thy sin-sick child
To look to Him, this symbol typified?
And hast thou wept and plead for help in vain?
Do as the Hebrew mother did. Be thine
Her singleness of purpose, and unwavering
Thy aim; and He, "the way, the truth, the life,"
Will guide thee onward in the Christian course,
And aid, to follow in thy heavenward path,
That cherish'd one, lent to thy love on earth,
But own'd in sweeter, holier love, by Heaven.
And if when seeking thee, thou'rt at the cross,
He too shall follow *there*, and find his peace.

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1834.

THE SECRET OF A MOTHER'S CONTROL OVER THE CONSCIENCE OF HER SON.

NO. V.

I HAVE taken it for granted in all that I have said on this subject, that *the conscience must be controlled.* A man, reared without a conscience, grows up a tiger or a wolf, and is about as far from being civil and decent, as from being a Christian. If God had made the human family and allowed them to fall as he has; if it should appear that he had turned them out of his hands with no conscience, to wander in the labyrinths of sin and death, without any fellowship between any moral nature of their's and his own holy and unchangeable law, it would have evinced divine malevolence. If one had built some mighty war-ship, and manned and equipped it for some gigantic enterprise, and neglected to furnish it with helm or rudder, or steersman who had learned the art of navigation, we should expect, as soon as its sails were spread to the blast, that it would be thrown upon the rocks and be merged, by the first storm that blew, into the deep caverns of the sea. Without a helm and a shipmaster, it would not navigate the wide waters, and would evince the want of skill or kindness in its architect, and the want of discretion in any one who should commit himself to the sea in the massy and ponderous fabric. A first view would show it was made for mischief and villany. While the conscience, however, cannot guide the man without light, still man may not be without a conscience, nor conscience without light. As the eye cannot dispense with the light of the sun, so the body cannot dispense with the eye. Let the light shine in, and the eye, if healthful, becomes a perfect guide, and warns the man of any and every danger that lies in his path or would thwart his way. Without a conscience man has no moral sense, no faculty by which to test the moral properties of an action; and that action done at random, may destroy the noblest interest of the man himself or of his neighbours. Hence it becomes the mother's first duty to watch this greatest avenue of mischiefs. It is idle for a mother to suppose that she has no time to instruct and make fast the conscience of her son "to the law and to the testimony." It would not be more absurd for her to pretend that she has not time to pour water upon her house which is on fire, or to lift her infant

from the flood into which it has fallen and is perishing. Every interest of man is laid waste and desolated when the conscience is erring and uncertain. It is the eye of the soul, and if the eye be not single the whole body is full of darkness. The poor Indian boy who has seen his father die, conscientiously builds the funeral pile, places the corse of the dead father, and by the side of it, the living mother who must die because her own children feel conscience-bound to burn her with fire. Or when the Indian sire is old and enfeebled, and can no longer provide rice and flesh for his household, his own children conscientiously bear him down to low-water mark, and leave him to die by strangling as soon as the tide comes in. And men have conscientiously put the halter about their own necks, and perished by their own deceivings. Conscience is a powerful ally when all her movements can be controlled by inspired truth; but let some wild and wayward fanaticism assume her control, and she becomes like the elephant wounded on the battle-field, who spreads a desolation and a slaughter, as wide and as devastating as his power is mighty and his madness beyond control. But as Heaven made that beast manageable, and renders him, by instinctive docility, the wonder among the whole animal tribe, and man's mightiest defence while he maintains control, so *conscience*, when it has the means of operating, has the light of Heaven, the same that the prophets had, and the same that beat down, with its scorching beams, upon the fallen and astonished apostle; while it has this light and may obey its dictates, it guides the man, more safely than angels could, in the path of duty and in the path to life. Hence, by all that the soul is worth, and by all that Heaven is worth, is the mother urged to prepare herself to exert a skilful and judicious control over the conscience of her son.

But there is one thought that I am unwilling to postpone till another number, and one that the same simile will give me an opportunity to illustrate. The mother, that would gain this high ascendency, and put forth this mighty control over the conscience of her son, *must begin early*. The beast that is not trained early, and bitted, reined and governed, while its *strength is small*, will prove wayward and unmanageable, and perhaps fearfully destructive, when the attempt is made to break him into service, and oblige him to wear the yoke. So the child should begin to have a conscience before he knows the use of it, and should begin to seek after moral truth as soon as he begins to be pleased with any visible and tangible object; and he is probably as soon capable of comparing moral actions with the law of God, as he is of comparing the light of a torch with the stars of Heaven. He can know as soon that God is *lovely* as that he is *mighty*, and can learn as easily and as rapidly the truth that God has taught in his word, as those which men have taught in the works of art and of science; and may very early learn to know God, "whom to know is eternal life." I cannot see why the truths which came from Heaven, and which God made so plain that the way-faring, though a fool, need not misunderstand and pervert them—I cannot see why these truths may not be as easily learned, and as fully and indelibly impressed upon the mind and the heart, as any lesson of nature, or of art, or science. Hence the lad begins to collect the materials for a good conscience in his mother's arms, from the little incidents of childhood, and the larger events

of youth, and never lays them aside till the conscience is seared as with a hot iron, or is sprinkled from dead works to serve the living God. And the mother must be employing herself to collect for her son these materials, and imbuing his mind with them when he lies down and when he rises up; when he goes with her by the way, and sits by her side in the house of God; and finally when she leans on his arm and breathes out her soul into the bosom of Jesus. And if she early collects these materials, and helps her son build this moral sense, she may hope to sit down by his conscience and sympathize with it in the throes of the new birth, and mourn its sorrows and feel its joys, while the child of her prayers and hopes passes from death to life. And then, as we hope and God has promised, she will sit with him on some little eminence in the fields of light, and sing with him in sweetest anthems the wonders of redeeming grace in everlasting song.

These numbers are written with the hope of inducing mothers to aim thus high, in this work, and to expect that they shall succeed in raising up a holy seed to see the king in his beauty, and be with him, and be like him, and be employed in adoring him, when the Heavens shall be no more.

D. A. C.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS ON MATERNAL EDUCATION.

NO. III. CONCLUDED.

SECOND—INDULGENCES.

There are two extremes on this subject, to which parents are exposed. Some allow too much, and some too little indulgence. We refer to the animal appetites of children, and their love of amusement. The taste of children is keen, and their appetites strong; and God would not have given them such exquisite fondness and ardour of desires, if there was not some suitable indulgence for them. When the apple mellows in the sun, the grape blushes on the vine, and fruits delicious are poured in rich abundance and in endless variety all around us, can it be that it is all forbidden by the hand that created it? Rather is it not to be used, with such restrictions as prudence and discretion impose?

When children are indulged too far, there is induced effeminacy and misrule of passion. When they are denied indulgence, the innocent desires stifled and subdued, some of the finest springs of pleasure and of enterprise are dried up, and a stupidity and moroseness are induced—or if this is not the case, resort is had to deception and theft, to secure that indulgence, which a wise and judicious parent might have innocently allowed. Too strict denial will render the child impatient of control, and fretful under restraint, and foster the most unlovely temper, as well as prompt most ardent desire for that period when this tyranny shall end. On the other hand, excessive indulgence will soon create a demand which no power can satisfy; and though the whole resources of nature and art are at hand, there is no meeting

the insatiate and unnatural wants of the pampered child; and from those vitiated appetites, created by over indulgence, always asking more and yet unsatisfied, it feels more restraint than the one who has never been indulged at all. The medium is the only path of safety.

The indulgence of animal desires, the love of recreation and amusement, should be regulated systematically, with due reference to the health and improvement of the child, to its disposition and spirit. They should not be allowed to avoid importunity, or form mistaken fondness. They should be made to subserve the interests of family government—to reward good conduct, or withheld to punish offences.

There are certain indulgences which are suited to each stage of youthful life, and a proper regulation of the infant desires, aids in carrying the child safe through each period, and prepares it for the right improvement of that which is to follow. We must not expect our infants to be children, or that our children are men. In our children we must expect to meet the taste, the desires and passions of children. These are a part of their nature, and though a part of their nature, not to be treated like its depravity, with vigorous assaults to eradicate, but to be so treated as to subserve the ends for which their Creator gave them.

Indulgence of the animal appetites of children should not be arbitrarily denied. The child, in a multitude of cases, can see no reason for it, while Providence has given such abundant means of gratification. Unless these desires are suitably met and properly gratified, there is danger that in future life, the stifled passion will spring up in some new form, with indomitable importunity. Not only so, but the parent who goes upon the principle of refusing indulgence, with the vain expectation of inducing hardness and the spirit of self-denial in the child, will not only fail in this respect, but, as we have said, will be viewed as cruel and unreasonable, and forfeit that filial respect, gratitude and love, which it ought to be the aim of every parent to secure, and which is absolutely essential to a well regulated family. Let the child believe that its parent is unreasonable, severe and tyrannical, and there is fearful prospect, both as to the happiness of the parent and the safety of the child.

The times and circumstances of indulgence and amusement should be so regulated, that the child shall see its dependance on the parent for its gratification, and that it is a parent's pleasure and study to meet its reasonable desires, and to make it happy. It would be wise even to anticipate, as far as possible, the innocent desires of youthful nature, and surprise them often with unasked indulgence. A child thus governed will more cheerfully submit to denial of indulgence, when it becomes necessary.

In the recreation, amusements and society of the child, the parent should take a personal interest—aid in obtaining them, and see them properly regulated. By seeking those which are of a healthy and innocent character, much danger may be avoided, and an increase of safe enjoyment secured to the child.

There will be many demands for gratification and amusement which a wise parent cannot allow. In many cases the will of the parent must satisfy, and

no reasoning or importunity be permitted. In other cases, lest the disappointment should lead to a sullen and morose spirit, and *cheerful* acquiescence in parental pleasure become of difficult attainment, the attention of the child should be directed to some new gratification or amusement, which shall be more valuable and inviting, and which is innocent and free from all objection. In this way the child is made more happy than it expected to be, its love and gratitude is increased, and it finds its highest happiness in the line of parental direction.

In all the amusements and indulgences of children, we should endeavour to blend some useful lessons of instruction, and lead them to feel that it is on the bounty of their Heavenly Father that they live, and that in His beautiful world He has opened the almost endless stores of their innocent enjoyment; and that it is only in being amiable, virtuous and holy, that they can be happy, and that it is through the blood of Christ alone, that all the blessings of Providence and of grace are flowing upon them; that it was Christ who took little children in his arms, and that it is Christ who now smiles upon and blesses them. We cannot but add our serious conviction, that the dispositions and tempers of men are determined chiefly by the manner in which their infant propensities, which are of an animal and social character, are governed and regulated by their parents—at least we know, that before these propensities, in the strength and maturity of manhood, have been swept away, some of the finest monuments of intellectual and moral excellence, and the fondest hopes of parental anticipation, will have been blasted for ever.

THIRDLY—DRESS.

This, though it is connected with the subject of *indulgence*, demands a separate notice. It is more intimately connected with the formation of character than we are accustomed to imagine—and as in the case of indulgence of the animal appetites and fondness for amusements, there is a safe medium. Indifference and negligence as to the dress of children, or a desire for ornament and show, are equally pernicious, and many religious parents are as much in danger of erring in one way as the other. It is wholly a mistaken impression that the elements of pride and ostentation can be checked and subdued by the most *ordinary, coarse, and ill-becoming attire of children.* They cannot, in this way, be taught that it is wholly a matter of indifference how they are clad, and with what taste their dress is arranged. And in fact we do not consider it by any means a matter of indifference, either as to the present character of the parent, or the future character of the child. The God of nature has thrown all around us specimens of the most exquisite beauty; adorned with graceful richness almost every shrub; and painted to the delighted eye a world of flowers, with the beauties of every hue. Order, neatness and beauty, pervade all the works of God. Are parents to pay no attention to these things in the education of their children?

Entire negligence of dress is a peculiarity of the savage state. The coarse canvass will as well shield our children from the cold of winter and the suns of summer, as it will the child of the wilderness. But are its simple necessities all which we are to regard? It may be replied, that the most incipient advances of the savage towards civilization, exhibit the most passionate fond-

ness for extravagance and show. This is true, and proves that either extreme is equally opposed to good sense and good taste. And it is a fact, that the child who is clad so as to mortify its feelings, and to render it constantly mindful of its inferior and ill-arranged dress, will often in after life show the same fondness for gay attire, that so distinguishes the savage when he first catches a view of useless adornments.

As in nature we discover order, neatness and beauty, so we see no useless extravagance and vain show that can offend the eye, in all the wide and varied scenes of creation; and amid all its countless sounds, scarce a note falls harsh or ungrateful on the ear.

Mr. Abbott, in his "*Corner Stone*," wisely remarks, "that the arts and refinements of life are intended to add to human happiness. They will make the most rapid progress in those countries where Christianity most perfectly prevails. Jesus Christ had a taste for beauty, both of nature and art; he admired the magnificent architecture of the temple, and deeply lamented the necessity of its overthrow; and his *dress* was at least of such a character, that the disposal of it was a subject of importance to the well-paid soldiers who crucified him. Yes, the universal reign of Christianity will be the reign of taste and refinement, and the arts; but while the enjoyments of men will be increased in a tenfold degree, from these and other sources, their *hearts* will be set far less on them than they are now. They will be recreations, by the way, to cheer and refresh those whose hearts are mainly bent on accomplishing the objects of their Father in Heaven."

Towards the attainment of such a state of things, it is our duty to direct all our efforts, and as our children may be permitted to witness the clearer dawn of that day, we should educate them with direct reference to its glorious character; that while "the reign of taste and refinement, and the arts," with "other sources," shall increase their enjoyment, their hearts may be set on objects incomparably more important.

What attention then should be paid to the dress of children? It should always be *neat*. If neatness is not a virtue, negligence and slovenliness border very nearly on crime, and exhibit a mind, heart and habits, not of the best character. A mother that pays little or no attention to the neatness and order of her children's dress, will surely neglect other things, of perhaps still greater importance, and be very apt to cultivate a disgraceful negligence and inattention to the objects of her appropriate sphere. If possible, the dress of children should be of such a character, and so arranged, that they shall feel a desire to preserve its neatness and order. They should be taught neatness and order in every thing. It is important to habits of mental discipline and moral culture. As the napkin, that bound the Saviour's head, was found in the sepulchre, folded and laid by itself, and this done by his own or an angel's hand, so we would have children arrange their dress, their whole wardrobe and little drawers, with tasteful care, neatness and propriety.

An indifference as to neatness and appearance in children, will soon induce in them habits of indifference in regard to other more important subjects. We should prefer to see the dress of a child rather ornate, though not tawdry, than coarse and slovenly. Nor let it be supposed that this is the sure

way to cultivate the passion of pride and ostentation; but it is the surest way to keep its mind, as Mr. Abbott would say, on other things more important. To tell a child, as many mothers do, "it is no matter how you look," is neither wise nor true. The child knows better, and if it should believe and feel as the mother declares, it will probably feel that it is no matter how it *acts*. Clothe a child with carelessness, without taste, order or neatness, and its mind will be chained in mortified pride upon its *hated attire*, instead of being on more "important subjects:" and pride, mortified in this way, is by no means humility, nor is it the best way to secure it. If thus distinguished from its little associates, it will continue embarrassed and often disheartened, and the influence on the child will be like the unreasonable denial of those pleasures, to which we alluded above; they will lead to a desire and a determination to be gratified in after life. And it is well known, that those who have been denied every luxury of food and raiment at home, during the periods of infancy and youth, are the most difficult to be satisfied, the most extravagant in dress, the most proud and vain in after life. There is, then, in our view, a suitable regard to be paid to the dress of children, so that their minds shall be carried above the thought of its intrinsic value, and be led in after life to appreciate it correctly.

We hope that mothers may understand what we mean, and not abuse our remarks; and guard on the one hand from inattention to the neatness, tastefulness and order of their children's dress, and on the other from that over fondness and regard for the show of attire; either of which, in their influence on the child, will occupy and injure the mind. It is from these extremes which we would guard every mother; and among those for whom we write, there may be as many who are liable to err in one way, as there are those who are exposed to the other. In the dress, as well as in all our instruction and culture of children, our inquiry should not be alone, what influence is exerted at the present moment, but what is likely to be produced on the character and habits of future life, and what on the destinies of the immortal soul? Mothers, you have a charge of infinite value. We commit these remarks to your prayerful consideration, and would unite with you in solemn supplication for the wisdom of God to guide you, and for the grace of God to bless and save both you and your endeared offspring. A. D. E.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HABIT OF STOOPING.

Mrs. W.,—Madam,—In the third number, (vol. ii,) of your Magazine, I see the following question proposed:—"Is the influence of corsets more detrimental to the human frame than a confirmed habit of stooping?" I have thought a great deal on this subject, and, though not hitherto one of your correspondents, I will try to throw what light I can on it. From the manner in which the question is framed, one is led to suppose that corsets, though acknowledged to be injurious in themselves, are considered a remedy for an evil habit of

stooping. This I think can hardly be made out. I have seen corsets, braces, backboards and collars, all tried, and never knew any one of them to do the least good; but I will give you better authority in the views of a scientific physician on this matter. After attributing the weak backs of English females of the higher class to their sedentary habits, Dr. Arnott, in his Elements of Physics, (page 212,) writes thus. "*A peasant girl*, when her spirits are buoyant, is allowed to obey her natural feelings, and at proper times may dance, and skip, and run, until healthy exhaustion asks that repose which is equally allowed; and thus she grows up healthy and straight: but the *young lady* is receiving constant admonitions to curb all propensity to such vulgar activity, and often, just in proportion as she subdues nature, receives the praise of being well-bred. The consequences soon follow of weakness in the body generally, from the want of the natural quantity and variety of exercise, but of the back particularly, from the manner in which the sitting down is usually performed. A girl is allowed to sit down, because she has been long standing; but great care is taken that the muscles of the back, which still remain in action as she sits, shall not be at all relieved; for, from the idea that it is ungraceful to loll, she is either put on a stool that has no back at all, or upon a very narrow chair, with a perpendicular back. Now neither of these relieves the spine. The excessive fatigue soon causes the spine to give way and bend, and the curvature becomes permanent. When a bend has taken place in one situation, there immediately follows an opposite bend, above or below, to keep the centre of gravity of the body always directly over the base. Thus the curve becomes double, like an Italian S, and the distortion is complete. Strong, stiff stays are put on, to support the back, it is said, but which, in reality, by superseding the action of the muscles, intended by nature as the support, cause these to lose their strength, so that when the stays are withdrawn they are unable to support the body." This I believe is all true—for how often do we hear young ladies say that they cannot sit up at all without their corsets. Men find no such difficulty, nor do the labouring classes, who do not wear them. Dr. Arnott further says, (page 222,) "Stays, therefore, can neither help to make strong and well-formed backs, originally, *nor can they be a remedy after the weakness has commenced.*" What then can do it? may be asked. I answer—docility, on the part of the child, may do much. She will remember her mother's wishes and anxiety, and will endeavour to sit up. Time and exercise will strengthen her back, which is frequently very weak, from a too rapid growth, that has not allowed the muscles to attain firmness. Walking frequently, for a short time, with a stick held in the hands by each end, and thus passed over the head, and placed across the shoulders, so as to expand the chest, is very serviceable; and the use of that long neglected utensil, the large spinning-wheel, by exercising the arms and back, and opening the chest, would tend to correct both the weakness and the habit of stooping. Heroines of old could "guide the spindle, and direct the loom," and why not a modern young lady?

But I fear, Mrs. W., that all my good rules will be thrown away, till all-powerful fashion shall restore the ladies' sleeves to the natural place for them, the joint of the shoulder, and not decree that a lady's arm is to begin

halfway down to her elbow. While the *necks* of the dresses come below the points of the shoulders, a young lady will be obliged to draw her shoulders forward, in order to keep her clothes tight across the back, and prevent them from slipping below that point that fashion, (little squeamish as she is,) considers the point of decency. To aid in keeping the dress in place, it must also be very tight at the waist, and here is another great evil. When will *good taste* set the fashion, and teach us that it really is not beautiful to have a waist out of proportion to the rest of the figure; and that the natural rounding and expansion of the bust, is far more lovely than the flattened, sunken appearance, produced by a corset bone? It appears to me that even devotees to fashion and the world, might be made to see this—how much more then a sober-minded Christian mother, whose eyes are not blinded by the "god of this world;" but whose earnest wish is to pursue what shall really be best for the welfare of her children. If these hints shall meet the eye of any such, and benefit her, or her offspring, my end will have been attained.

Gloucester C. H. Va. Sept. 9, 1834. B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

STRICTURES ON HOME EDUCATION.

Mrs. W.,—Madam,—I had the pleasure, a short time since, to meet with the last number of your miscellany. I perceive that it is worthily devoted to the service of mothers, but I trust not exclusively for mothers in what may be called *elevated circumstances*. If it is meant to give comfort and counsel to all who would rear their families in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" to awaken in the ignorant a desire to do their duty to their children; and to enlighten such minds in the discharge of a universal obligation, I presume some few strictures upon an article entitled "Home Instruction," in the number of the magazine for October, will not be unacceptable to your readers.

That article seems to the writer of this, to have been dictated by a pious spirit, but to be restricted to very limited views of education and of maternal responsibility.

It appears to be designed as a warning to mothers against the unfaithfulness of teachers in general, while it addresses itself to a very select class of mothers—to those who keep servants, and can conveniently pay for what assistance they may desire, in order to aid the performance of their peculiar duties. This, it will readily be perceived, is only a very small number of mothers, compared to the great mass of mothers in the community. Religion and humanity acknowledge no class as exempt from the obligation to train their children in the right way, neither is a respecter of persons.

Education may differ in its aims, so far as it regards accomplishments and the more exalted sciences—those, for the most part, must be afforded to such only as can purchase them; but moral and religious principles, the rules of

right conduct, and defences against sin and its consequent punishment, ought alike, and without exception, to be afforded to every rational and accountable being. How is this to be done? Certainly not by a few favoured women, who can hire seamstresses, or housekeepers, to perform the needful labour of their families, and leave them to employ their own higher powers in cultivating the faculties of a small number of children in the community, carefully withdrawing them from public institutions of instruction, not even lending their influence to reform such institutions, or to provide better ones for the common benefit.

The advocate for "home instruction" does not take the ground that it should prepare for instruction abroad, but assumes the position that *strangers* cannot know what is in a child's heart and mind, and cannot feel intense love for their young charge; and that they generally teach with indifferent effect, and have no elevated ideas of the means and end of education. As if being a teacher made the mind narrow and superficial, and rendered the heart impenetrable to generous sentiments. But is this a fact? Are not teachers, as a class, as wise and as virtuous as mothers? It is indeed true that a teacher cannot have the same personal love for another's child, as a mother has for her own; but the love of God, the love of duty, the love of souls, the love of their species, are affections as pure, as strong, in the one case as in the other. It is not simply love that enables the mother to discipline her child to every good word and work; but it is knowledge that enlightens that love, and conscience that applies that knowledge to religion and morals, and adapts instruction to the inculcation of the best things.

A good mother will not teach her own children well, and neglect another's child that may be intrusted to her care, nor pervert instruction to inferior uses. Her virtue and her wisdom would consecrate all her influence, over the minds of others, nearly or remotely connected with her, by natural or assumed obligations. The same is true of a virtuous man or woman who is only a hired teacher. Wisdom, conscience, and moral sentiment, prescribe the sort of culture that one moral being owes to another, whether he be a parent or not. For what does a pious mother educate her children? For glory, honour, immortality, ultimately; but not for these only, considering the means as preparatory to the end. In the present state of existence, "to do good and to communicate," is a great part of the purpose of being. Some religionists represent God principally as an avenger and rewarder, and attach to obedience and disobedience, as motives to choice and perseverance in well-doing, the good or evil respectively annexed to each; but these are views of the divine purpose in human action, which teach us

> "More than Hell to shun,
> And more than Heaven pursue."

Views that teach the "good and perfect will of God," over and above every self-interest, even the highest, as the end of obedience; views that exhibit "liberal things"—that declare that we are "members one of another"—that we must "love one another"—that God is "the father of the spirits of all flesh"—that we must "honour all men"—that all are our brothers and sisters, even those not reclaimed to the right path—and that there is a charity that

is "not puffed up," and that "seeketh not her own," which is to be the law of our conduct in all circumstances, and in all the relations of life. All this recognises the "bond of brotherhood" among human beings, and the claims of society upon all its members. Children educated apart from other children on account of bad usages in school education, are separated from their fellow-beings upon the express grounds of something evil and dangerous in society, and something superior to be sought for, or actually presupposed in themselves; and an exaggerated self-importance becomes one of the first lessons of separate education.

We wish to see the youth of our growing country far better educated than they are, but our hearts make no election. The young of every class of citizens, should be objects of care and solicitude to every pious and benevolent heart. We sincerely wish that every mother, whatever may be her outward circumstances in life, would instruct her children by good examples and good counsels, and teach them to avoid every false way, and to seek truth, and all valuable knowledge, to the utmost reach of their powers, and the best application of them; but we wish also to see the school contributing to the great and universal interests of society in the formation of character; and it must be, or those interests will languish. Sympathy is the source of all multiplied and generous affections and enjoyments; and sympathy in common objects of pursuit, grows up at school.

To build up the social system in happiness and moral power, is the design of the benevolent affections, which ought to be cultivated in every heart. In mature life we cannot even be warmed and fed; we cannot do good to others, nor suitably profit by favours at their hands; we cannot be disinterested and patriotic, if we do not stand upon this broad basis in relation to our fellow-men. And when shall we begin to stand upon such a basis? After we have stood apart, and felt apart, and reasoned apart, during the most susceptible years of our lives? "Comparing ourselves with ourselves" only, is not the way to become wise; and the most contrary modes of thinking and acting, the most adverse feelings, will often grow out of such an education as has aimed at the surest protection to youthful virtue, but was based upon selfishness. Presumption or timidity, imprudent confidence, or needless distrust of our fellow-creatures, will be the consequences of the refinement, or the exclusive opinions that are cherished by education merely domestic.

Rational dependance and genuine prudence ought to be acquired by the earliest possible experience. The destiny of our life suggests the proper plan of education. We are born to act at home and abroad. It is desirable to be cultivated at home and at school, for the school is the child's initiatory world; and it is only necessary to give effect to both, that they shall be one in kind. Parents should procure proper teachers for their children, and then both should labour for similar ends by similar means. This is a commercial world: every thing can be bought in it: demand creates supply. It is as easy for a man to procure a good teacher for his children, as a good mother. It is right that the mother should seek out the good teacher; that many parents should aid such enterprizes; that they should communicate their plans and purposes to teachers—should cherish their happiness and their

talents—should concur with and encourage their exertions; and that both should become fellow-workers with God to bring many to righteousness—to send light into dark places, and by their joint endeavours, to make the next age, and future ages, better than that in which we live, joining their efforts in the noblest undertaking that human society offers to the social and purified heart.

A TEACHER.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SELFISH PRAYERS ANSWERED.

As Mrs. E—— was about to take her leave of an only son, whom she was about to leave under my charge, she lingered as if she had something of importance to say to him. I was in the act of retiring lest my presence might have restrained her, when she laid her hand upon my arm to prevent my withdrawing.

As soon as she could command herself, with a faltering voice she said, "William, I have watched for the most favourable moment before I leave you, to detail to you some circumstances in the history of your parents which occurred when you and Jane were both infants. That moment is the present. My son, may God impress upon you the lesson your erring, but penitent mother, would convey to your heart. Your father received a religious education, and became a Christian in early life. He prayed often, and earnestly, for me, but I always tried to dissuade him by telling him that I did not need his prayers. He was the idol of my heart, and I always listened to him, except in matters of religion. He was esteemed the bravest among the brave. He concealed from me his intention to serve in the battle of Waterloo, till the morning of his departure. As he bade me farewell, the intrepidity of his spirit added unwonted fire to his brilliant eye; he enjoined it upon me to remember our injured country, and was instantly out of sight. I felt the need of consolation and of support—I became desperate—I will not say how many times that day I ejaculated the following prayer, 'Oh God! spare my William, spare my William! All I ask is the *life* of my William. I cannot live without my husband—I cannot support my babes without him.'

"In none of its features did my prayer partake of the nature of sanctified affliction, which regards the honour of God, and implies sweet submission to his will. It was the very opposite of this: it was a compound of selfishness and rebellion. My prayer was heard and answered, 'but in such a way as almost drove me to despair.' Two days after the termination of that decisive battle, your dear father was brought home in the most pitiable condition. A ball had passed through his left hip, and a sword through his left shoulder, so that he could never after be removed without suffering the most excruciating tortures. My eye no sooner rested upon his deathlike countenance, than conscious guilt fastened upon me, till I became a suppliant at the Saviour's feet. Your father was spared to me two years, but there was not a day of his life during that period that he would not have considered death a welcome

messenger. We shared the sympathy of our neighbours, but most of them were too poor to assist us in any way. In addition to houserent, I had large physician's bills to pay quarterly—for your father's wounds had to be dressed every day. In addition to which, I had food and clothing to provide for four of us.

"I had the comfort of seeing your father sweetly resigned to his lot. Not a murmur—not a sigh escaped his lips, though neither of us enjoyed a single night's quiet sleep while he lived. But we were kindly supported, and felt that it was the grace of God that sustained us. My son, never forget that 'the sacrifices of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord, but the prayer of the upright is his delight.'"

OBITUARY

OF MRS. E. A., WIFE OF THE REV. DANIEL NEWELL, LATE OF UTICA.

"It is alike due to the memory of the dead, to the feelings of relations, and to the cause of Christ, to place on record a memorial of those who have lived and died in the triumph of faith.

"Mrs. Newell was the youngest daughter of the late John H. Payson, Esq., of Pomfret, Ct. She was nurtured by parents who knew well the value of a religious education. She was hopefully made an heir of grace at the age of five, made a profession of her faith in Christ at eleven, and departed this life at twenty-three, dearly beloved and deeply lamented.

"Mrs. N. was gifted with an intellect of high order; possessed a mind furnished with rich treasures of learning, and which had been disciplined by patient and severe application. But her natural and acquired excellencies were small compared with her eminent piety—her glory was her great moral worth.

"Although Mrs. N. was called so early to rest, she did not live in vain; she has left her friends, in her example and holy living, a legacy more valuable than rubies. Several specimens of her prose and poetic writings have been given to the public over the signature of 'P.' One of her last and best efforts may be seen in the Mother's Magazine, first volume, on parental consistency.

"While on a visit to her mother, she was arrested by her last sickness, and in a few days sunk, by a typhus fever, into a rapid decline to the grave. She fell sweetly asleep in Jesus. She expired like a lamp when the oil is spent, without a struggle or groan.

"The death of Mrs. Newell, in the circle of relations and intimate friends, has made a chasm that cannot be filled. Her intimate friends will need something more than the lapse of time or intercourse with the world to efface their sorrow and mourning.

"The following fourteen resolutions were found among her papers after her death:

"1. Resolved, never to do any thing, which I should be afraid to do were it the last hour of my life.

"2. Resolved, to be in preparation, every day and hour, for instant death—to be familiar with the common circumstances of dying, and the scenes that must follow.

"3. Resolved, to retire *regularly* for secret prayer three times a day—suffering nothing to prevent—at the same time reading the Bible, or some devotional book.

"4. Resolved, to *discover* and *feel* my wants before presuming to present my petition; and never to leave my closet without feeling that God has heard me.

"5. Resolved, to offer ejaculatory prayer in all places and under all circumstances.

"6. Resolved, to set the Lord always before my face—to speak and act for Him—presenting the work of my hands and the words of my lips for his acceptance and blessing.

"7. Resolved, to pray without ceasing, and watch, in all my words and actions, against my besetting sins.

"8. Resolved, to watch opportunities to promote the comfort and welfare of others, always imploring God's blessing on them.

"9. Resolved, to labour for a cheerful, contented, thankful frame, with as little complaining as possible.

"10. Resolved, to strive always in my prayers for my dear husband—to think and pray much in reference to my duties, as a wife of a minister of the gospel, and to strive for thorough preparation for active service in the cause of Christ.

"11. Resolved, not to let physical infirmity, or suffering, prevent the discharge of any duty, or excuse my indulgence in any known sin.

"12. Resolved, to inquire after the scenes of affliction, what good I *have* received, and what I *might* have gotten.

"13. Resolved, to say nothing of any one, which I should be unwilling they should hear, and upon which I cannot ask and expect the blessing of God.

"14. Resolved, to *trust* and *rejoice* in the Lord *at all times*, with perfect confidence in his goodness, and submission to his will.

"And now, Oh my God, I fear before thee; my strength is weakness—let thy grace be sufficient for me, for I put my trust in thee, help me to keep all the above resolutions, that are according to thy will, and to glorify thee in my mortal body, whether by life or death." *Communicated.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATION AT CHICAGO.

Dear Mrs. W.,—I write these few lines at the request of the Maternal Association of Chicago, as a brief report from our Society.

We first met on the 22d of January last, and with only four members constituted ourselves into an association, which now numbers fourteen mothers and forty-two children. Oh, how few compared with the numbers that ought to feel the necessity of training their loved offspring for God; and the *awful* responsibility of preparing young immortals for an eternity of blessedness!

A few weeks after the formation of our society, our directress began to feel the importance of training her little ones for God, and an unusual spirit of prayer for the salvation of their souls. Nor did she wait long for an answer to her petitions. A few weeks only had elapsed, when ten of her family, including her husband, were hopefully converted to God! Oh, that all mothers would go and do likewise! If they will but cast their bread upon the waters, they will be sure to find it after many days.

H. C. F——, *Recording Secretary.*

"THE DISTRICT SCHOOL," BY J. O. TAYLOR.

This book, which is addressed to parents, is chiefly designed to awaken public attention to the duty and necessity of extending, without delay, the benefits of education to all classes of our community. The author, from a practical acquaintance with the subject of elementary education, is peculiarly qualified to speak and write upon this subject. He has not merely pointed out the multiplied defects which have hitherto pervaded all our systems of primary instruction, but he also suggests easy and appropriate remedies.

Mr. Taylor remarks, "I know not that a better plan could be devised for educating the people, than the one adopted by the State of New-York. It carries the means of instruction to the door of every citizen; and on the universality of these means is based the greatness and permanency of our free institutions. * * * * * * "Mothers and schoolmasters sow the seeds of tyranny and anarchy, or of liberty; for the strength and destiny of any community lies in the virtue and intelligence of its younger members."

We can speak on the subject of public schools in the city of New-York, partly from our own observation, and partly from information received from various sources, that there are in this city at this moment fifteen thousand children, chiefly of the poorer classes, in a regular and systematic course of instruction, provided at the public expense. So able and well qualified are the teachers in these public schools, and so munificently are the pupils in these institutions supplied with books, stationary, maps, and various items of school apparatus, that the children of the poorer classes, gathered chiefly from the highways and hedges, are already in advance of very many of the children of the opulent, who have been selected with care, and are taught in private at a vast expense; and a very laudable spirit of competition already exists between public and private teaching. We know of no book which can be found upon the shelves of our libraries that can be named as a substitute for this work. Should this effort of Mr. Taylor's be the means of awakening the attention of parents to this important subject, we may anticipate the time not far distant when an overwhelming influence shall be poured in upon our state legislatures, such as shall convince those who compose these legislative bodies, that it is as truly the wish of their constituents that they provide ample funds for the education of the poorer classes, as it is that they construct rail-roads or canals.

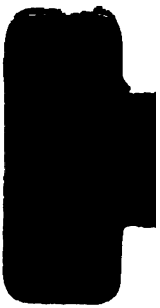
For the Mother's Magazine.

MATERNAL CARE.

I saw a Christian mother, at whose side
Two prattling boys were grasping each a hand,
And looking up into her smiling face.
One was arrayed in robes of infancy,
His flashing eye, at every glance bespoke
A soul of mirth, and life, and energy.
The other wore a solemn, manly look,
Which drew a teardrop from his mother's eye
And rais'd a sigh;—for at that look she gaz'd
In dear remembrance of that sainted one
Whose ashes lay beneath yon peaceful mound.
Her countenance was mark'd with hope, and fear,
And strong desire,—all boldly painted there.
From dawn till dark, she labour'd, and she pray'd
For these, her fatherless, her darling sons.
A mother's voice awak'd their morning dreams;
A mother's patience heard their daily tasks;
A mother's happiness enhanc'd their sports;
A mother's kiss remov'd their little pains;
A mother's ear bent to their evening prayer;
A mother's song hush'd all their cares to rest.
How merrily their little wagon roll'd!
How happily the prattlers talk'd and sung,
And threw their bounding ball, and jump'd, and ran,
Along the garden and the shady yard!
How blithesomely they listen'd to the birds,
And wish'd that they could sing but half so well!
How eagerly they view'd the starry lamp
Burning to light them to their quiet couch!
I could but love these sporting, happy boys.
I pray'd that holiness might rule their hearts;
I felt the value of a mother's care.
And can a Christian mother shun such care?
And are there those who leave their little sons
To scoff and wrangle, unrestrain'd and wild?
Such must forget that a fond mother's toil
May blunt temptation, and entice the soul
To full repentance, at the Savior's feet. X. X.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In closing the second volume of the Mother's Magazine, we feel constrained to renew our expressions of gratitude to such of our correspondents as have co-operated with us in our labors, and assisted, by their pens, to enrich the pages of our publication. They will find a precious reward for their labors, in the reflection that they have contributed to the instruction, comfort, and encouragement, of thousands of mothers, by whom the Magazine has been received, as a welcome monthly visiter. We cordially invite the continuance of their efforts, and the co-operation of others, that the Magazine may be still more worthy of patronage, and its circulation still more widely extended. As an additional inducement to such efforts, we take pleasure in stating the fact, that the Mother's Magazine is reprinted in London, by two different publishers. The following paragraph, taken from the title page of one edition of our number for February, is given merely to show the estimation in which the publication is held, on the other side of the water.

"Mother is a sacred name! Where is the heart in which it does not awaken the most affectionate recollections and tender emotions? A mother's bosom has been the sanctuary where we have fled in all our infant troubles; a mother's care has preserved us amidst the helplessness of infancy, and the dangers of childhood. A mother's influence, in the formation of society, is greater than that of the senator who framed its laws. We hail, therefore, every effort to guide females in their duties; to impress them with their responsibility; and to awaken them to unremitting diligence in the onerous engagements of the important relations they sustain. We feel no hesitation in saying, that the *Mother's Magazine* should be on the table of every female sustaining the maternal relation; affording, as it does, an invaluable guide to the general and religious duties of that relation, as well as presenting a constant and powerful stimulus to their discharge."

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